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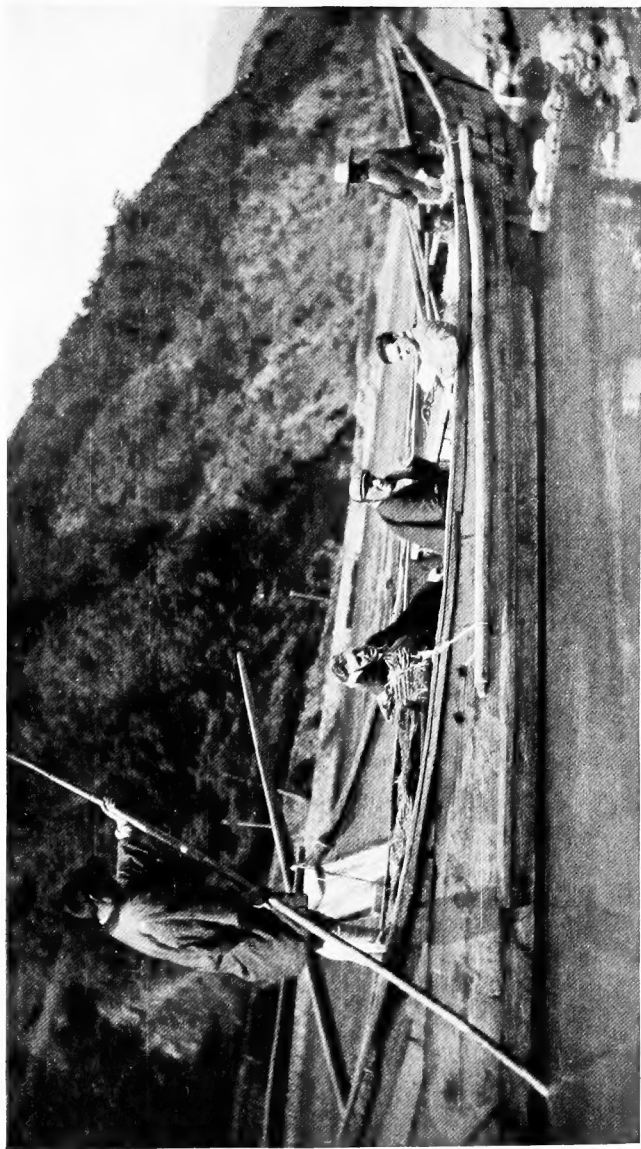


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Chiefly the Orient
An Undigested Journal



E. C. B., G. P. G., JR., AND W. F. M., JR., READY
TO SHOOT THE FUJIWARA RAPIDS

Chiefly the Orient

An Undigested Journal

Kept by
George Peabody Gardner, Jr.
27 July, 1910—10 June, 1911



Privately Printed
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S. S. *Adriatic*.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1910

FAIR and hot S.W. At last I am started on the trip I have so long looked forward to and here begins the first chapter of the eventful journey. For eventful it must be; whether pleasant or unpleasant, alas, it is impossible to foresee. Certainly everything points toward an exceedingly pleasant and interesting nine months.

Nearly two years ago, in fact shortly after my trip abroad with Gordon Ware, my mind became set on travelling around the world after my college course was over. There were many others who seemed likewise inclined but no one could promise definitely. At one time Jack Thayer and John Chapin showed every intention of going but "petticoats" appealed to them even more strongly (a particular pair in each case) though of course Mr. Chapin's sad death would have prevented John anyway. This spring after sounding various people and wondering if it would be possible for me to go — for my father was none too anxious to have me — I found that Bob Bacon had almost identical intentions. We decided to go. On the strength of our going I gave up one or two chances of interesting positions only to find that a splendid position had turned him from the intended course. Fortunately,

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however, Fellowes Morgan, who for some time had said he would go if his family would let him — the chances, however, had seemed slim — finally prevailed upon them to acquiesce. Equally fortunately Elliot Bacon also decided to go. Our plans were and are indefinite and hurried. We had intended going by the Pacific and stopping a week in Hawaii, but inability to get passage at the time we wanted and the thought of another scheme changed our plans. We decided to sail on the *Adriatic* and go to the Far East via the *Trans-Siberian*. So here we are.

In spite of my great enthusiasm for the trip which had lasted for a long time, when the time came for leaving it began to ooze rapidly until there was barely a drop left. How sad it was leaving my mother and the Boyers at Monument Beach on Tuesday and later my father in Boston! However, once on my way, it began to return and the words of my grandfather when he told me that he would not be alive when I returned bore less heavily on my mind and the sorrow at leaving my dear family became less poignant.

Here and now I want to thank my father and mother for their generosity and absolute unselfishness in letting me go or rather in sending me. For it is not conceit on my part to know how much I am to them — much, much more than I deserve, for there never were two better, sweeter, or more loving parents.

Well, to continue, I took the one o'clock to New York. Good old Sam Eliot saw me off, and on the train I met Warren and Lothrop Motley with their mother, who were also sailing on the *Adriatic*, and Dr. John Warren.

That night Elliot, Fellowes, Bill Markoe, Courty Moss, and I, had dinner at the Astor, saw the Jeffries-

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Johnson fight pictures and afterwards wandered from café to café until nearly three o'clock. The pictures were excellent, but in some ways disappointing, being rather small and the fight slow, largely wrestling. They were in no way brutal and Jeffries except for his knock-out did not appear to be punished badly, though at no time could he reach Johnson with an effective blow.

This morning we came to the boat. We found Eliot Cutler on board, but no one else at all exciting as yet. The morning I spent in writing letters. May sent me a box of candy, Aunt Olga twenty dollars, and I received letters from several kind people, including President Lowell. I saw Frances Lippitt last night but to my great sorrow, although sailing today, she is going on the *Campania*. We exchanged cablegrams.

The day has been pleasant with fog not far distant. Towards evening the whistles blew for a short time. In the afternoon I read, slept, took a Turkish bath and a swim. This evening after sitting on deck I am retiring early. After winning first choice for berths I have taken the sofa, which seems coolest — our stateroom is boiling hot being in the stern and on the northward side "Where no wind may break through and blow." The boat seems exceedingly comfortable though the table is rather poorer than I had expected on a crack ocean liner. About the people I shall probably speak later.

S.S. Adriatic.

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1910

BRISK southerly wind a little abaft our quarter. The ship has not minded what sea we have had. Foggy and raining most of the day. Read and played shuffle board in the morning. Read, slept, and swam in the afternoon. This evening we had an auction

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pool; my number is a poor one being low (408), and I had to buy it in for 40s. "Tain't wuth it." I have not met more than two or three people, all men and all seem to be very nice. Eliot Cutler, Bronson Winthrop, and Harry Gray are at our table. There is an Admiral, an actress, and several rather attractive looking girls aboard. Exchanged marconis again with the *Campania*. Elliot and Fellowes played bridge most of the day. As yet I do not regret being ignorant of the game.

S.S. Adriatic.

FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1910

FAIRLY brisk S.S.W. wind; clear overhead, but fog not far distant. After breakfast read and finished Lafcadio Hearn's "Japan." For the most part it was interesting and in some parts very much so. Of course it is all well written. This morning I met two girls, Miss Coe and Miss Auerbach. They both seem attractive. Being just out of school they are of course anxious not to let the conversation lag for a moment and succeed in this purpose very creditably. The greater part of the afternoon I spent in sleeping and in reading Locke's delightful book "Simon the Jester."

The run up to noon today, by the way, was 426. The "high field," the property of Russell, an amusing but very cheap New York bum, won.

There was another auction pool this evening. E., F., and I pooled our interests and bought two numbers, 415 and 425. I think, however, the run will be about 428. After that ceremony I read more of Simon and after taking a cooling walk with Eliot Cutler retired about 12.30. The stateroom is stifling hot.

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S.S. Adriatic.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1910

MODERATE, S.W. winds and bright day. It was so hot last night that I read until about 2.30 finishing my book. The others got through playing bridge about this time and as we all found it unbearably hot we marched up to the hurricane deck with blankets and pillows. We found the deck cool but hard, so F. and I came down about four, E. remaining until seven. We arose about eleven. In spite of my sleepy state I was well entertained by the two young ladies. The run today was again 426. Russell, Ronalds, and Baldwin pooled together won. The former also won a hat pool. I have never seen such luck. We missed by one mile.

This afternoon I slept a greater part of the time, in anticipation of Cutler's birthday party tonight, of which I shall write tomorrow.

S.S. Adriatic.

SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1910

COOLER wind more from the north. Misty and a little rain.

Last night's party was extremely amusing and pleasant. We had a delicious dinner. I was not aware before they had such good food on board. After dinner we had our usual auction pool. Morgan and I pooled having 418 and 422 for numbers. The run turned out to be 423; missed by one knot again. Russell and Ronalds again won. The rest of the evening we spent singing on the deck, much to the annoyance of other passengers. Before going to bed we assisted the crew to swab down the decks. It was another very hot night or rather morning so Morgan and I slept on deck bringing our mattress this time. We came down

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about 6.30 and did not arise until lunch time. Usual program of sitting in the smoking room, reading, and a nap. Talked to the two girls just before dinner and also for a greater part of the evening. Cool tonight and am looking forward to a good sleep.

S.S. Adriatic.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1

WIND N.N.W. Misty. Had a good night, getting up about 10.30. Sat in smoking room, read a little and talked. Afternoon reading and sleeping. These are uninteresting days but nevertheless enjoyable and the time passes quickly. I forgot to say that I took a Turkish bath yesterday which gave me a slight cold. We had a hat pool on the run. It was 416. Winthrop won the pool but Russell won a lot on side bets. This evening another pool. Morgan and I plunged rather heavily but do not think we have got good numbers. There was a dance in the evening. The dancing was atrocious as there was a slight roll and the space was limited.

S.S. Adriatic.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2

SLEPT until lunch time. Lost pool as usual. Slept, read, and walked after lunch. Two steamers passed us. Took two numbers in the pool very cheap for a wonder. Another dance but had a slight headache and did not participate. Had a long talk with Eliot Cutler and then went to bed. Cabled Ted I am not going to London but wish that I was. Harry Gray, Bronson Winthrop, Reggie Ronalds, and Joe Baldwin are all corkers and great sport, though a great deal older. Aside from them we have not made any interesting acquaintances.

Beautiful day with crisp northwest wind.

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S.S. Adriatic.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3

ANOTHER beautiful day. Again slept until lunch. Again lost the pool, Cutler winning it, Morgan winning a hat pool.

When nearing land we saw a number of full rigged ships, a strange sight these days and still a beautiful one. I wrote a few letters, took a few photographs, and talked to Miss Auerbach and Miss Coe most of the afternoon. It was pleasant seeing land and made me feel that our trip was really well under way. The boat arrived at Plymouth about seven. I was undecided whether to get off or not as I wanted very much to see Ted. Decided not to but shortly after decided to keep on till Southampton. Many of the people got off, including Cutler, Winthrop, Gray, and Mr. and Mrs. Russel. What a funny little pair they are. He short, fat, rather repulsive looking, with bright little eyes that seem to miss nothing, an ex-jockey who is foul mouthed on occasions and who does not hesitate to tell everyone his most private affairs, yet withal amusing and possessing a certain amount of attraction, if you can call it that in such a person. She twenty years younger, small, girlish, quite attractive, and very much of an ingenue to be married to such a man. Of course one could not call her refined, but she possesses many lady-like qualities.

After leaving Plymouth we (E., F., and I) talked to the two girls. About 12.30 went to my stateroom and packed. The others came down later and did theirs. It has rained most of the day.

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Berkeley Hotel, London.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4

NOT a bit of sleep last night. I went to my state room about 12.45, consumed about an hour in packing, then the others came down and did theirs. I kept remembering things which I had to get out of my trunk and hopped up from time to time to get them; Bacon had a cough which effectually dispelled the advances of Morpheus towards us as well as himself. Finally just as I was ready to doze off we stopped, and shortly after tugs and barges began to arrive. Elliot and Fellowes got off; also Baldwin and Ronalds. The latter gave me a salmon rod to leave at White's Club, London, for him. I spent the whole morning talking to the two girls, especially to Miss Coe who becomes very attractive. We arrived at Southampton in a pouring rain. They remained while I had a pleasant ride to London in the same carriage with Dr. Wiley and his son. It was wonderful arriving in London. I took a hansom and drove leisurely through the streets to the Berkeley. Leaving my bag there I wandered about, incidentally calling on Frances Lippitt who was out, until it was time to dress for dinner. Ted telegraphed me he could not meet me. However I dined with Eliot Cutler, Winthrop, and Harry Gray at the Ritz where we saw many of the Adriatic people and then went to see the Arcadians where we saw more. It was a much better performance than they gave at New York. Afterwards we had supper at the Savoy, where we met Mr. and Mrs. Russel and two very cheap fellow countrymen who were on the Adriatic.

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The Berkeley, London.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5

GOT up about 10.30. Eliot Cutler came in to see me and after a cup of tea I went down to see Ted. I met him and his brother Eustace at the Stock Exchange; Ted knocked off work. We bought some books and then after driving around a bit called for Frances and Mrs. Lippitt. Ted took us to lunch at the Bath Club. Afterwards we went to Burberry's where Frances and I bought coats. The Royal Academy which we visited next was well below the average, a few portraits of women being the only interesting pictures. We dined at Claridge's with the Lippitts and then went to "Our Miss Gibbs" which was most amusing and entertaining. Later to the Savoy where I gave them a supper. All in all it was a delightful day. I have seldom enjoyed myself more and wish that I was going to stay in my beloved London for some time more, especially with so delightful a person as Frances there.

Embassy, Paris.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6

TED, Eliot Cutler, and "Cap" Burton all came in to see me this morning. I took the eleven o'clock to Dover. I had only money enough to buy a second class. Uncle Waldo met me on the boat. He was looking splendidly but said he was not well. I travelled first class on the boat and on the train to Paris without any difficulty. Elliot met me at the station with all the Embassy paraphernalia. That evening we had a delightful dinner with Baldwin and Thomas. We ran across the Russels and went the round of the restaurants with them, ending up with the Prè Catelan where we had dancing and singing.

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There was a man out there who sang beautifully; he was the son of some Italian operatic manager or magnate. We had early morning milk and breakfast there and then went to see an aviation meet. It was most interesting but only stayed a short time. Got to bed about 6.30. Never had a much more enjoyable evening.

American Embassy, Paris.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7

GOT up about 11.30. Went with the Bacons to Versailles. We lunched at a new hotel, Palais Trianon, and then went to the palace. There was an enormous crowd and we saw the fountains playing. It was a wonderful sight but not up to my expectations. Certainly the French people are easily amused. On the way in we stopped at the Armenonville. It was great fun being saluted by various guards and soldiers when we drove through St. Cloud. Dined quietly at home. Mr. Bacon gave an interesting talk or rather talked interestingly on the situation in the Far East.

Embassy, Paris.

MONDAY, AUGUST 8

BEGAN preparations for leaving. Morgan Harjes; tickets; and passports viséd. We found out about two o'clock that our train had left at 1.50 and that it did not go at three as we had thought. I wrote a number of letters after lunch, then went out to the Armenonville with Baldwin and Thomas. Dined at Embassy. Mrs. Bacon and Martha started for Oberammergau. We took the train for Cologne leaving Paris at ten.

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Adlon Hotel, Berlin.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9

WE had a small compartment and a berth in another. We matched and I got the berth. The man I was in with was a nice old gentleman, but the way he appealed to one most noticeably was not pleasant, especially as I had to wait for him to go to sleep before opening the window.

We arrived at Cologne about eight. Here we did a good deal of useless work about our luggage. The eggs we had for breakfast had evidently been in the show window for some time. From there we had a nice compartment to ourselves all the way to Berlin. The country we passed through was attractive but rather monotonous, flat or slightly rolling fields of wheat, barley, clover, etc. Most of the ground was cultivated but not to such an extent as in England. We found it difficult making people understand as we do not know a word of German. To our surprise more people we spoke to could talk English than French.

Arrived at Berlin at 6.15. Drove to the Adlon Hotel, a delightful hotel, in fact one of the best I have ever seen, thoroughly up-to-date, clean, neat, and unusually beautiful. There was not the usual over ornamentation found in large hotels. There was an attractive courtyard in the center. Everyone staying there was American or English. Our dinner was delicious and by no means exorbitant. We drank German champagne in large, long stemmed glasses with a whole peach in each, pierced several times by a fork to allow the juice to come out. It was an entirely new drink to us but perhaps we enjoyed it all the more keenly for that reason.

From what I saw of Berlin, and I confess it was very

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little, I was most favorably impressed. Of course, it has not the charm of an old city with buildings which delight because of their age and the romantic associations connected with them. It appears a modern city. The streets are straight, broad, and clean; the squares broad and airy. The buildings new but good looking impress you with their solidity. Finally the people, though they are far from attractive, have none of the degenerate look so common in Paris. They are robust, hard headed, entirely lacking in humor, unobliging and egotistical. The cleanness of the city and its inhabitants strikes one more forcibly than anything else, especially after a stay in Paris. Though the soldiers may not be more numerous than in Paris one feels a military atmosphere. What slovenly, ill clad, dirty, degenerate pieces of humanity those French soldiers are, yet I have no doubt they are quite capable now of fighting as bravely as the glorious armies of the past.

We went to a vaudeville show and boarded the train for St. Petersburg at eleven.

On train to St. Petersburg. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10

WE passed a most comfortable night, sleeping until nearly ten o'clock. Each of us had a separate compartment. We arrived at Wirbown about twelve but had to set our watches forward an hour. Here we handed in our passports and waited an hour or more for our trunks to be examined. Of course not knowing a word of Russian makes it difficult to get on. However we had no trouble with the trunks. We had lunch in the station and are now on our way to St. Petersburg on a most comfortable train.

There are soldiers everywhere; they have them at intervals along the track for miles and miles. There

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are carloads of them at every station. For the most part they are rather a slovenly looking crowd but some of the officers are very fine looking. At one station they became furious because I started to take a picture.

In contour the country is much like what we passed through yesterday, flat and slightly rolling. There are far more trees however and the fields are much less cultivated though it is by no means barren. Everywhere there are peasants working in the fields, mostly women, and all bare-footed. One sees an occasional broken down horse with a great high wooden collar, dragging a dilapidated excuse for a wagon.

Hotel D'Angleterre, St. Petersburg.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11

ARRIVED about 9.30. We had no idea where to go so when we saw a portier with Hotel D'Angleterre on his cap we put our luggage in his van. We had slight misgivings, which were not greatly reassured at sight of the hôtel. However we decided to stay and found out afterwards that the hotel was all right, the 'Europe' being the only modern one, and that was far more expensive. On our arrival we saw many droskies lined up with their great, fat coachmen (isvostchecks) which immediately gave an air of strangeness to the place. The peculiar and brightly colored cupolas and bright golden spires of churches added to this sensation. Otherwise it appeared little different from other cities. The houses are large, some very large, but none have a permanent appearance as they are palpably made of plaster.

As soon as we were all settled we drove down to the American Embassy and there met the three secre-

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taries. We found Willing Spencer very agreeable, but also found that they had not been able to get our accommodations or more probably had not tried. We lunched at the Europe, which was like any other good restaurant in any other big city. In the afternoon we tried to go to the Hermitage, a large picture gallery and the Winter Palace but our guide did not show up, so we only got a few minutes' glance at the Hermitage. Our glance however was long enough to show that it was very fine, and contained many pictures of all the greatest masters. As I had a little cold and felt tired, I took a nap after leaving there, while the others walked about. In the evening an English chap called Menges called for us (Spencer had asked him to) and we dined at the Europe. We tried vodka which was rather hot but not at all bad. Also we were initiated to the custom of eating a large amount of glorified hors d'œuvres (zakouska) before going in to dinner. We stayed there a while over delicious coffee and then went to a variety show, and then to a café, the Aquarium where there was another variety show which lasted until four o'clock. Spencer and a young chap (who by the way is a son of the Duke of Wellington) Lord Wellesley joined us. He was rather amusing, but I do not care a great deal for Menges: he cares much too much for himself. There was nothing in any way remarkable about the shows, but it was remarkable to see the vast amount Russians eat and drink.

Hotel D'Angleterre, St. Petersburg.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12

I AM sorry to say we slept very late, in fact until about 2.30, so our sight-seeing plans were knocked into a cocked hat. Spencer, McMurray the second

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secretary, and Tsanoff a Bulgarian by birth, who went to Harvard, became an American citizen, and is now correspondent for the Associated Press, all came to see us. We drove out to the Islands, stopped at a rowing club, and then went to the golf club where Mrs. Slocum, wife of the U. S. military attaché, was giving a tea. She is very charming, and Mrs. Rockhill the Ambassador's wife is exceedingly so. There were a number of other nice people there from different countries, Mr. Rockhill among them. The whole thing reminded one of a scene from a novel; all the characters were present at a typical diplomatic informal tea, if there are such things. We all dined at Conton's, a nice restaurant, where they have a good Hungarian band. We then adjourned to the Villa Rodi, another vaudeville restaurant. The English had given a farewell dinner to their Ambassador, and we joined a number of them who were there. We were again very late in getting home. Tsanoff very kindly offered his services as guide for tomorrow. He is an interesting character, but well informed and most kind.

So far we have not seen as much of St. Petersburg as I should have wished. The foreigners seem to lead a life nearly entirely apart from the Russians, but perhaps that is because there are so few Russian society people here now. One sees army and naval officers everywhere and there seem more soldiers than civilians on the streets if one does not count the innumerable *isvostchecks*. None of the foreigners seem particularly fond of St. Petersburg but no doubt that is an attitude all diplomats and people by necessity far from home assume. It is a most expensive place. The Russians are tremendous eaters and drinkers, the officers included. One constantly sees them in an inebriated

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condition with their uniforms on. Very bad form and principle, I should imagine.

Hotel D'Angleterre, St. Petersburg.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13

UNFORTUNATELY we all overslept, Tsanoff included, so we did not get started until 11.45. We tried to get our accommodations, which by the way the embassy have done nothing about, but were unsuccessful. Consequently our departure from Moscow will be delayed until a week from Monday, which in turn means that we shall remain here a few more days. This ticket hunt took so long that we only had time to glimpse at one gallery which glimpse was well worth taking and I hope to return. E. and I lunched at Doron, with a Mr. Macpherson a Russianized Scotchman, a Russian, and Menges (Fellowes and Tsanoff lunched together.) Such a lunch as we had! We started off with four vodkas (which are very strong), two glasses of beer, and all sorts and varieties of zakouska, both hot and cold, a huge meal in themselves. This was preliminary. We then sat down to a six course lunch with sherry, white wine, claret, champagne, and cordials, finishing with port. In order not to be rude I took enough to make me at most times have enough or a little too much and even then in an injured tone, Macpherson kept saying, "But don't you drink?" Fortunately the Russian air seems conducive of a strong head. It evidently was his usual lunch and although very nice, he looked as if it was.

After this repast we went inside the church, which is built over the place on the pavement where Alexander II was murdered. The outside is striking in the ex-



THE NEVA AND FORT OF ST. PETER
AND ST. PAUL, ST. PETERSBURG



ST. VASILY, MOSCOW



CHURCH OF
ALEXANDER II
ST. PETERSBURG

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treme, but not very attractive. The inside is even more striking, but much more attractive. The whole inside is mosaic. A perfect riot of color and many of the mosaic pictures are unusually soft and natural, also some beautiful marble marvelously carved. Jeweled pictures (ikons) costing thousands and thousands of roubles. Huge crosses made of enormous garnets and countless other treasures.

I forgot to say that yesterday we went into the Church of St. Isaac's, a huge church opposite our hotel. The outside is more pleasing but the inside less striking and barbaric than the church of Alexander. However there were some marvelous green marble and lapis lazuli columns, also jeweled ikons which seem so popular in Russian churches.

After this we drove out to the Islands. Bacon rowed, Morgan played golf, and I played tennis. My eye was a trifle uncertain at first but did better later, defeating Bray, one of their best players.

Dined quietly with Spencer, Tsanoff, Wellesley, and Menges at Conton's.

Hotel D'Angleterre, St. Petersburg.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14

AWFUL day and I have forgotten to say how disagreeable the weather has been. It has rained for part at least of every day and has been cold and raw into the bargain. Our warmest clothes were not too warm and the waistbands we brought have proved of great advantage. All of us have slight colds which makes us constantly fear taking more. I have not had any time to write this diary and consequently many observations which occur to me from time to time do not find their way into this literary treasury. For

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instance, the more I see of the Russian officers, the more favorably impressed I am with them barring their drinking and appearing in uniform with women of doubtful virtue. They are well set up, nearly all intelligent looking, or fairly so, and they seem to have a good deal of 'esprit de corps.' The Russian people impress me as being an unusually large race. Nearly every man is tall and broad shouldered, indeed they are ahead of us and England in this respect. They are also extremely dirty, the poorer people that is, and smell atrociously. In this respect they are far ahead of us, almost outdistancing the French army. They seem extremely devout, quiet, well behaved, and pleasant, but not cheerful. Except for these few superficial things I am not able to say anything.

Today was a busy day. Tsanoff called for us just before ten. We went to the Church of St. Isaac's where we heard the service for a short time and then went to the Naval Museum in the Admiralty Building. It was not supposed to be open and few foreigners know of it. It is or could be a perfect education in the design of ships of all sorts. There are beautiful models of nearly every ship Russia has had, also of guns, etc., etc. The time we took was well spent there and I should have liked to stop longer. We came back to the church to hear some of the music, which was delightful beyond words. It is almost inconceivable to think that so many voices could sing in such perfect and intricate harmony without accompaniment. It is worth going to Russia to hear. The service seemed tremendously impressive from a distance but when we found that we could go up nearly to the altar and stand with the other people in front of the priests, and when we saw the choir boys talking

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and laughing and the priests talking to each other, the illusion was largely destroyed. There were a great many people there, all of them devoutly crossing themselves at short intervals two or three times in succession, many kept touching their foreheads or kissing the floor, still more walked from holy picture to holy picture placing tapers in front of them and devoutly kissing them, a pious but terribly unsanitary proceeding. We could not stay long; the smell of unwashed bodies was too great.

Before lunch we found time to go over part of the Winter Palace. It was disappointing to me. It is huge but does not look permanent on the outside. On the inside there are many wonderful things but not so many beautiful things to my mind. None of the rooms impressed me as being remarkable. There were some beautiful doors, tables, and floors. Far and away the most interesting thing was the room where Alexander II died, which is just as he left it. Everything he had or perhaps everything he did not have showed the remarkable simplicity of his tastes.

After lunch and a short rest we went out to Peterhof but our time was limited there on account of missing a train and we were only able to drive hurriedly through the grounds. From the outside the palace was not at all imposing or beautiful, but the grounds and fountains were charming.

For dinner we went out to Pavlosk, just beyond Tsarski Selœ. There we saw nothing but Russians and heard one of their best symphony orchestras play the works of their best composers and saw two acts of an amusing Russian opera.

Tsanoff proved himself a splendid guardian angel.

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Hotel D'Angleterre, St. Petersburg.

MONDAY, AUGUST 15

STARTED off with Tsanoff again about 10.30. For a wonder the sun shone most of the day and it increased the beauty of St. Petersburg and the pleasure in being there at least fifty percent. We spent most of the morning in the Hermitage. The pictures there are really remarkable and I only wish that I possessed the faculty of remembering those that pleased me most, as there were a number that I gloried in. The whole collection is quite fine, for not only are the pictures on a high level and seldom if ever mediocre, but there are a number of other unusually good collections which we had to hurry through. Tsanoff was able to show us the best pictures, otherwise it would have taken an immense amount of time. We lunched at the Cave La Grave, a little place downstairs where one gets excellent food and wine for a reasonable price. We took a number of photos which I hope will turn out well and then spent our time in a fur store. They had some beautiful furs. Bacon and I left an order for coats and each bought a hat but whether I will get my coat or not depends on Pa. We drove out to the Islands. Saw Spencer, who has avoided us of late at a tennis club. I tried to get him to play with me today or tomorrow or to get somebody else to play with me but with no success. We watched Bacon row and then leaving Tsanoff we drove into town by a very circuitous route, for it took us an hour, to a Russian Garden. We were very hungry by this time as it was about ten o'clock. We drank vodka and ate zakouska and watched the biograph. Finally Tsanoff arrived; we had felt lost without him. We watched some good

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wrestling and then had dinner, while some very amateurish and naïve Russian people performed on the stage.

Tsanoff then took us to a Russian Gambling Club where we saw a number of Russians win and lose their money in a quiet way in a game somewhat similar to baccarat but even more blind luck; the name has slipped my mind but I think it is Boton.

We saw two people dying of cholera in the street.

I forgot to mention an interesting ceremony we witnessed the other day when we visited St. Isaac's. It was the blessing of the Neva. A solemn procession formed in the church and marched with pomp and splendor in spite of the pouring rain through the streets to the river. Bareheaded crowds packed the streets along the line of procession and elbowed each other at the river's edge where the final ceremony took place on a specially prepared barge.

Hotel D'Angleterre, St. Petersburg.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16

ANOTHER good day and another extremely interesting one. Tsanoff arrived and we took the ten o'clock train to Krasnœ Selœ to see the military manoeuvres. Spencer had previously told us it was impossible to go there. We drove immediately to the house of the head military official of the town, Baron Stemple. We gave him our cards; Tsanoff talked, and as usual when Tsanoff starts off to do a thing, he was successful. We received permission but he told us the military manoeuvres were over. However we saw enough to well repay our coming out.

In the first place we saw a regiment of Finnish Hussars ride by. A more picturesque sight I have

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seldom if ever seen. They were a splendid looking lot; the horses were all of one color and in the front rank of every troop or squadron were a group of singers who chanted the national songs and shook their rattles while those behind joined in the refrain. We saw so many generals, colonels, captains, etc., etc., all in wonderful costumes and covered with medals that we were fairly dizzy. We were in their midst. The foreign attachés who came galloping up in their various superb uniforms made a striking picture. The American Major Slocum was conspicuous because of the extreme simplicity of his khaki. Of all the various uniforms, those of the Cossacks are the most picturesque; with their high astrakan caps, wasp waists, and skirted uniforms of blue, red, or flaming orange, they are grace personified.

The guard opposite us which had been running in and out every few minutes because of false alarms finally stood at attention, with their faces turned to the left, a clatter of hoofs and a small cavalcade came dashing up, the Czar of all the Russias, on a beautiful bay hunter, at their head. It was only a glimpse. We looked about and had pointed out to us Nicholai Nicholaivitch and other lesser celebrities. Then all attention; an automobile comes out of the gate opposite, in which the Czar is seated in the midst of several officers, and passes a few feet from us. He was far different from what I had expected. In the first place his beard was much fairer than in any picture I have seen. Then his face was unusually pleasant and not as weak as one is constantly led to believe.

What a pity we did not have our cameras; we might have as well as not as it was. We took a few pictures

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with Slocum's camera but we will probably never see them.

We lunched at the station; saw the Alexander Museum for a few minutes; did a few errands, and then I went out with Fellowes to the tennis club. Here I met the elder Bray. He was left handed and more effective than his cousin. As my ground strokes were hopelessly poor, my only hope was, to dash up to the net, with a figurative shout, flapping my arms. This style of play so disconcerted him that it became a question of whether I would beat myself or not, as he was incapable of watching me and the ball at the same time. I finally won out. He seemed decidedly superior to the other Bray but when they meet in tournaments is usually defeated. This is accounted for by the fact that the other is the head of the family.

Came back, packed, had dinner at Lagraves. Tsanoff arrived to say good bye before we started for the train.

Hotel Metropole, Moscow. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17

ARRIVED at about eleven and went directly to the hotel.

We were really sorry to leave Tsanoff of whom we have all grown very fond. We were also sorry not to have met the Princess Kantakuzne and Princess Beloselsky both of whom are Americans and very attractive. But Spencer was always too busy or afraid of making some diplomatic *faux pas*.

It seemed much warmer here. After unpacking we went to Wogau and Co., to draw some money. Fellowes received a letter and a telegram from McAdoo, saying he could not join us, which is too bad. We have very nice rooms, one double and a single looking out on the

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square, but I think we are paying too much, though they say all the cheaper ones are engaged. However, as I have the single room I am most comfortable. Walked a bit before lunch and found Moscow very picturesque. It appears to have grown naturally, as it has, while St. Petersburg is a more unnatural and manufactured article. There are any number of churches for the most part more attractive than those we have seen and the Kremlin is of course the center of attraction. In the afternoon we endeavored to better our accommodations on the train, for the Embassy could only get us two first class and one second class berth. We were unsuccessful but hope to do better tomorrow. We all slept the rest of the afternoon and E. did not get up for dinner, as he had a little cold. Spent the evening writing.

Hotel Metropole, Moscow. THURSDAY, AUGUST 18

AN excellent guide met us at ten. We went immediately to the Kremlin, which is certainly more fascinating than anything we have yet seen. We went through the Palace and liked it far better than the Winter Palace. Here, as there, the doors and floors were wonderful. The old palace built in 950 was the jewel, however, and possessed twice the attraction of the new which was built in 1814. It is extremely Eastern, most of it being Moorish and Chinese in style. The old court room was particularly fine, though the rest of it was not far below it. We saw where Ivan the Terrible and Napoleon had both slept and where Napoleon had watched the city burn about him. Two little daughters of the Grand Duke Constantine were also seeing the palace. Our guide, Schmidt by name, was an excellent one, but not as superlatively excellent



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW



OLD CHINESE WALL, MOSCOW

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as he would have had us believe. He took us to the three churches directly adjoining the Palace. One is or used to be used for royal baptisms or marriages, and the third is the Coronation church. All are interesting, being old and beautifully decorated, but the last is by far the richest. They are all small but everything is solid gold including wonderfully wrought ikon frames which are set with an enormous number of beautiful jewels. After walking about the Kremlin and seeing the big bell, which after all is only a big bell, as well as the statue of Alexander II, which is not particularly beautiful, we went to lunch at the Testoff Restaurant. This is a splendid restaurant and entirely Russian. Thanks to our guide we had a delicious lunch, which I have not appreciated as much since as I did at the time. It consisted of first, vodka, caviar, and smoked sturgeon; second, a delicious Russian soup, borsch; third, chicken livers done in sour cream and potatoes; finally cakes and coffee.

After lunch we saw the church built by Ivan the Terrible which Ivan thought so beautiful that he put out the architect's eyes that he might never build its equal. It has many cupolas or minarets, both studded and bolster like in effect and adorned with various and brilliant colors. The inside consists of about eight small chapels and is like a labyrinth. Leaving this ancient marvel, we went to the largest drug store in the world, strolled through the largest arcade, which was most interesting, and stopped at the largest fur dealer's. There Bacon and I gave up the idea of our St. Petersburg coats and ordered some here of sable paws.

At the ticket place we were no more successful than yesterday but tomorrow (It's always 'tomorrow' here) no doubt we can arrange things satisfactorily.

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Fellowes went out to take pictures while Ell and I called on Snodgrass, the consul here. Although he was not wildly exciting, we had an interesting talk with him on the commercial condition of this country, and were greatly surprised to find that the United States sent so much cotton to Russia. Apparently our trade would be greatly increased if we would take the trouble to train agents for our goods in the language and conditions of the country and be willing to allow the Russians long credit which is what they are accustomed to. We boast of our adaptability but our commercial concerns are way behind those of Germany and England in adapting their goods, agents, and methods to the various countries into which they wish to introduce their goods.

Tonight I went without dinner and have been writing letters.

Hotel Metropole, Moscow.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19

STARTED off at nine forty-five with Schmidt; finally we were able to secure first class accommodations to Harbin. The three places are in one compartment. From there we went to the cathedral of St. Saviour. It is said to have cost a fabulous price and is built to commemorate the evacuation of Moscow by Napoleon. I confess that I was not enchanted with it. After the churches of the Kremlin, it had an appearance of newness and blatant costliness. There we heard some excellent singing, for today is a church holiday, to celebrate the ripening of the apples. The day is fixed and the apples are picked whether or not they are actually ripe. Everywhere in the streets were boys with huge baskets either on their heads or resting on the sidewalk beside them. Many of the apples looked

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delicious and were it not for the danger of cholera we would surely have purchased some.

From there we went to the Tretyakoff gallery which used to be and still is, I believe, a huge private collection of Russian pictures. There are a few pictures which are not Russian, notably some gems by Corot, Millet, Fortuny, and Dubissy. All the rest are Russian both old and modern. On the whole they are good. It is striking, however, how many of the pictures, except the extremely modern ones, represent ghastly and morbid subjects. Murders, hangings, and the march of convicts to Siberia are common subjects. Few pictures have the light gaiety of the French school. If not actually morbid they have a touch of pathos. Personally I considered some of the portraits the best, though the great majority of the pictures were of scenes or interiors. All possessed great detail admirably done. Two whole rooms were given over to the works of Verestchagine, the artist who was blown up along with Admiral Makanoff on the flagship in the late war with Japan. His pictures relate to all manner of different things and are painted in all parts of the world. I liked two large Persian pictures of his better than any.

The modern Russian pictures were in some ways the most interesting, though I am not prepared to say whether or not I like them. In the first place the coloring in them is unusually vivid and startling. The figures in many ways resemble the mediæval rather than the modern. There seems to be a complete absence of straight lines. It is as if the painter were trying to portray the effect produced upon his own imagination rather than to reproduce the object itself. I do hope to go to the gallery at least once more.

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We lunched at a little Russian restaurant and had a palatable meal washed down with kwass (a sort of cider made of black bread, wild berries, or even cabbage as the case may be) which we found quite delicious, especially that made from the berries. We then went out to Petrovsky by electric car in a pouring rain. (It has not failed to rain a part of each day since we have been here and usually it is in the afternoon.) The palace at Petrovsky in which the Emperors stay only four days in their reign (i.e., immediately after their coronation when they are supposed to fast) we did not find particularly interesting or beautiful. One of the interesting things was the sofa where Napoleon slept for twenty three days. Of course there were many priceless objects there but for comfort give me a Harlem flat first. The arrangement of rooms was also peculiar: for instance the royal children would have one suite of rooms and adjoining would be the rooms where the Parisian dancing girl friends of the Emperor stayed and it would be impossible for one to go out without passing through the rooms of the other. Directly opposite the palace is a huge parade ground, Cardincka Field, the largest in the world, where it is said the crowd was so great at the last coronation that nearly six thousand people were crushed to death.

We returned to the hotel and in a few minutes Tsanoff's friend, Dr. Imkanetsky, presented himself to us. He seems most pleasant, and speaks fairly good English, if given time, but does not seem to understand at all well. We had tea and then walked through the various parks where people of all sorts, artists, officers, journalists, peasants, merchants, women of pleasure, and children walk up and down or listen to the band play. We came upon a band of little girls playing

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while their elders stood about. We could not fathom the intricacies of the game but it consisted chiefly in their standing or walking in a circle hand in hand and singing all the time. Our friend showed us the statues of two great Russian poets, Pushkin and Gogol. The one of the latter, by a young artist, was quite original for such a hackneyed subject.

We went to the Aquarium where we saw a vaudeville show rather above the average and ate supper in the *café chantant* which was not over until nearly three o'clock.

Hotel Metropole, Moscow. SATURDAY, AUGUST 20

WE got up shortly before lunch and drew some more money from the bank. At present we are way behind schedule and must certainly start to recoup immediately. Lunched off omelette and cheese for a beginning. As it was raining hard we spent most of the afternoon writing. Our friend arrived and after tea went to the fur place to look at our coats again. Imkanetsky said that they were not charging us more than thirty roubles too much so we felt satisfied.

We returned to the hotel for dinner and cocktails, which certainly tasted good after the vodka we have been choking down. We then went with Essentuki, as we call Imkanetsky (Essentuki being the name of a table water) and a Roumanian artiste to the Hermitage, another and more elite *café chantant*. It was a most amusing party. She talked French and a little German, Essentuki talked a little English, some German, and Russian, Fellowes could understand and talk a little French, Elliot could talk a little more French, and I could not understand more than a few words. So when I wanted a particular tune for instance, I would

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tell Fellowes or Elliot who would tell Marie the Roumanian in French, who would tell Essentuki the Russian in German, who would give the order to the waiter in Russian. But perhaps just for this reason we enjoyed it all the more. Late to bed.

Hotel Metropole, Moscow.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21

STAYED in bed until lunch time. It rained most of the afternoon so we read and wrote. It showed signs of clearing, so we started for Sparrow Hill (Vorobievsky Gory). After crossing the Moskva once, we took one of the steamers which start on the other branch. The sun was just beginning to sink in the west, and the clouds after a heavy clearing shower were gradually beginning to disappear. The boat skirts along the edge of the city for some distance, where the many churches with their gilded domes and bulb-like cupolas show up with great effect. It is not until one sees the Cathedral of St. Saviour from the river that one realizes the commanding position that it holds and its real magnificence. My whole impression of it changed immediately. I now think it possesses both grandeur and beauty.

After one gets fairly by the city the river becomes more beautiful, with a thickly wooded bank on one side and open fields on the other. It was not long before we came in sight of Sparrow Hill. It is directly in the center of a huge bend which the river takes at this point. Nearly on the top of the hill, which is the central point of a small chain of hills, is the Restaurant Krynkine (*Bon, mais assez cher*, as Bædeker says). It looks from a distance more like a château. We found it a steep but short climb; when we arrived, however, we found the view worth a climb

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of many times the steepness and length. Framed in by the beautiful little river, you see Moscow, the city of the Russian saints, the ancient capital of Russia, lying before you across a stretch of flat fields. The sun had sunk a bit lower than I should have wished, but there were enough rays left to light up those glorious golden domes, which sprout up all over the city; while here, there, and everywhere, green, red, and blue onion-shaped bell towers and cupolas added beauty to the scene. The grim attractive watch towers of the Kremlin were easily distinguishable, as was the bell tower of Ivan the Terrible. Our seats were on the veranda directly overlooking this fairy like scene. But I must not forget to mention the miniature Kremlin, a small village directly across the river, with its many churches, its wall and tower, and its few houses. Our food appeared more attractive than it tasted but we really cared little. As the sun was rapidly sinking, a Russian choir at one end of the restaurant began singing those fascinating Russian folk songs. .

While it was still very light we saw a brilliant blotch of light appear in another corner of the horizon for all the world like the glow of a gigantic fire, and in a few minutes more a huge, round, smiling, fiery moon appeared. We had not thought or hoped for this. The effect was too enchanting for me to try to describe. Moscow as dusk came on, appeared like a gem, an opal. Then gradually as it grew darker, lights began to peep out like little stars in and about the city. All the time the moon was rising higher and growing in brilliancy seeming to brush softly aside the clouds that caressed it. We left, and looking back, the long, low restaurant with its row of little lights strung along the veranda was in itself an object of beauty. Down the stream

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we went all in a thoughtful mood, the moon lighting a brilliant silver way for us and occasionally smiling from behind the branches of trees, or again a steeple or tower would pass across its face. As we neared the city the reflection on the huge golden dome of St. Saviour and its smaller cupolas made it appear exactly as if there were little lights on them which were constantly changing. It was a very unusual sight, for I did not realize that the moon could make such brilliant reflections. It was altogether beautiful.

Trans-Siberian Railway.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22

MORGAN slept while Elliot and I visited the Treasury which adjoins the Palace. There we saw such a collection of treasures as I do not suppose exists or ever has existed anywhere else in the world; wonderful armor and weapons belonging to old Czars and princes; vases, cups, dishes, flagons of gold, silver, and platinum wonderfully wrought in all manner of shapes; priceless robes, trappings, and accoutrements, the gifts of other potentates, or the spoils of conquest; a room full of state robes, crowns, and scepters, all encrusted with magnificent gems; rubies and emeralds literally larger than hen's eggs. The cost of the materials alone, to say nothing of the workmanship and value as relics, is too stupendous to even imagine. Think of this wealth and the vast wealth in the churches and then think of the poverty in Russia; it is criminal!

After lunch I went to the Tretyakoff gallery, which, a thousand devils, I found to be closed on Mondays, so returned in wrath to pack and write.

In the evening we went out to the Yard one of the best restaurants. There were few people there as the fun does not begin till eleven. However there was

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good food and music. Fellowes, Imkanetsky, and I started to drive to the station in a droshky. The driver was evidently drunk and kept maltreating his horse terribly by lashing it and jerking on the reins. We had several close shaves so I grabbed the lash fastened to the ends of his reins. This infuriated him and after a lively talk between him and Essentuki he stopped in front of a policeman. There the fun began. They all three began talking at top speed at the top of their voices. Then people began to gather; each person had something to say on the subject and all wanted to say it at the same time. Fellowes and I were angry at first but could only show the policeman the horse's mouth which was bleeding, but finally the hubbub became so great that we simply roared with laughter. The rest were all perfectly serious, except the policeman who also laughed, and talking as fast as ever. We wanted to pay the isvostchek what he demanded and go to the station, as it was getting rather late but by this time our friend was terribly in earnest and would not hear of this, so we drove off to the police station at a slow walk with two plain clothes men who had arrived upon the scene during the controversy accompanying us. The station was a little dingy place up two flights of stairs; there was an officer sitting at the desk, a couple of policemen standing about and four or five prisoners looking out between some wooden bars. The driver stopped talking for the first time. Essentuki told his story and out we went leaving the talkative horse beater standing silent. It was a most amusing incident but at one time I feared that we would lose our train.

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Trans-Siberian.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23

PASSED a fairly comfortable but rather stuffy night. We have a perfectly harmless looking Frenchman in with us. I had first choice and took an upper berth, Fellowes took the other upper. We slept until lunch time. Towels and the like seem little known luxuries on this train. Our lunch was fair. Spent the afternoon in reading and writing up this diary for the last few days. The country we have passed through has been for the most part flat with occasional rolling hills and very occasional groups of trees. It seems a most fertile region, the soil looking remarkably rich, in fact I think we have been passing through the famous 'Black Earth' region, for the soil is literally black. They say the crops have been badly damaged by all the rain they have been having. What sets you wondering most is how all these vast fields, stretching for miles and miles, are cultivated. It is seldom that even a lame horse is seen. There are few laborers in the fields, these for the most part women, and the only farming implements I have seen are of the crudest sort, old wooden ploughs that the peasants must have been using for centuries.

The train at no time goes fast; it slows down and stops frequently.

On Train, Siberia.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24

A BEAUTIFUL day today, the best we have had since leaving America; bright sunshine and heat. The speed of the train does not increase, nor are the stops less frequent. So far we have been quite free from dust. The engines burn what seems to be a sort of mush made from coal and oil. There are no cinders.

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I rather wish we had traveled second class, for the only difference seems to be that you can have your meals served in your rooms more easily in second and one of their coaches has an observation place in back. They use our little smoking place, the same restaurant and wash rooms perfectly freely. The only other people travelling first class are four Japs, a Belgian, a Russian, and our roommate. The last three get off tonight. The country we passed through today was much the same, except towards evening as we neared the Ural mountains it became more hilly and there were more trees.

On Train, Asia.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25

A ROSE or rather woke up in the small hours this morning to see the Ural mountains but was much disappointed for there were only rather mild hills where we were going then and we could see no peaks. Slept again until lunch time as we usually do. The food is not at all bad but it is annoying to pay extra for water and butter and not to be able to eat fruit. We have eaten a good deal of chocolate which is expensive here, but we have come down to spending two dollars a day instead of thirty.

The country is much the same but less cultivated although the land looks perfectly good. It is very beautiful gazing across the miles and miles of plains especially near sunset. We passed some attractive looking villages, attractive from a distance only, I suspect. We also saw several herds of cattle and horses. There are crows everywhere, myriads of them, and some of them have white backs.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

On Train, Asia.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26

HAVE been reading today as usual. I have now read Kuropatkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," intensely interesting; Asakawa's "Russo-Japanese Conflict," much less interesting but instructive in events leading up to the war; some sketches of Gautiers in Russia; and Weale's "Indiscreet Letters from Peking," exciting and full of interest.

As there is little to say in regard to our journey, I am going to jot down a few things which have occurred to me in regard to Russia but which I may have omitted elsewhere.

Eating and drinking is as good a subject to start with as any. I have already said that they seem to be the hardest drinkers in the world. Everywhere, especially on holidays, and they are frequent, one sees drunken men lurching along the streets with their heads hung down. They are never cheerful, these people who drink vodka. They only become sullen. It is curious that vodka does not brace one up the way other drinks do, cocktails, for instance.

What are some of the favorite Russian dishes? Well, first there are the hors d'oeuvres, zakouska, they call them, a meal in themselves, any number of different kinds, caviar; fish of all kinds, raw, cooked, or smoked; cold meats; also hot dishes of infinite variety; salads, etc. Then come the soups. Marvelous affairs these, and some of them very good (you are liable to find anything in them). One kind, Borsch, we found particularly delicious. The Russians are immensely fond of fish, sturgeons, sigui, steret, and suigi being popular and all very good. As to meats, they like all kinds but run rather to cutlets of various sorts. The cucumber seems

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far and away the most popular vegetable among rich and poor alike. Everywhere in restaurants and on the streets you see people eating them just as they are (both people and cucumbers). When I get home I shall try one that way; at present I do not dare for fear of cholera. In the same way we are told to be wary of fruit though the Russians consume enormous quantities of it. Perhaps it is worth while to put down the Russian names for a few simple articles.

Maslo = butter, tchai = tea, Kophe = coffee. Pivo = beer (Stretzky and Waldschlessen are both good kinds). Kwass is a kind of cider made from a number of different things such as cabbage, onions, berries, black bread, but not from apples. Vada = water (Essentuki, Narzan and Borzhon (a sort of vichy) are all good and fairly easy to obtain.

A few other Russian words we picked up are Da = yes, Niet = no, stoi = stop, na leva = to the left, na prava = to the right, priama = straight ahead, and scarre = hurry, a most useful word.

Just a few more jottings.— One sees women everywhere, that is, in small cafés or smoking rooms and even in gambling clubs they seem to go perfectly naturally. They never hesitate to smoke no matter how public the place. However they do not seem to be treated with much respect. One may often see a man and his wife walking along, the wife carrying all the bundles. The men show no hesitancy in pushing their way ahead of the women in getting on street cars. It is astonishing the number of women one sees who are with child. One can easily believe that the population increases at an incredible rate. Here as elsewhere it is the poorest women that are in that condition most frequently.

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The men are nearly all bearded and all wear high boots; even the boys are either barefooted or wear high boots. These, as well as the shirts buttoning at the side of the neck, are much nicer looking than what the poor man wears at home. Both men and women, as I have already said, appear extremely devout. Each one seems to have a particular style of crossing him or herself.

The choirs in the churches have a uniform resembling that of an English lackey. They stand in a semicircle with the leader who beats time with his hands in the center. The singing, as I have already mentioned, is little short of marvelous and surpassingly beautiful; singing as they do without organ accompaniment the effect is nevertheless somewhat that of an organ of unusual richness of tone.

A class by themselves are the Isvostcheks, for there are thousands of them in both St. Petersburg and Moscow. They are the cabmen of Russia. You find them everywhere. Each one has what looks like a patent leather top hat, flattened out, with a broad brim which curls up. With their wadded blue or green coats they look as if they would be first class drawing cards at a side show. The fatter an isvostchek looks, the better he is supposed to be. The minute you appear, a half dozen or more of them come dashing up all shouting at once. Most of them are dirty and shabby, though the horses far outclass any cab horses I have ever seen. Some of the conveyances are well appointed but the extra charge they make more than makes up for this. If you are with someone who speaks Russian you tell them where you want to go. The isvostchek names his price, which is at least twice, sometimes three or four times, what he will take.

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You then walk away to look for another and he immediately comes to terms. It is really ridiculous. They never wait to be told where to go, or if they do it conveys nothing to them; they dash off in whatever direction suits their fancy. If you cannot talk Russian this is extremely annoying for you cannot tell them where to go. On one occasion when this happened, Elliot and I after endeavoring to remonstrate merely stepped out of the carriage and let him drive serenely on without seeing us. When we had no one to bargain for us we would name the place where we wanted to go, then when we arrived give him what we thought he deserved. As they usually expected us to be easy meat, we would walk away amidst a volley of abuse.

The streets of both cities we were in all appeared exceedingly clean in spite of the number of horses and the dirtiness of Russian people in general. If they can keep the streets of Moscow clean, and it appears fairly simple (there are not great squads of loafing white wings), why in the world can they not keep the streets of American cities clean where there are more automobiles than horses?

Speaking of automobiles, there seem very few in Russia. Nor should I care to drive one over the streets which are for the most part wretchedly paved. The motors I saw were principally French. Mr. Snodgrass, our consul in Moscow, says that only very inferior American machines have been sent over, such as Fords, which cannot stand the racket. This and the fact that Americans will not allow long credits, which is what all Russians want and are used to (whether they are rich or not), is largely the cause of the poor success of American firms in this and other businesses in Russia.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

On train, Siberia.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27

WE have been gone just a month and although the time has passed quickly it seems much longer.

Slept late as usual and read "Russia, her Weakness and Strength" by Von Schierband, a good book but I did not see that Russia had many strong points except her unwieldiness. In all other matters the future seems black unless immediate and far reaching reforms are undertaken.

The country yesterday was more interesting, the flatness being relieved by low, picturesque, rolling hills, covered only with short grass. We saw several herds of cattle. There were not many trees and these few all birches.

On train, Siberia.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28

THE country was more hilly and wooded. The trees were chiefly birch. It rained a little. Read "With Kuroki in Manchuria," a short but interesting sketch of the progress of the first army ending with the retreat of Kuropatkin at Liaoyang — written by Frederic Palmer. To bed early.

On train, Trans-Baikalia.

MONDAY, AUGUST 29

THE train arrived at Irkutsk, the largest city in Siberia. The station, where we had breakfast, was well removed from the main part of the town. We changed trains and this time are on the Wagon-Lits which is far cleaner and more comfortable though a trifle more expensive.

After changing over to the other train we took turns at having a thorough wash. While it was Morgan's turn, Elliot and I had breakfast in the station. Shortly

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after the train started he came in looking very sheepish, so we immediately suspected him of having stolen our sweet chocolate; this he denied but kept saying, "Oh, you know what the trouble is, but you are just pretending not to." It took several hours to convince him that we really were ignorant and then it came to pass that about the ninth hour he had severed all connections with the seedy growth which had fringed his upper lip, and about which we had constantly complained.

It has rained part of the day but the sun has shone for the most part, however. Today has been by far the most beautiful part of the journey. For at the very foot of high bluffs we have skirted for many hours along the shores of Lake Baikal. Passing in and out of short tunnels we have still had the opportunity of seeing parts of this beautiful lake with its wooded hills rising abruptly on each side and good sized mountains rearing their heads above them. If it had not been for the mist, no doubt we should have had an even finer view. The Lake is over four hundred miles in length. Bacon was nearly arrested at Baikal station for taking a snapshot of the Lake but the ever welcome rouble applied at the psychological moment prevented any embarrassing complications.

One of the Japanese on the train, and there are at least eight, very kindly has asked us to look him up in Tokyo. Also we have obtained some information from the British consul of Newchwang and his wife in regard to China. Shaved today for the first time and feel much cleaner in consequence. Read Hosie's "Manchuria" but did not find it interesting. He goes too much into detail regarding the growing of beans, etc. It is, however, an authoritative work.

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On train, Manchuria.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30

FEW trees in sight, in fact as far as the eye will reach, it is bare. We saw numerous herds grazing, of sheep, cattle, and horses, and at one time the train was forced to stop to avoid running down four or five camels, who soon went joggling away with their humps flapping from side to side. Indeed a strange sight from a parlor car window! We began to see our first orientals at the small stations we stopped at, swarthy, slant eyed ruffians who fill one with fear to look at them. Read most of General Kuropatkin's "The Russian Army and the Japanese War," which in spite of its constant repetition is interesting and gave me an entirely different view of the war. I never realized before the tremendous disadvantages Russia labored under.

We had no difficulty at the custom house.

Grand Hotel, Harbin, Manchuria.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31

THE first part of the day we wound in great curves over a range of hills and then came down to run for many miles over the most desolate country we have yet seen. Nothing but rather tall, sparse grass or swamps. For a number of miles before Harbin the fields were badly flooded and the tracks were in great danger of being washed away. Soldiers and coolies were endeavoring to mend matters by running waterways under the track and bolstering up the bank with sand bags. The Sungari had overflowed its banks and flooded part of Harbin.

On our arrival, escorted by a slippery looking Jew, we picked our way through four inches of black, shiny

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mud to the Grand Hotel. How deceptive are names! After bargaining we secured one room with three beds, for seven roubles. It was nearly eight o'clock so we waded once more through the mud, finally making our way to the American Consulate where we made the acquaintance of Roger Greene, the consul, and his sister Miss Greene. We spent a pleasant evening with them, going out to a rather dismal restaurant garden. He is Jerome D. Greene's brother.

The night of the thirty first!!! We stayed up until nearly three writing letters and our diaries to the accompaniment of blasts from at least fourteen different horns and whistles; furious barking and wailing of dogs; shouts of men; rattling of carts; and twenty five or thirty more indistinguishable noises. Herald Square on New Year's Eve would seem like the quiet of the cloister compared to it. I was the first to retire, stretching myself on a mattress of corn cobs and resting my head on a large and tightly compressed bundle of hay. In spite of this I was nearly asleep when I felt a suspicious tickling about my neck; jumping up I found that in spite of the layer of "Keating's" protective powder I had applied, there were — well, I will not say what, but there were at least six all crawling about. No longer trusting my blanket, I slept and shivered the rest of the night between the sheets alone.

Chinese Eastern R.R. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

THIS morning we arose comparatively early and went to the Greene's for breakfast and a delicious meal it seemed.

Then we drove with Mr. Greene about the city, starting first for Starry Harbin, the old city, but not

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reaching there. What a desolate city Harbin is! A skeleton in armor, reeking with mud and filth, a mere husk. Huge buildings built by the railroads at huge expense which are scarcely used; big blocks of stores built way outside the business center, where only one store is rented. The town itself is scattered haphazard over a big area, huts of flimsy boards and great government buildings of plaster standing close together. By far the most interesting part was watching the Chinese coolies walk mincingly along under huge loads carried at each end of a pole across their shoulders. Some of these Chinese are finely built. Their legs especially are beautifully shaped. There were swarms of them. I am very favorably impressed with the Chinese so far, hard working, intelligent looking, with pleasant smiles. Some of them, of course, are frightful and pitiful objects to behold.

After much fuss and red tape we boarded the eleven thirty for Chang-Chun. Much of the way, as was the case part of yesterday, we passed through huge fields of nodding *Kaoliang* (a sort of millet resembling corn at a distance). These fields or similar ones played an important part in the Russo-Japanese war, the Japs using them as a cover to their movements. As the stalks are frequently seven to eight feet high and sometimes more, they present a complete screen.

U. S. Consulate General,

Mukden, Manchuria.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

ARRIVED here from Chang-Chun at four o'clock A.M. We noticed a great change between the Russian and Japanese trains. The latter seem more business-like and it was like home to get on board a Pullman

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again. We reveled in a hot water wash in a place where there was room for your elbows. It was dark when we got off, so we dallied over coffee in the station while the dawn appeared. About five thirty we strolled out and stepped into three rickshas and rattled down the road. Countless coolies were going to their work, rising early to make the best of the morning cool, munching melons of various sorts, rinds and all. What wonderful legs they have got! (The coolies, not the melons.) Their skins are perfectly brown, a yellow man is seldom seen among these hard working animals, one would call them, if it were not for their intelligence. We passed through two or three different walls which surround the town and through streets hung with wonderful signs of orange, red, gold, blue, and green. (The signs in Russia are remarkable but they can in no way compare to those here.) We stopped in one little square to watch some Chinese soldiers drill. They were not very good, and one squad was inexcusably bad. It was amusing to see the reviewing officer pull the ear of one man who made a bad blunder, then slap his face, punch him twice, and kick him. We must have gone all over the town, our coolies jogging easily on, although they sweated hard. An occasional and most unpleasant whiff of garlic reached us; this together with the sewerage, which is entirely of the open variety, detracted slightly from our enjoyment.

We tried in vain to tell the coolies to go to the American Consulate; French, German, Russian, and attempts at Italian, Spanish, and Siamese were tried in vain, besides English, a good many American cuss words, and what we had been told was the Chinese word for "Flowery Flag" the figurative title by which our glorious land is known. But it is impossible to

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make an Oriental understand who does not want to. He makes no attempt to help you but merely smiles at the idiotic idea of your trying. However I finally hit upon a simple yet graphic plan. I sketched an unmistakable if inartistic picture of the Stars and Stripes. Immediate response on the part of the coolies and after noddings and gruntings we shot off like arrows in an entirely new direction. I found it hard to restrain my praise for the brilliancy of the scheme until we suddenly drew up in front of a red cross hospital and then the other two found it hard to restrain their abuse (in fact it seemed to gain complete control of them). Finally after nearly three hours' ricksha travel and numerous other false stops, we found the consulate. It was shortly after eight and the consul was out riding so we returned later nearly famished, met Mr. Fisher, who is very nice, and had a breakfast which filled a large void. We went out to the Tombs of the present dynasty which are only a few minutes from here. They were not particularly interesting. We paid our coolies several times too much and the porters this morning nearly fifty times too much, for one yen is about 130 (odd) Chinese cents. Consequently rows of rickshas have waited all day for us to appear. We lunched with the Fishers and played some tennis in the afternoon which seemed pretty nice after the train. Bacon took the seven o'clock train to Liaoyang where he is going over the battlefields. I should like to have done that, but did not think he would be so fortunate as to get a Jap officer to guide him. Morgan and I decided to accept the Fishers' kind invitation to stay over two days. I played bridge for the first time tonight. Had wonderful cards so got along pretty well. Went to bed tired.

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Consulate, Mukden, Manchuria.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

WENT about the city with one of the secretaries named Chan. All the streets are absorbingly interesting for they teem with activity. Every bit of trade is carried on in open booths on the street, money changers, bakeries, meat shops, melon venders, fur stores — all jumbled together, are the scene of activity. We stopped at a Chinese temple and heard a man lecturing to twenty-five or thirty shabby looking coolies and five or six children. Chan told us he was trying to get alms for some people made destitute by flood. The small Chinese bank we went to was indeed novel. Fifteen or twenty Chinamen in a small room all talking at once. While Chan was bargaining we listened to one man singing off a list of numbers from a long scroll while two others added them on little counters they have, and when they got their answer they chanted it out with equal solemnity. We then went to the palace, which was not particularly interesting. The two soldiers guarding it were terribly seedy specimens — all the seediest Chinamen seem to join the army — these two had never fired off their guns, which were badly kept and out of date. Except at close quarters where the odor of garlic might take effect they would not be formidable antagonists. The palace is situated in the center of the city, which besides other walls has one big square one about it. We climbed upon this, and it was not until then that we realized what a riot of color there was in the streets. The blue which everyone wears showed up brightly while variegated signs and banners on each side made a dazzling display.

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I wrote and played tennis in the afternoon. Bridge in the evening. The watchman here goes about beating a wooden board, whether it is to tell the burglars where he is or whether it is to keep himself awake, I cannot make out.

Imperial Chinese Railway. SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

EVIDENTLY the watchman's tom tom, whatever its intentions are, does not keep him awake. We had intended going to Dalny at four thirty, but the watchman who was to call us was not able to keep awake so we decided to take the nine thirty to Peking. We had a fearful time trying to catch the train for the boy whom we sent out to get our money changed did not show up. We had to borrow from Fisher and just caught it. On the train, which was comfortable, we saw a number of nice Englishmen and Americans. We passed through fields of kaoliang all day as far as we could see. The Liao River had overflowed and nearly demolished one village, washing away the mud walls of the houses and killing nearly four hundred people. Passed the Great Wall but it was too dark to see it.

Wagon Lits Hotel, Peking, China.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

JUST think of being in Peking, the capital of China! Every day makes me appreciate the more keenly the opportunity I am having and makes me feel that now we are really in far distant lands.

After a comfortable night and a cup of coffee, we arrived about eight fifteen. Our baggage was safe and sound, so, after a good deal of bother, we left it at the station until we should find Leland Harrison. In



A WATCH TOWER, MOSCOW



VIEW OF PEKING FROM THE BELL TOWER

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spite of the illustrated directions a very nice young missionary named Moran had given us, we had some difficulty in finding the hotel and the Legation School, for we walked beyond the Water Gate in leaving our luggage and lost our bearings momentarily in the square made by the joining of the Chinese and Tartar walls. We did not mind very much, for the street teemed with life and a very fine tower topped the gate of the Tartar wall. After inquiring for Harrison at the Legation School without success, we learned at the Embassy that he had left Peking three days before. Imagine our disgust! When we finally reached the hotel we were horrified to find the cheapest rooms were eight dollars (Chinese) each, but when we found it included meals and bath we were better satisfied.

After a delicious breakfast and a bit of puttering about we started for the Temple of Heaven with a North of England gent we met on the train. (I was overjoyed to see that Joe Smith and Dr. Denman Ross are staying here.) Out through the Tartar and Chinese walls we went, straight down Chien Men Street, one of the largest and busiest in Peking. The usual great variety of colors met the eye and the usual great variety of odors met the nostrils. Here as in Mukden the shops are all open on the street. The headdresses of Manchu women are quite numerous but not so much so as the pathetic little feet of the Chinese women. The men are not a bad looking lot, except for the bespectacled, dough-faced, blinking Chinese gentlemen who occasionally pass in ricksha or carriage. The roads are rough but better than Mukden. The dust is terrible. Occasionally one sees very highly painted women or young girls. They certainly do not appear beautiful to an occidental. All private carriages are preceded and

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followed by from two to six outriders. They, the coachman, the footman, and the man standing on the back holding on to a strap all wear peaked mushroom-like hats with red plumes and feathers hanging down the back of their necks. These carriages usually have shutter-like blinds. The two-wheeled, covered Peking carts are popular among rich and poor.

But this is much too long a digression for I have already started for the Temple of Heaven.

Upon arriving we had to pay to get in. They demanded forty cents but we got in for ten. But that was not all; the performance was repeated at every gate we came to, and there were at least twenty. First we were taken by our two guides, who came along without being asked, to a palace which was not at all fine and only contained a carved screen which was good but not extraordinary. We proceeded to the altar of Heaven. A circular affair ascended on all sides by twenty seven marble steps with carved posts and balustrades. On top were five carved posts for the sacrifices. From there we got a view of the Temple of Heaven and Ancestral Temple, which were beautiful with their blue-tiled, pagoda roofs. We went to the Temple of Heaven next as no one is allowed in the other. It is a magnificent pagoda with three roofs of a truly heavenly blue surmounted by a gilded ball. Outside we found weeds and grass; inside we found two inches of dust. The roof is supported by four huge wooden posts which are decorated by names of tourists as well as red plaster and gold tracery. The inside of the roof was also beautiful with its golden carvings. We returned to the hotel for tiffin and saw Joe Smith and Dr. Ross. Unpacked, wrote, and so forth all the afternoon.

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Before dinner we walked down Legation Street to have our films developed. All this part of the town is taken up with Legations, all of which are large and most of which are attractive. Dined at the hotel with Mortimer, Moran, and a chap called Chambers, who is working at the Y.M.C.A. for soldiers and sailors. Went to see a magician (the Great Nicola) who did some of Houdini's tricks. He was an American Jew. The audience applauded little until two awful looking girls came out and screeched "By the Light of the Moon" and "Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet" through their noses. All the Chinese women smoked, drank tea, and ate throughout the performance. One little girl about thirteen or fourteen smoked continuously. A number of Manchu women were conspicuous because of their national headdress, while many of the other women were painted with brighter colors than any doll I have ever seen.

Wagon Lits Hotel, Peking.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

WE arose early hoping to go with Messrs. Ross and Smith but they made an early try for the Forbidden City, which failed. We climbed on the Tartar Wall near the Water Gate and walked along as far as the Chien Men Gate. By doing this we obtained a splendid view of the city and could see the roofs of the Forbidden City. We then went to Hatamen Street which goes in a straight line for several miles. Here are all manner of Chinese shops right in the street as usual. We spent two hours and a half walking there and it was well worth it. The Kettler Memorial is one of the Pailows (arches) across this street. Crowds of people busy as ants filled the streets, shop-keepers,

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coolies, pedlars; rickshas, Peking carts, and wheelbarrows. The Peking carts are two-wheeled vehicles covered with a hood, the wheels studded with huge nails. Nearly every cart has only two huge wheels. Little donkeys ridden by huge Chinamen jangled their bells as they trotted; horses, mules, camels, and goats strolled in the middle and on the sides of the street.

It was a noisy scene. The donkeys and carriages had bells; the huge wheelbarrows made a frightful squeaking noise; the wheelbarrows and rickshas had pieces of tin fixed so as to rattle on the spokes; shopkeepers and coolies shouted their wares or beat upon gongs. To add to the din a funeral procession appeared and neither the noise nor the people stopped because of it. First came three or four men walking about twenty yards apart on each side of the road, each one wearing a flat, tam o' shanter like cap with a long red plume sticking directly up and opera supers' clothes. These were the banner bearers. Then came the band and what a noise they made. If any evil spirits ventured near they could not have stayed long. Then came the coffin carried on a number of long red poles by about ten men and behind that a small band of mourners smiling cheerfully.

One sees a surprising number of good bicycles, all of which are equipped with all manner of bells and horns.

The most interesting part of our morning was spent in watching the people working at various trades. Every few yards there are cook shops or food stands where the most unsavory looking dishes are sold. All manner of dough cakes and rolls smeared with grease and partially filled with chopped and unknown food. Then there are copper shops where they beat out utensils amidst a frightful din; places where they chop up

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old rope to retwist it; pottery makers where we saw them go through the whole process of making pots and urns; places where they carve cheap jewelry by hand; places where they carve wooden printing blocks (this must be very difficult); porcelain menders where a boy with a primitive drill puts together hopelessly broken cups and such things; a number of shops where they make bamboo screens, an interesting performance; and so on, all showing their skill and industry.

Before tiffin, with the aid of Messrs. Ross and Smith, we bought a few belt buckles and beads which were old, pretty, and cheap. Without Ross and Smith we should have been lost, for we could not have told good from bad or old from new. The vendors invariably ask at least four times as much as they will take and it is most amusing beating them down.

In the afternoon we went with the Ross-Smith combination and the two ladies of their party, Miss Bates and Miss Nathurst, to the Temple of Heaven. It was much as we had left it the day before, possibly a bit dustier and the weeds a bit longer. We had the same experience at every gate and the men there were just as anxious to have us give them a dollar for change, as it is worth a bit more.

This brings me to the money question. It is a hopeless muddle. What is good in Harbin is not good here, what is good here is not good in Hankow, and so on. The Mexican dollar seems to be good in most places but it weighs a few ounces less than a ton. A dollar's worth of small money is not worth a dollar. That is, it must be worth a dollar to you but not to the other fellow — for instance, if you buy ten cents worth of stamps you cannot give ten cents for them but must give a dollar and receive

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ninety cents back. Whichever way you change money, no matter what currency, *you* lose.

We also saw the Temple of Agriculture which was not so good as the Temple of Heaven, but one courtyard where they were preparing for the Harvest Festival was very attractive.

Went to bed early.

Hotel Wagon Lits, Peking.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

A ROSE early and walked down Canal Street as far as the Forbidden City wall, looking at the various Legations. So far I have seen nothing but Legations, palaces, and shops; I do not think there are any houses. But if not, where do over two million people go at night?

We came back and took rickshas to the Drum and Bell Towers. The former is rather an imposing affair, but I do not care for the other. We had great difficulty in getting into them because the old fellow there tried to extort forty cents admission fee. For half the price we finally had two hard climbs but it was worth it for we had a splendid view of the city, which by the way you can see little of because the trees hide the small low houses. Several attempts to get into the Forbidden City and the interesting parts of the Imperial City were in vain. However our ride through the streets was of course interesting. It is remarkable that I have not seen a single liquor selling place since I have been in China nor a man who has been the least intoxicated. They may smoke opium but not many show its effect, for they could not work so. It is surprising how few cripples one sees and how many splendidly built men.

The policemen and soldiers are the weakest looking



TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING



VIEW OF FORBIDDEN CITY, FROM PEI-TANG
CATHEDRAL, PEKING

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sisters. They slouch in the middle of the street, their clothes hanging on them like scarecrows and their heads covered with dilapidated straw hats. It seems as if the policemen and soldiers were chosen because of their leanness and lankness. There seems little or no need for them, but if even a small affair arises they are utterly helpless.

I bought a few more bargains and after lunch started off with Smith & Co., with two runners apiece to some temples. We stopped at the Pei-Tang Cathedral (Roman Catholic) which was defended so bravely against the Boxers. The guide book waxed eloquent over the view to be obtained of the Forbidden City from its towers, but I suspect the man who wrote it never climbed up the several flights of dust covered ladders and scrambled out on the roof to see for himself, or if he did he is a spiteful wretch. On our way to the temple we were sidetracked by curio shops. Dr. Ross and Joe Smith picked up some very fine vases worth from several hundred to a thousand dollars at home for anywhere from ten to two hundred Mexican dollars. The ladies made some bargains and I bought two mirrors finely carved and dating back to the beginning of our era for ten dollars (Mexican) for both. After a long afternoon we finally arrived at the Pei-ta-see (Bottle) Pagoda. We passed through a most attractive courtyard to reach it. I think it is far and away the most beautiful building I have seen here. It is made entirely of stone and cement surmounted by a bronze covered top. The whole is bottle shaped.

Arrived home fagged out so ate little for dinner and after writing went to bed early.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

Wagon Lits Hotel, Peking.

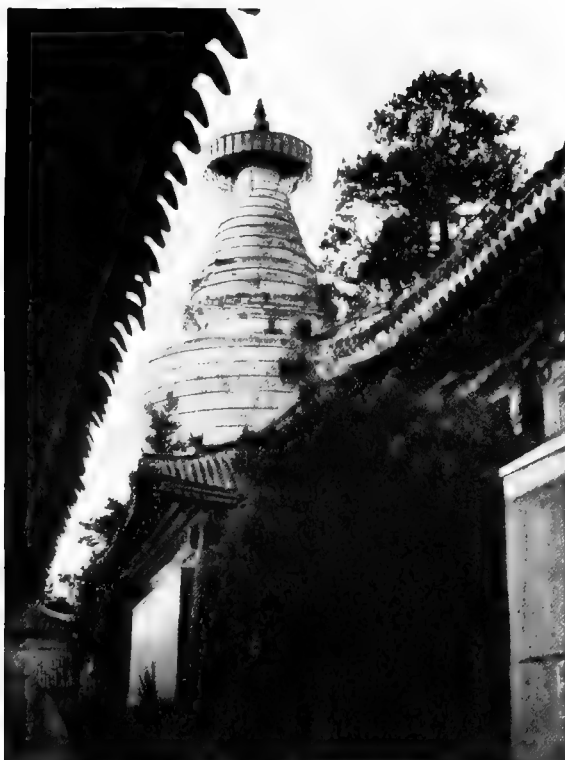
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

STARTED at nine for the Summer Palace. Fel-lowes, Joe Smith, and I in one carriage, the other three in another. We arrived after a long and for the most part an uninteresting drive, passing through the usual streets and usual great quantity of dust in spite of the usual great number of watering carts (which are two men and a bucket and two long-handled wicker dippers).

The main palace is situated on a high bluff overlooking an attractive artificial lake. The effect is good but the buildings are not very fine and are new. There are two beautiful bridges on the lake and in the near distance are some lovely mountains with here and there a ruin or temple. We had expected much of the marble boat but it turned out to be a sort of Coney Island soda water fountain, only a small part of it being marble. We were rowed across the lake in wooden barges propelled by four sweeps. A long cloister runs the whole length of one side of the lake and has between it and the water a good looking garden decorated for the most part with artistic and peculiarly formed rocks.

After a poor picnic tiffin we returned to the hotel where I slept for three hours before dinner. They had a Chinese orchestra at dinner tonight which played some old tunes moderately badly; at this moment they are playing directly under my window in the court.

No news of Elliot.



PEI-TA-SEE OR BOTTLE PAGODA
PEKING



G. P. G., JR., AND CAMELS ON HATAMEN WAY
PEKING

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

Wagon Lits, Peking.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

SLEPT until fairly late; it was raining so I stayed in all morning. After lunch Ross and Smith mapped out a trip in Japan for us. Got worried about E. so sent a telegram to Dalny. In the afternoon we went out to Lama Temple. One of the Lamas, dirty looking men they were, would not let us in for ten cents so we tried going by. An argument and nearly a fight ensued in which a number of boys took our side. We had to prevent the Lama from twisting one boy's ear. Ended up by paying half what he wanted. There are a number of buildings of the usual type in a poor state of repair but not quite as bad as usual for they seem to be used occasionally. All of them contain a Buddha or Buddhas. There is one tremendous one seventy-five feet high. The day was so dark that we saw very little. Our little boy guide, who was a bright chap, then took us to the Confucius Temple nearby. This has an attractive court-yard where there are a number of tablets with the precepts of the great teacher written on them. The tablet of Confucius and of his prophets had been removed to the examination hall. Here as in the Lama Temple we were held up at every gate for money by one or two men. Two locks on each door and two men, each with a key, is a common method of extortion. On going out, one ruffian tried to get more money. We refused; he barred the way. We waited a moment and then I held him while Fellowes opened the door. It was the most satisfactory thing we have done. Finished up at Hall of Classics, which contains tablets and is in more or less confusion.

To our great joy Elliot turned up this evening. Played pool, went to bed rather late.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

Railroad Hotel, Nankow. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

CLEARED off beautifully. Took rickshas to a station outside of the city where we boarded the train for Nankow. Arrived about eleven thirty and shortly after started on donkeys for the Ming Tombs. Little beasts these donkeys were but sure-footed and strong. They seldom went out of a walk, especially as we were climbing. After about an hour and a half we decided to walk on account of the friction between the native saddles and ourselves; in half an hour more we arrived at a five span Pailow (marble archway). The base was beautifully carved and the top pagoda shaped. In the distance we could see a red gateway which was the entrance to the Holy Way.

After tiffin, which we brought with us, we mounted our donkeys again. In a short time we arrived at the Holy Way. Here is a small red tower containing a large tablet borne by the ever present tortoise. Around it are five very finely carved pillars. Then the animals begin, two of each kind on each side, the one crouching, the other standing, lions, camels, rams, elephants, etc., all fearfully and wonderfully made. It took an hour or more to get to the main tomb. We were forced to pay fifty cents apiece to get in. Inside there were several courtyards and temples and one main hall with a dozen or more pillars, each a single stick. We walked through to the mound under which the bodies are supposed to be buried and discovered a peculiar echo when walking along a passage to it. Aside from a carved balustrade there was nothing to see. However we enjoyed the ride home. The mountains are without trees but particularly beautiful. Nestled at the base of them were other tombs with their high walls and mound



A MARBLE BRIDGE AT THE SUMMER PALACE
Dr. Ross in the foreground



W. F. M., JR., E. C. B., AND TWO UNKNOWNNS AT
 BASE OF A PAILOW

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

at the back. We passed through several little villages, very small but very busy. Men, women, and children were all working in the fields or about the sun-baked mud walls. Everywhere we have seen them rolling the millet on hard packed dirt floors. After the grains are extracted in this way, a blindfolded donkey turns about a millstone and grinds them into flour. We arrived tired out at the hotel and after a good supper sat on the porch talking with Hobart a Cornell graduate, Browne an Englishman who has been everywhere, having spent nearly twenty years in the States, and another Englishman, Birch, all engineers.

Wagon Lits, Peking.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

UP at five thirty, taking the six twenty freight train for Chin-lung-Chow. The engine pushed, so we dangled our legs over the front platform. The air was fresh and clear and the scenery splendid. The mountains are most peculiarly formed, and I realized that Chinese pictures of mountains are not so imaginary as they look. These mountains are really no more than hills for the most part but very steep. After an hour's ride we came in sight of the Great Wall winding its way over the hills, looking at that distance hardly bigger than one of our stone walls. As soon as we stopped, Morgan and I scurried up a steep hillside to the wall; we approached from the wrong side so had some difficulty in climbing on it. In fact a large brick fell on Morgan's head, cutting it slightly. The wall is about sixteen feet high for the most part and two carriages might squeak by on the top. The bricks are gray and about three times the size of an ordinary brick. The center of the wall is filled largely with tightly packed loose stones, the outer shell only being of bricks and

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

mortar. While we were up on this hill, Bacon followed the track to the Nankow gate, and climbed to the summit there. We started across country but found that the climbing was harder and longer than we had bargained for. However it was bully fun and our lungs were well filled with good air, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they were emptied of Peking dust air. From the top we could see the wall rambling along the tops of hills for miles, always avoiding the valleys as much as possible, but aside from that its course seemed utterly without rhyme or reason. It is the most titanic human work ever accomplished and it is impossible to realize that this huge wall with its thousands of watch towers extends for over two thousand miles. We enjoyed our outing as much as anything we have done and were loth to return to Peking.

Slept and bathed on my return. We dined with Hobart in his Chinese house, which was most attractive, and his Chinese cook gave us the nearest approach to home cooking we have had. The ice cream with chocolate sauce was especially welcome.

Wagon Lits, Peking.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

DECIDED to stay over until Saturday. We went to a Chinese Fair with Miss Bates and met Dr. Ross and Smith and Miss Nathurst there. There was not much doing at first as we were a bit early but things gradually began to warm up. There were booths of all sorts, but of course mostly cheap things and articles for everyday use such as tooth brushes and ear picks. Then there were doctor's stands advertised by the feet and skins of various animals, plasters, and pictures showing miraculous cures. Farther along was a rat-catcher who had a monument of crudely stuffed and



STONE FIGURES ON THE HOLY WAY TO THE
MING TOMBS

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aged ratskins to show his prowess; next to him was a chiropodist who performed upon his patients before an admiring throng and exhibited heaps of cuttings from the feet of former victims. In one corner was a fortune teller expounding his marvelous skill. Near him a story teller like a minnesinger of old walked about to illustrate his tale or song, keeping time with a rattle in one hand and a large clapper in the other. When he came to what seemed to be the refrain, he would perform on these with tremendous effect. On a platform were four or five dirty coolies giving what appeared to be a play; it was the most fiendish noise I have ever heard. Everything was shouted, usually in a squeaky voice accompanied by all manner of so called musical instruments, beating of pans, etc. Some of the toys that they had to sell were fascinating in their naïveness and reminded one of early Assyrian art.

After several pleasantly spent hours we returned for tiffin. Hobart had it with us and took us to the American Embassy afterwards, introducing us to Captain Williams, Lieutenants Watson, Wilcox, and Budd, and Dr. Owens. We had some bully tennis later with Watson at the Peking Club. He also showed us over the barracks, storerooms, etc. They are all ready for a siege if it should come.

We dined at the officers' mess with Watson, Budd, and Hobart. Fine dinner and jugglers afterwards, but I was so tired after our six sets of tennis that I left right after dinner.

I do not think I have mentioned the Chinese costume as yet. It is a most sensible and good looking one. The shoes are soft, being either low or high slippers. The feet are encased in white linen. Then the pajama-like trousers are bound tightly about the ankles with a

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

band. These trousers are usually blue or white, but sometimes lavender among the swells. Then, except for the poorer classes who wear merely a jacket above the waist, comes a long, rather loose-fitting coat reaching down to half way between the knee and ankle. This is nearly always some shade of blue. The better classes usually wear over this a black or colored sleeveless jacket, embroidered as a rule. This may be plain black, various shades of blue or purple, or sometimes a claret color. Red or green seem never to be worn except by some officials. The women's dress is somewhat the same; the poorer ones sometimes do not wear skirts. They put a lot of flowers and trinkets in their hair, especially the Manchu women, whose high head-dress is particularly conspicuous. The women's feet either are bound or they have a large sort of prop in the middle of their shoes.

Wagon Lits, Peking.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

FELLOWES and I took some pictures of scenes on the Hatamen Way in the morning. In the afternoon we had some more tennis. In the evening we dined with Dr. Owens of United States Marine Corps. Lieutenant Watson, Captain Williams and wife, and a Miss Ralli were there. All the ladies were attractive, especially Mrs. Owens, who knows the Lindsays very well. Passed a pleasant evening.

Wagon Lits, Peking.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

MY writing is bad enough anyway, but this table and book make it almost impossible for me to read it myself. Besides that my feeble store of adjectives ran out soon after we started and it becomes positively painful to keep on using them.



G. P. G., JR., ON THE GREAT WALL
Notice the size of the brick



THE GREAT WALL, NANKOW

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

I always thought and heard that Americans were the champion spitters of the world, but the Chinese from the princes down to the lowest coolie could spit five times while a Bowery tough was doing it once and at that make twice or three times as much noise.

Our Chinese vocabulary is microscopical. Dung-i-dung = wait a minute; Mayo = nothing; Buyao = meaning "no have" — equivalent to "get out."

Slept rather late, and as the others were out I went to the Yellow Pavilion. The courtyard and buildings were similar to but more beautiful than any others I have seen. The greatest enjoyment I had was escaping with only five cents tip. In the afternoon I played the local champion, Allen by name, and beat him about 7-5, 6-3, but it nearly killed me. I had no idea how bad my wind was.

In the evening Lieutenants Watson, Wilcox, and Budd and Hobart dined with us and went to the circus afterwards, which, though poor, served to pass the time.

Wagon Lits, Peking. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

WENT with Elliot and Hobart to the Lama and Confucius Temples; they appeared to much better advantage in the sunlight and I saw some unusually grotesque Buddhas I had not seen previously.

The weather for the last few days has been absolutely perfect, clear as a bell, and cool in the mornings and evenings. Sorry to say that the Ross party left for the Great Wall, for I wanted to see more of them. We had a nice lunch with Lieutenant Wilcox. All those people have been perfectly great to us and have made us feel like old residents. We played tennis in the afternoon. There are several Englishmen there who

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play a fairly good game and who have fraternized with us in a pleasant and surprising way. George, Hill, Perryascough, Captain Wise, and Blunt are the names of some of them. Fellowes discovered a cousin who was married and living in Peking, Mrs. de Menocal.

In the evening we dined with Browne who really is a perfect corker. His Chinese home is most attractive. We dined in the courtyard surrounded by lanterns, with a bright moon overhead. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, a Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue, and Birch, all English and rather unexciting, were there. After dinner F., E., and Browne sang songs while Birch played the piano. It was good fun as it was but I wish the married people had not been there, as they did little but yawn.

SS. Admiral von Tirpitz, Tientsin.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

HUSTLED about in the morning, drawing money, paying bills, calls, etc. Lunched with the de Menocal's, both of whom are very nice. He reminds me a lot of Lowell Blake, in looks especially. Had to hurry to catch the four thirty train to Tientsin and left without seeing Joe Smith. Three hours' uninteresting ride brought us here. Dined at the hotel and went to a moving picture hall with Hill. Boarded the boat here about twelve. The coolies are making a fiendish noise loading her.

SS. Admiral Tirpitz.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

SLEPT in spite of the noise until after eleven. Walked about Tientsin making a few purchases in the rather good department stores they have here. It is nothing but a well kept European city.



COOLIES SAWING BOARDS BY HAND ON THE
HATAMEN WAY, PEKING



TWO COOLIES, A POLICEMAN, AND A LAMA
PRIEST ON HATAMEN WAY, PEKING

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

I do not know whether I have mentioned it before, but the nearest thing on land to being rowed through canals in a gondola, is to ride after dusk in a rubber tired ricksha. On a smooth street they fairly dart along.

Had tiffin on the boat and she started about two o'clock. The river is narrow and thick with mud; the current must run several miles an hour. Yet junks and all manner of strange craft are propelled by square sails and poles against it and a number of good sized steamers are moored to the bank, though the river is only about eleven feet deep. They must be nearly flat bottomed.

In swinging around to go down stream we could not have cleared the bank by more than four feet on either side and the propeller churned a paste of mud and water. The banks are lined with junks, but apart from these and a few mud houses the scenery is uninteresting. Our wake makes the men on the junks scuttle about to prevent being washed upon the bank or crashing into each other. Occasionally you see ten or a dozen coolies on the bank dragging a huge barge; straining away, they move slowly but shout their hauling song lustily though weirdly. On arriving at Taku, we went beyond the wharf, calmly stuck our bow in the mud bank, swung about, backed off, and came up to the pier against the current. We stayed several hours coaling and taking on cargo.

S.S. Admiral von Tirpitz. SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

A PLEASANT day and not very rough, though a little more swell might have made me very uncomfortable. Read, wrote, and played various deck games. Arrived in Dalny harbor about eight thirty. Passing Port Arthur while it was daylight we could see

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Iron Mountain, Tiger's Tail, and Golden Mountain, all fortified.

Yamato Hotel.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

THE doctor would not come out tonight, so we slept until five, arising to see him, but he did not even look at us. Docked about seven thirty, went direct to the South Manchurian Railroad Hotel, Yamato. It was rather cool and windy. There is nothing to see in Dalny. The houses are big and comfortable, the harbor large, and there is a huge railroad cut with many tracks and little traffic. Drove out to a nearby beach through clouds of dust and walked about but it was too cold for swimming. Elliot left for Antung via Mukden to see more battlefields. Fellowes and I shivered at a poor circus for an hour or so in the evening.

Yamato Hotel, Port Arthur. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

FOUND that the boat that we expected to take on the twenty-first to Chemulpo is not going so we sail the twenty-second for Antung. We took the eight thirty train for Port Arthur, arriving about ten. First we went to the museum, a small but complete collection. The barbed wire and other entanglements as well as a number of captured guns, etc., are arranged at the entrance. Inside are trophies of various sorts, including Japanese flags said to have been used by the Russians; also samples of the food used by each army and models of several forts before and after capture.

After tiffin we drove out to 203-Meter Hill, the highest hill about and the key to Port Arthur. Yet the Russians did not fortify it until the war was well under

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way, a terribly costly blunder. Even then it is impossible to conceive how the Japs were able to capture it. The whole top has been literally blown away by shells. From that vantage point we had a good view of the surrounding country, all treeless hills, and every hill furrowed with trenches and pockmarked with shells. The day was heavenly, so I walked over several other hills, 174-Meter and Asakusaka, where there had been terrific fighting and where the network of trenches was amazing.

We met a Reverend and Mrs. Walk of Japan who know a cousin of Fellowes'. It is funny how everyone you meet knows somebody you do.

Yamato Hotel, Dairen. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

ANOTHER superb day. Went with the guide and a Mr. McWilliams who is general manager of some steamship company to the main line of defence, where all the big forts are, except those which the Japs are now using, which no one is allowed to see. On the way we got a good view of the Jap memorial monument, which can be seen from almost anywhere. It is a high column on a hill and the top, made in the form of a projectile, is the same height as 203-Meter hill. The Russian monument is much smaller and in a much more inconspicuous place.

The North Fort of Tung Chi-Kuan-Shan was the first we arrived at. This was a marvelously built affair with corridors covered with massively thick concrete so as to be bomb-proof. It was in one of these, however, that General Kondrachenko was killed, which was a terrible loss to Russia. If he had lived, many people, Kuropatkin among them, believe Port Arthur would have held out another two months

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

at least and if that had happened — well, there is no telling. The fort was captured by tunneling, explosions, and hand to hand fighting. At times the soldiers would be separated by only two feet of wall, and an exchange of courtesies was indulged in, an armistice was declared, and the bodies exchanged for burial. Everywhere the walls are gnawed and gashed by rifle and Gatling gun bullets. Next came Bodai (Eagle's Nest). This is a high peak without much fortification where the Russians had three big guns, two of which are still there. Here, as elsewhere, the fighting was desperate, hand grenades and bayonets being the principal weapons used. The whole plain is covered with a network of trenches. This place was captured one half hour before Stoessel surrendered.

Er-Lung-shan is easily the largest of the forts we sighted and appears impregnable. One attacking force was annihilated by their own explosion.

Sung-shu-shan is a similar though slightly smaller fort. They all look more like quarries than forts at present, as there is an enormous amount of slaty rock about. We picked up a few bits of shells.

After this brief but interesting survey we drove to the beach near Golden Hill, and after a delicious swim in the ocean, ate our tiffin which we had brought with us.

We took the five o'clock train back to Dalny.

Yamato Hotel, Dairen (Dalny).

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

DISGUSTED to learn that our boat has postponed sailing until tomorrow at five. A poor day so there was little to do except wander about the streets. I do hope the men in Japan do not wear such terrible



A BARBER SHOP ON HATAMEN
WAY, PEKING



A RESTAURANT ON HATAMEN WAY, PEKING

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looking clothes as they do here. Such a mixture — usually a motor or a yachting cap much dilapidated or a straw hat of about '95 vintage; then as likely as not one of their own loose garments, but below it invariably bicycle trousers of some sort or another (such an assortment of bicycle and riding breeches I had no idea existed); the foot gear varies from bare feet to rubber boots. They are sights; such a pity, for the few you do see in native dress are so picturesque and comfortable looking. The women cling to their native dress and patter or shuffle along in their peculiar wooden or straw footwear.

The carriages are all owned by Chinamen. They were originally Russian droshkies, but when the Russians surrendered in various places, the Chinks hastened to the hills with all the horses and carriages, driving into the towns a few weeks later with *their own* horses and carriages. The horses are always driven in pairs, with a reason, I suspect, for they lean against each other at such a distressing angle, while they do a four-legged hop, that if left alone neither horse could possibly stand.

S.S. Kyodo Maru, Korea Bay.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

ANOTHER disagreeable day; we spent most of our time playing English billiards, which we are getting fairly adept at.

When we went down to the dock, our hearts sank within us at the sight of the dirty little converted tug we were going to brave the seas in and we had heard that it was very rough outside. Nor had we brought any food and it was distressing to learn none could be obtained on board. Of course whatever we brought would probably be lost, but then voyaging on an empty

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

stomach is suicidal. As the boat showed no signs of leaving, we went on a foraging expedition and corraled a bottle of beer, some Tansan, two pieces of bread; two packages of Albert crackers of doubtful age, some chocolate, and a tin of Libby's corned beef. On this or on part of this we made our supper, expecting every minute to say farewell to it, but the sea was not so tumultuous as we had expected and in spite of our fears of attack by pest and tempest we went to bed at nine thirty.

Fukusumi Hotel, Antung, China.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

OUR visions of a sleepless night owing to a variety of causes were unfounded and with our clothes on we slept comfortably, awakening to find that, though blowing hard, we were in the shelter of land.

During the morning we made our way up the muddy Yalu River. The scenery on both sides was uninteresting though innumerable ducks flew over the marshes and the old junks moved along in lively fashion driven by the strong fresh breeze. We steamed up near the new railroad bridge which the Japanese are building so as to have no checks on the road to Manchuria. Immediately we had dropped anchor, there was no dock, a countless number of junks, sampans, dugouts and craft of every kind swooped down upon our poor little ship like a swarm of Jersey mosquitoes on an unbitten babe. Numerous preliminaries over, we were taken ashore, received a note from Elliot saying he had left, and one from the consul, E. Carlton Baker, asking us to dinner, and were conducted to the little Japanese hotel "Fukusumi," which fortunately had European beds and was quite clean.



JUNKS ON THE PEI-HO

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

A walk about the town disclosed nothing startling. It is overrun with Japanese and a large section was decorated with their flags, it being some holiday. The Chinese merchants were bringing out their furs and padded coats to sell, coats which had been brought out many an autumn before.

In the evening we made our way to the Consulate situated in an out of the way place high up on a hill. Here we met the consul, Baker, a very nice, young looking man with an attractive and pretty wife, who for several months was the only white woman in Antung. Mr. Cheshire, the American Consul General at Large, whose district reaches from Vladivostock to New Zealand, Mr. Holwell, a Harvard '04 man now in the Chinese Customs, his wife and a Mr. Meyer were the other guests. Here as elsewhere the feeling against the high-handed and rather shady policy of the Japanese was evident on all sides. We spent a delightful evening hearing Mr. Cheshire tell about the siege of Peking which he had the fortune or misfortune to be in.

Sontag Hotel, Seoul.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

LEFT bright and early going across the river on a launch to board the train on the other side. On the train we had our first glimpse of Korea and the Koreans. I was a little disappointed in the scenery though it was really quite beautiful. The hills were not high and were devoid of trees. However they made a pleasing background for the vast fields of rice, which they say is particularly fine this year. There seemed to be water everywhere which of course is necessary for rice, but was surprising as the trees were so scarce. There are no roads, only paths, few horses

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

and those hardly bigger than donkeys, bulls are the great carriers and also the men who carry huge loads on harnesses attached to their backs, not on poles across their shoulders as in China.

Everyone is dressed in white, the men wearing queer looking black hats. When we arrived in Seoul, this dressing in white was particularly noticeable. The streets were quiet and the people flitting about in their white clothes made me feel as if I had suddenly come upon a gigantic midnight raid by boarding school boys and girls all dressed in their "nighties"; the little paper lanterns they carried made this impression all the more strong. We arrived at the hotel to find Elliot awaiting us.

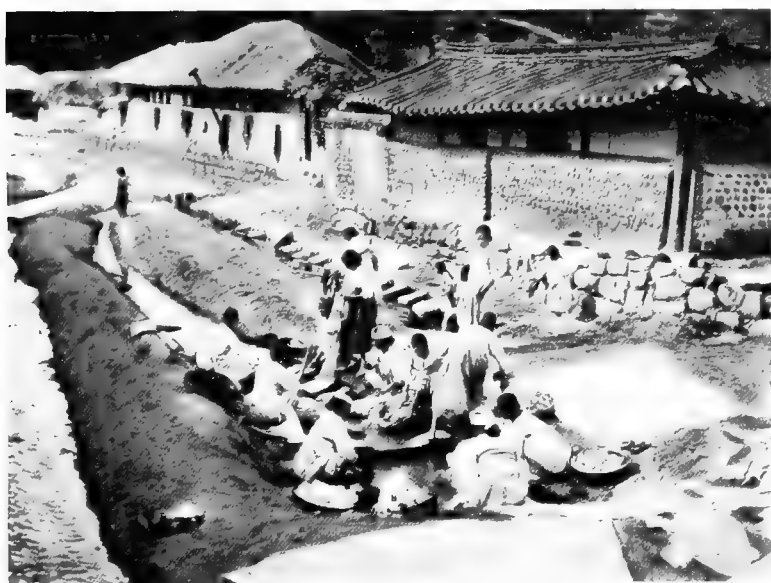
Sontag Hotel, Seoul, Korea. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

WE slept later than we had intended, so only had time to climb a hill there is in the city. From here we could get a splendid view on all sides and see the situation of all the important places and gates in the city. The outer city wall extended over the top of our hill and the other hills at the base of which the city lies. The hills for the most part are bare, Nansan being an exception. Ryuzan, entirely a Japanese town, lies on one side of this. It was here Fellowes tried to get off last night. We could see the Japanese barracks and parade ground and the River Han sweeping by. At the base of Nansan are various Jap shrines and monuments commemorating the late war and near it are their numerous official buildings. On our way back we called on Takahashi, the acting Resident, but he was not in.

Our trip through the streets gave us an opportunity



A KOREAN HOUSE, SEOUL



WASH DAY, SEOUL

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

to see the Koreans more closely. The men are nearly all dressed in white and for the most part it is fairly white. They say that the Koreans wash their clothes often, and the Japanese wash their bodies often, but the Chinese never wash either. Their clothes are made of a sort of cheesecloth or coarse cotton and are either of the pajama or nightgown pattern. That is, either a short or long jacket. Sometimes their clothes are a very light brown or a very pale blue or green. Their feet are bare or encased in straw slippers. (I am of course speaking of the lower class Koreans; of the upper classes I know nothing.) Their hats are black and look like inverted plum puddings, plates and all. All wear a sort of net band about their head and their hair is done in a little top knot; very occasionally they have pigtails. Another variety of hat even more startling is a huge straw affair looking like a half opened parachute or perhaps better, because of its broad fluted edges, a huge lotus blossom, which no doubt it really is meant to represent, for this hat is a sign of mourning and the larger the hat the deeper the mourning, or if you prefer the deeper the mourning the larger the hat. The children, if dressed at all, frequently wear bright clothes. On little boys these usually consist of a jacket which comes down a few inches below their shoulders. The women also dress in white, having a skirt which reaches up to a little below their breasts and a jacket which reaches to a little above (a peculiar and by no means pleasant custom, which one does not see so often in the city as in the country and one which in spite of the trend of modern fashions is not likely to become the vogue in Western nations). Some of the women wear capes, green with white collars and red or purple ribbons attached to them;

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

these capes are invariably worn over the head and are intended to hide the face. Would that they did!

The loads which the men and even small boys carry on their backs are tremendous, yet they trudge along without difficulty. A sort of harness or platform made of wood or bamboo is attached to their backs and on this the load is piled.

The old men walking sedately along or sitting solemnly on their mats, with their long pipes and huge horn spectacles, look like philosophers of old. The people do not seem to work as hard as the industrious Chinese and are content if they make just enough to subsist on. Nor are they as strong looking; their arms are small but their legs are large out of all proportion to the rest of them and for that reason are not pleasingly proportioned although they may be well developed.

In the city one occasionally sees a cart but nearly always bulls which are good looking creatures but as docile as Mary's lamb, or little ponies which they say can go all day and sometimes live to be sixty or seventy years old.

In the afternoon, which was not very pleasant, we called on Gould, the vice-consul, who seemed nice and looked very young. We also met the consul, Mr. Scidmore, who had little if anything to say for himself. They both have been threatened by certain fanatic Koreans. We talked with them and had some tennis, rather poor, but made amusing by the boys who shacked the balls. They would dash across the court or toss a ball to you across the net, not heeding in the least whether a point was being played or not. Not infrequently there would be three or four balls in the air at once.



A KOREAN AND HIS BULL, SEOUL



TWO KOREANS, SEOUL

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

In the evening we dined with one of the missionaries, Mr. Greenfield, a Scotchman. A number of young missionary women were there and three visiting missionaries. It could hardly be called an exciting evening but amusing, for it was just what you would think it would be, only more so. There are a great many missionaries here (several hundred) and they say that they are doing good work, but it seems to me that their energy is rather misplaced.

Sontag Hotel, Seoul, Korea. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

FELLOWES went out to take pictures, Takahashi called and took Elliot and me to the North Palace. This we found a large place of many courts. Here it was the Empress was murdered and burned, but you may be sure Takahashi mentioned nothing of this. Around the main building was a particularly fine balustrade. I liked it far better than any of the more heavily carved ones we saw in Peking. The buildings are of course similar to the Chinese, but surprising to say are even more ornate, there are figures of monkeys, etc., on the roof corners and under the eaves, at the corners, the buttresses, and in many curved prongs. The roofs are altogether too heavy for the buildings, extending way beyond and curving in the middle, giving the appearance of sagging. The reception building with its ground floor supported by many stone pillars was perhaps the best thing. From these we went to the museum, evidently an old temple. The collection, a small one, was housed in several small buildings and consisted chiefly of pottery. The glazing of most of this was very fine.

After tiffin we walked out to the White Buddha with

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Mr. and Mrs. Gould, the Misses Heron, several other girls, and Curtis and Neville, two young Americans in the consular service. The walk was long as we went out through the Peking pass. The first part was not overinteresting and the White Buddha was not at all marvelous, being merely cut in and whitewashed on a large boulder. The walk home by way of the North Gate was really beautiful. I had an opportunity of trying one of the loads (Jiggys) these men carry: it was awfully heavy. After getting it on my back I could not get to my feet without assistance, standing still a few minutes was not so difficult, but any attempt to walk resulted in the load swaying dangerously from side to side. We obtained a splendid view of the city and passing through the narrow streets Elliot and I picked up a few little pieces of brass work. Also we saw a little Korean temple, Devil House, or whatever it is, which one could recognize by the heap of stones in front and bits of rag tied to a nearby tree. Inside is nothing but a small dirty room with a few perfectly hideous paper lanterns for decoration.

We dined at the Gould's and went to see the Korean opera but found it closed.

They say that the two American enterprises, Standard Oil and the British-American Tobacco Company (British with American selling agents), are doing finely and with anywhere near an even chance beat any competitors. The Japanese are making a failure of the trolley line which Americans made a success of. Too much nepotism, I expect. Here as elsewhere is the same feeling on all sides toward the Japanese, here more than elsewhere perhaps. I do wish that the people at home understood more what was happening in the East.



A GUARDIAN OF THE NORTH PALACE, SEOUL



THE AUDIENCE HALL OF THE NORTH PALACE
SEOUL

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S.S. Ikia Maru, Korean Straits.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

FELLOWES decided to stay and take a trip to the American mine which is doing so well in Korea. Elliot and I took the nine thirty train for Fusan. Miss Scidmore, sister of our consul, was on the train and is very pleasant. The scenery, especially during the latter part of our journey, was really beautiful and scenically I have seldom if ever enjoyed a train journey more. We crossed several good sized rivers and many smaller ones, all of which were clear and clean looking. The hills that we wound through, rising up abruptly as they did, were almost mountains. Though not wooded, they were charming and young trees were beginning to grow, for land which is planted with trees is exempt from taxation for a certain number of years. Close to a stream, the light green terraced rice fields with here and there a white clothed figure moving in them would stretch to the base of the dark green hills. Tiny little houses with heavily thatched roofs nestled together in the valleys close to these same hills, their roofs covered with melon vines or with bright red peppers placed there to dry.

I was reading Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" and found myself torn between this absorbing book and the pictures passing by the car windows.

We arrived at Fusan about seven. I immediately telegraphed Fellowes to bring my trunk, for the hotel people stupidly forgot to take it to the station. The boat was clean and comfortable. I should like to see the harbor by daylight for the hills completely surround it and come down to the very edge of the water. We were soon outside and found a brisk wind with a good

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sea. However we managed to eat a good dinner, sharing a pint of champagne to ward off "mal de mer," and soon after turned in with the thought of arriving in Japan strong in my mind at least and no doubt in Elliot's too.

Hotel Mikado, Miyajima Is., Japan.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

SLEPT well in spite of rather violent pitching about. When I came out on deck we had already passed Shimonoseki Strait and were soon anchored between two thickly wooded islands beyond. Fukuda, the guide we wanted, could not come but the substitute he sent, Takanouchi by name, hailed us from one of the small tugs. Young, pleasant looking, and nattily attired in European clothes, we feared at first that he would presume too much, but so far that has not been the case.

I thought yesterday that our journey through Korea was the best I had ever taken, but it must take second place now. We had an hour or more at Shimonoseki before the train left. I wandered about the streets with Miss Scidmore. Much to our delight we came upon a little graveyard, so attractive with its little plain stones and sheltering trees. On the train once more we skirted along the Inland Sea, passing by wooded hills. Everything was so green and graceful. Such different shades of green, too. We arrived at Miyajima station about twelve thirty and directly opposite saw the goal of our journey standing out in all its verdant beauty. But not till we landed did we realize how distinctly beautiful it was. The afternoon we spent walking along the paths flanked by stone lanterns and through the little streets of the village



KOREAN GIRLS, SEOUL



A HAIR CUT OR A HUNT, WHICH? KOREA



THRESHING IN KOREA



A STREET SCENE, SEOUL

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where all manner of wood was for sale. We fed the sacred horse and visited the temple which derives its charm chiefly from the fact that it is surrounded by water at high tide and from a huge Torii which stands some way out in the water but which unfortunately was under repairs and covered with scaffolding. We also visited an old wooden pagoda and the Hall of the Thousand Mats where Hideyoshi used to consult the Daimiyos. Here we nailed up a wooden rice paddle with our names inscribed, adding our mite to the huge collection already there. A swim from a secluded beach before dinner was delightful although the water instead of being too cold was if anything too warm. Myajima is a sacred island in the Inland Sea. Here no births or deaths may take place to defile its purity, nor may coal be burnt but only wood and charcoal, nor may any of the trees be cut lest its beauty be marred, nor may any photographs be taken, not for fear of defiling its sanctity but because there are fortifications on it and the adjacent islands and for this we are extremely sorry. The island, which seems to consist of a peculiar form of rock which is hardly more than compressed gravel, abounds in springs. One dashes merrily by our window. And as there are no rice fields to contaminate it, we can drink it without fear of fever.

Now for the evening — and here my pen gives up in despair. All along the bank are Japanese stone lanterns, four hundred and thirty-two in number; these we had lighted and then stepped into a sampan and were sculled out to gaze at them. It was fairy-land, that is all; so many bright lights twinkling in the water and yet no glare, and the wooded hillside looming up behind. It was not a clear night but the effect was startling. There is no use trying to say

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more or telling of the deer that come up to eat the paper out of the lanterns and scamper away at your approach; it would not do the scene justice.

Hotel Mikado, Miyajima Is., Japan.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

SORRY to say that today was misty, the sun only occasionally peeping through and then only for a short time. We started off fishing in a sampan, which must have been twenty feet long, sculled by one man. They never row here but always scull. The sculling oars are very large and made in two pieces, so that the blade can go deep into the water without the handle being at too great an angle. Every boat from eight to forty feet is propelled or partially propelled in this manner. It is surprising to see them sending heavy boats along by this means against a fairly strong breeze. The boats are all heavy and clumsy looking with a bow not unlike a small gondola; the sterns are all high especially on the larger boats. The sails are frequently in strips and have the shape of a banner without the tails. In fishing we used little bamboo poles, with the smallest hooks I have ever seen — a bent pin would be formidable in comparison — and little quahaugs no bigger than a thumbnail cut in pieces did for bait. Our catch was in keeping with the gear. Elliot, I and the guide each caught one fish the size of a mummychug but beautifully colored. Elliot also caught a diminutive scratch-belly which our fisherman wanted to eat. However, it was pleasant sitting in a boat and looking at Miyajima and the surrounding isles. In one place we saw trees growing out of the bare rock, made possible no doubt because of its extreme porousness. We also had a bully swim off the sampan.



YOUNG KOREA



THE AUTHOR LOADED, SEOUL

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I hope never to forget the afternoon when we climbed up to the top of "Misen," the highest point on the island. A walk could hardly be more beautiful, though perhaps it would have been better without the granite steps, but even these steps were by no means inartistic. The green woods of pine, cryptomeria, and other trees were enchanting and the many springs that gurgled by or splashed over waterfalls were even more so. It was a delight to be able to drink fresh spring water, neither sparkling nor flat. At various stages there are little tea houses where polite little Japanese women offer one tea, cakes, and other refreshments. The view from the top I do not believe can be bettered anywhere and this in spite of the fact that we saw it under rather adverse conditions. There is no use in my trying to describe it. Simply the most enchanting islands imaginable spread out around you and the steel-like sea in between dotted with craft, looking hardly bigger than floating logs at that distance. Such a sight; never has a view affected me so. On our way down Elliot and I sat on an overhanging rock deciding the fate of nations when far below between the branches of the trees we caught a glimpse of a little Japanese girl feeding one of the many deer that live on the island. Later this same girl accompanied us the remainder of the way, chuckling in the most childish way at everything we said or did. Through the guide she told us she had found two little pine trees that morning and wanted us to plant them. So with due solemnity we placed them in a favorable spot, hoping that some day we should be able to come back to see how they had flourished. How naïve! Imagine an American girl of eighteen or nineteen asking two strangers to do such a thing.

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The evening I spent writing postals and reading "Anna Karenina." What a book!

S.S. Okawara Maru, Inland Sea, Japan.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1

AWOKE at five o'clock and boarded this good ship. For any description of today's trip my pen again absolutely fails — or rather my vocabulary. All day we have spent winding in and out of islands, each more beautiful than the rest, through thoroughfares, past little buildings, which rest on the edge of the sea, and always we have seen picturesque craft on all sides of us. I admired the St. Lawrence and the Thousand Islands immensely but really they seem like a poor imitation compared to these. For here the islands rise out of the sea into high hills or peaks, all green. Some are thickly wooded, others are not and show the brown earth in streaks or patches, some are terraced all over for cultivation, some are terraced in places, some not at all, none are marred by unseemly houses. In the early part of the day we touched at Ujima, the army base in the Chinese and Russian wars; Kure, where there are large navy yards and factories; and at many other places less famous but more attractive. We passed through the Ondo Canal built nearly five hundred years ago by Kiyomori, who hoped thereby to win the hand of a maiden, but when he had accomplished it she turned out to be a goddess.

Unfortunately the sun was again denied us today though at sunset there was a sufficient rift in the west to create a marvelous picture.

I have finished "Anna Karenina," and consider it the strongest and most remarkable book I have ever read. Never again though will I attempt to read an



PUZZLE—FIND THE MEN

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absorbing book and look at fine scenery at the same time. In this case it detracted from both but could not spoil either.

While I think of it, there is a story in regard to the Korean brass work I spoke of, worth setting down, which if it were not true would be a bit vulgar. A few years ago one of the foreign ministers saw some attractive brass bowls which he thought would be admirable and novel finger bowls. Accordingly at a subsequent dinner given to a number of prominent Koreans these were brought on after dessert. He was rather proud of his purchase and asked his Korean neighbor if he did not think they were attractive. He was surprised at receiving an angry look and no answer and even more so when later none of his guests would call on him or even bow to him on the street. But one day all was made clear and they did not appear again.

Miyako Hotel, Kyoto, Japan. SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2

WHEN we woke up we were lying at a small pier in the harbor of Kobe or rather off Kobe, for there is no harbor. Kobe looked flourishing and modern; there were nine or ten good sized steamships lying at anchor. From there to Osaka was about one and a half hour's run but after arriving inside the huge break-water it takes some time to go up the narrow river which is lined on each side with all sorts of boats. It is not very deep and the current is swift; consequently two fair sized steamboats have difficulty in passing. The time before tiffin we spent in buying a notebook, etc. Had tiffin at the Osaka Hotel; one of the dishes was chestnuts done in molasses, as a vegetable, which proved very palatable.

Soon after we started off for the castle built by

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Hideyoshi in two years beginning 1535, a remarkable feat, for there are three enormous walls and a citadel in the center built of huge rocks, one of them being forty feet by ten and many others nearly as large. The castle was burned by the Daimiyo Tokugawa in 1868 when he was being driven out. One of the huge moats is still full of water. From the citadel all of Osaka may be seen. It is a very large city, the second largest in Japan, and fairly alive with factories of all kinds. The castle is used now for barracks and storerooms. There are several thousand troops in Osaka. Canals run through all parts of the city. The only other sight is the Buddhist temple Tennōji built about 600 A.D. Here we saw thousands of sacred turtles in one pond. Turtles are thought very highly of here not as soup but as bringers of good luck. There is a gigantic bell, the largest in Japan if not in the world, about twenty-six feet high and weighing one hundred and fifty-five tons. In it are inscribed the names of those who fell in the Russian War. In another place was a huge stone tortoise spouting water into a basin; people put the names of their dead friends on thin slips of bamboo and throw them in the basin, why I do not know. The main building is unpainted with a thick shingle roof; this roof, as well as those of the pagoda, dip in a short way from the ends and seem to rise a little in the center. The pagoda is five storied, unpainted, and quite attractive looking. On the way to the station we rode in rickshas through the theater street, which was crowded with people, lined with shops, and hung with banners. The trip to Kyoto was uninteresting. We arrived about six and then it took some time to get to the Miyako Hotel. But it is beautifully situated on a



A JUNK OFF KOBE



THE CASTLE MOAT, OSAKA

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hillside overlooking the river. The guide is disgusted as he wanted us to go to the Kyoto Hotel. We received our first mail which was fine but not as much as I had expected. I was delighted over John Chapin's and Jack Thayer's engagements, also that Larned won the tennis championship, but sorry to hear that mother is so poorly.

We were going up the stairs, mail in hand, when whom should we collide with but Bob Tappan! This was very delightful but unfortunately he had to leave tonight. It is curious to think that he and I were due at a house party at home about this time.

Miyako Hotel, Kyoto, Japan. MONDAY, OCTOBER 3

FIND this a fascinating place though it poured all day. We started off not bright but early for the Buddhist temple of Kiyomizu. At the first gate are two well-carved figures, one of Bishamon; passing along a stone walk you come upon a dragon spouting water into a stone trough; here the people wash their hands and drink before entering. There are several buildings beside the main temple, including a Bell Tower; some memorial tablets to Tamura Maro, an old-time general greatly honored at this temple; attractive little monuments of priests scattered about, stone lanterns, and a small stone pagoda of nine layers are artistically placed in nooks and corners. The main building is partially supported on large wooden pillars. On one side is an open hall containing several images and some splendid old pictures. Farther along is a building containing a very attractive altar with a figure of Amida. There are other shrines and some small Buddhas which people rub to get cured of any trouble. The whole temple is situated on the side of a lovely

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wooded hill and fits its surroundings perfectly. The roofs are attractive, being made of tightly pressed bark. In many of the shrines are mirrors to look into the souls of the worshippers. The whole place is well kept but loses some of its picturesqueness thereby. From there we went to the Art Museum. Here we found bronzes, lacquer work, and porcelain from Korea and China (we recognized the Celadon finish of the Korean pottery), silk work, embroidery (one tablecloth being especially fine), and numerous statues of various gods. Two of the statues by Unkei I liked the best. He seems a sort of Japanese Michael Angelo. But most of all I enjoyed the Kakemonos. My favorites among these were a portrait of Tobosaku by Chaheizan and "Flowers and Birds" by Ojakumi, both Chinese artists; two portraits of Yuma, one by Tochin, the other by Shinso; three farm scenes by Kano Yukinobu; three laughing wise men by Kano-kose, and better still three laughing wise men by the monk Toyo, and perhaps even better three priests "Choto, Fuke, and Kunki" by Kano Motonobu. It was interesting to see how many of the finest pictures were painted by monks. Just before tiffin we went to Sanjusangendo, the temple of the 33,333 images of Kwannon, the deity of Mercy, the eleven-faced and thousand-handed one. There is one large image of the deity and one thousand and one smaller ones tier upon tier the entire length of the building, which is about three hundred and eighty-nine feet. It looked uncommonly like a Yale cheering section about to sing "For God, for country, and for Yale." The 33,333 is made up by small figures held in the hands of the smaller images. Each image has not got a thousand hands but usually about forty. There is a slight

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but only slight variation in each one. In back are images of the Wind, Thunder, and Sun Deities, etc., all by Unkei and all very good. The building is narrow, being only about fifty-seven feet wide. It is unpainted. The pillars supporting the roof are of Keyaki japonika wood, which is hard like teak, the floor is of cryptomeria, and the ceiling of willow. The dimensions make the building striking from the outside. Every one who visits it makes a slight donation for the upkeep of the building. It is 678 years old.

After tiffin we started shopping. It was still raining hard and the wooden clogs on the wooden shoes of the people were needed to keep out of the mud. These props are sometimes four inches high or more. Here and there we saw a coolie dressed in a Robinson Crusoe-like costume of straw. The ricksha coolies here wear mushroom-like hats and do not strip to the waist as in China. They smell better and cost two or three times as much but lack the speed and endurance of the Chinese. The children here are awfully cunning except when their heads and faces are terribly scabbed, evidently from an hereditary disease. The little girls with their black hair, black eyes, and straight-cut bang are the most winning. All the babies are carried on the back no matter if the mother be chopping wood, washing clothes, or attending to other household duties. It is a common sight to see one child only a very few years older carrying another in this fashion. They do not seem to wean babies here until they are about three years old. Well, this isn't shopping. Our first stop was at a silk store, Nishimura, and there we stayed all afternoon looking at shirts, socks, pajamas, silk and velvet pictures, kimonos, etc. Our next stop was at a bronze shop where we watched them inlay and

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then bought some specimens. Our pocketbooks will look like hungry tramps before we leave here.

Miyako Hotel, Kyoto, Japan. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4

DELIGHTFUL day. Went to Chionin, a Jodo monastery. The main gate is the largest in Japan and very imposing; its simplicity is pleasing. After walking up a flight of steps one comes to the courtyard; here they were repairing several of the buildings. One temple, containing a large, rather too brilliant golden image of Amida, was recently built. Here we heard the worshippers murmuring "Namu Amida Butsu," which is now so familiar to us. The main temple has a fine altar and figure of Amida; the columns are black lacquer with colored arabesques at the tops. It is connected by the gallery of the 'nightingale floor' so called, because when you walk on it it squeaks (I suppose it was designed to prevent burglars entering unnoticed) with the palace of Iemitsu. This consists of a number of small rooms with sliding screens beautifully decorated by members of the Kano family (clientele or school). These really are splendid especially one of white chrysanthemums by Kano Nobunasa, one of storks and pine trees by Kano Naonobu, and one by Kano Motonobu of plum trees and pheasants. We spent an hour in Yamanaka's shop gazing at marvelous curios of all descriptions, each with a prohibitive price attached. Even little sake dishes or medicine boxes cost forty or fifty yen. There was one Chinese vase which took my eye. Joe Smith got one in Peking like it for fifteen; this cost seventy yen. However, I may get it, as it is well worth it.

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Then we went to the station, where we took the train to Kamuka, through eight tunnels and along the river. We met Fukuda who was to have been our guide in the station at Kyoto. On arrival at the Katsuragara we got into a large open boat with three rowers, one pole man, and a helmsman for crew. Besides ourselves there was a German passenger. Fine scenery and fine fun! Shooting the chutes is not in it; every few minutes we would shoot down the boiling rapids, shaving rocks, while the bottom of the boat gave to the motion of each wave. Really it was delightful. We lunched at a tea house, principally off eels and rice, a delicious dish. Then by ricksha home, but we made several stops. First at the temple of Myoshinji; the grounds are large, well kept and highly attractive. There are many magnificent trees, but one especially, a pine, spreads out in a remarkable manner. Unfortunately we could not get access to the temple which Murray says contains many fine things. Second at Kinkajuji or the Golden Pavilion. Situated in a beautiful garden and casting its reflection on a small pond, it is a cunning little building, the upper story of which is covered with gold leaf but not the roof. One of the garden trees has been artificially made to grow in the shape of a junk. Lastly Kitano Tenjin, a Shinto temple which we paid a brief visit to. Toriis, stone lanterns, and bronze bulls were much in evidence. Many people were there and outside in the temple grounds a fair was taking place. People were crowding about the various booths and side shows were going on very much like Revere Beach. These detracted from the beauty and sanctity of the temple though the scene itself was interesting.

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Miyako Hotel, Kyoto.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5

STOPPED at a Japanese school. There we saw or rather heard the little children doing their arithmetic or singing their history. The Japanese are very fond of this singing idea, for temple guides always chant out matters of interest to Japanese sightseers, in the same way as these children were reciting their lessons. Bright little ones they all seemed and apparently all anxious to learn. Then we went to Higashi Hongwanji. The grounds here are bare and unattractive. The buildings date back only to 1905 as there was a fire before that. The gate is still being constructed. The roof of the main building is double and unattractively heavy; it curves down at the ends and up in the middle. The tiles are unusually large. Outside the pillars are square with a stone base giving them an inverted appearance, but inside there are twelve beautiful polished keyaki pillars which are the chief attraction of the room which holds a thousand mats. The altar was closed but the doors were of fine gold lacquer. The other temple to Amida Do is single roofed. The pillars and wall around the altar and the altar itself are gold, a bit too bright at present. Outside one is shown a coil of large rope made of women's hair, supposed to be unbreakable and used in making the temple. Also one sees two good looking large bronze lanterns, a huge lotus shaped water vase, and a nice bell tower.

Nishi Hongwanji far excels the other. The palace attached is the chief interest as the temple is all being polished and done over. Here as at Chionin are a number of small rooms with richly and finely painted scenes on the gold walls or on the cedar doors. No better backgrounds could be found. One room of

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wild geese by Kano Ryokei; a cedar door with a musk-cat; and a room of peacocks stand out in my memory, as also the fine large hall by Kano Tanyu. This has cranes and pine trees on one side, cherry trees and small birds on the other, and court and temple scenes at the end. Here we saw a striking example of how old children grow before they are weaned. A woman was nursing her child, while praying or whatever it is they do in the temples; when the child had finished she gave him an apple to eat and sent him out of the temple. The little girls are just as cunning as they can be and look like the sweetest dolls, however if a pocket handkerchief were a more familiar article of use among all the children they would be more attractive.

We also spent some time in Takashimaya's silk store, which was fascinating. After lunch we went to Nishimura's to compare the goods and prices. I liked the latter a little better and invested rather too heavily. One thing I bought was a lion's head very cleverly done in silk. We went to a Damascene factory and watched them make it, afterwards purchasing a sample, not that we wanted it but because they came down to our price. The last place was Matsuki's; this was interesting but our time was short and we only looked at some old prints.

In the evening we were both tattooed. I regret that the design that I chose was so large, a flight of cranes which unfortunately he made a good deal larger than I expected.

Miyako Hotel, Kyoto, Japan. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6

LOVELY day. First to Eikwando. Its principal attraction was its situation among trees, chiefly maples, their foliage just beginning to turn. It is situated on the slope of a wooded hill with a little pond

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at the foot. The graveyard attached was also attractive; irregular tiers of old grey granite stones, covered with moss, shaded by little trees and watched over by tall pines. The image in the temple is of Amida with its head turned looking backwards. There are of course several legends attached to this. Kurodani, where the highest priest in Japan makes his headquarters, was much finer. Here also there is a graveyard on the slope of a hill, somewhat similar to the other. At the top is a small temple containing Amida on a lion by Unkei. The large gate is unusually good. There is a small but popular shrine to Kumagai Naozane about whom there is a touching tale. One of the two old fantastically shaped trees is where he hung his armor when he came there and in back of the temple the fascinating little pond where he threw it on, becoming a priest. The main temple is good and has a number of keyaki columns. There is much gold about the altar which is in the shape of a small temple made of lacquer. In the apartments attached are several rooms with painted screens. Three by Kulota Beisen, a modern painter, are good. His style is impressionistic and striking, the dragon room especially; his tiger and cubs is more subdued.

We stopped at the Zoo on the way back. It was very uninteresting. In the afternoon spent several hours at Matsuki's looking at prints, and indulged rather heavily. I hope we did not get buncoed too badly. Afterwards we went to the fencing (this fencing is called shinai) and jiu-jitsu school. It was most interesting. Everyone has to go to one for eight years, I believe. The fencers wear breast-plates, helmet, and gauntlets of whale-bone and leather. Their swords are two-handed bamboo sticks. The object is to strike

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the opponent either on the right wrist, right side just above the hip, the middle of the head, or stick him in the middle of the throat. It looks very fierce; they belabor with all their might, but with great skill and quickness. Even little boys of seven or eight are right at it. About ten pairs of fencers are on the floor, which is quite small, at once. They are all slashing at once and uttering weird cries. The effect is quite terrifying. It must be a splendid thing, making them strong, quick, and sandy. The jiu-jitsu went on at the same time on adjacent mats. This consisted principally in their trying to kick the legs from under their opponent in one of a number of different ways. We ended up at Yamanaka's wonderful collection, but bought nothing, though I am looking longingly at a vase.

When we went down to dinner, we discovered that Edward Bowditch, Warwick Greene, and Mrs. Geoffrey Wheelock (Mary Wendell) had just arrived, which was a delightful surprise. We all went to the theater, Mr. Matsuki acting as our guide. We arrived just at the end of one play, therefore it was hard to make out just what was going on. Apparently the old father was torn between two daughters, as for some reason it was necessary for one to get divorced if the other was to marry. The husband and the prospective husband had some high words in the middle of the audience on the platform connecting the stage with the back of the theater; this served also as an exit. The elder permitted the younger to strike him on the head with a wooden clog, thereby raising a huge welt (as a matter of fact the clog did not come within four feet of him and the welt was put on by him behind a small piece of cardboard which one of the supposedly invisible stage hands gave him); this seemed to set matters right, the

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prospective husband apologised profusely for having misjudged him and all ended happily. There was little action except when the ire of the groom was roused; then he strutted, bounded, hissed, muttered and defied in the most terrifying manner. The rest of the time the characters remained seated on the stage or walked about sedately. The fine old costumes of the samurai and the beautiful flowing gowns of the noble ladies against the pine tree painted gold screens made a fascinating picture. The next was a shorter play and I believe a very popular one. It has to do with the building of Sangusangendo. The wife of a poor samurai is the spirit of the great willow tree, but the Emperor has ordered this to be cut down to build this temple. The woman hears of this but fears to tell her husband. He is so poor that he goes out to help cut down the tree. The wife tells their little son while he is asleep and when he wakes he finds his mother in agony as every time a limb is cut from the tree she feels it and grows weaker and weaker, finally vanishing. The father comes along, learns what has happened from his son, and in the last act, which we did not see, the willow is being dragged away, but when it comes near the samurai's house it cannot be moved until the little son puts his hand to it and then for a moment the wife appears to her husband as the tree goes away.

The first scene is the poor samurai's house; the old nurse and little boy are there; a messenger comes to tell about the willow and for some reason leaves a gift of gold. The father enters, then the villain who knows some secret of the samurai's says he will tell if he cannot have the samurai's wife, but the old nurse buys him off with the gift of money. Then comes a little comic scene. A sort of buffoon peasant comes in,

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bumps his head, etc. The next scene is in the forest. The villain and the samurai have a combat with axes, screamingly funny but not meant to be; all sorts of symbolism. The villain flees, exit samurai, enter wife and son; while the tree is being chopped she shrieks and moans and tears off piece after piece of her outer garment; then it becomes night. (We know this because the invisible stage hands hold out lamps on the ends of poles.) The villain and samurai renew their fight in the dark; the samurai is struck down but the villain cannot find him for the little son leads him a merry chase, climbs on his back, ties him up with rope, etc. Finally the dawn comes, the samurai arises and the duel ensues and the villain is killed (that is his adversary's sword is placed under his arm, both ends showing, and he walks off). Also screamingly funny. But really in spite of the amusing side and the fact that I did not know exactly what was going on, it was quite affecting and the fights, though ridiculous, were exciting. Many of the women were weeping audibly.

The women's parts were all taken by men who talk in a queer squeaky voice which takes away from their charm, though their acting is excellent. The old custom of married women having blackened teeth also mars their beauty. There is either no action, or as I have said, a great deal of strutting about and symbolism. If it is necessary to take anything away on the stage or hand anything to any of the actors, one of the stage hands dressed in black with a black mask comes on the stage. These figures are constantly walking about, but they are supposed to be invisible.

There is a sort of Greek chorus which tells the audience what is going on off the stage or in the mind of

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one of the characters. It consists of a voice or voices and musical instruments behind the scenes.

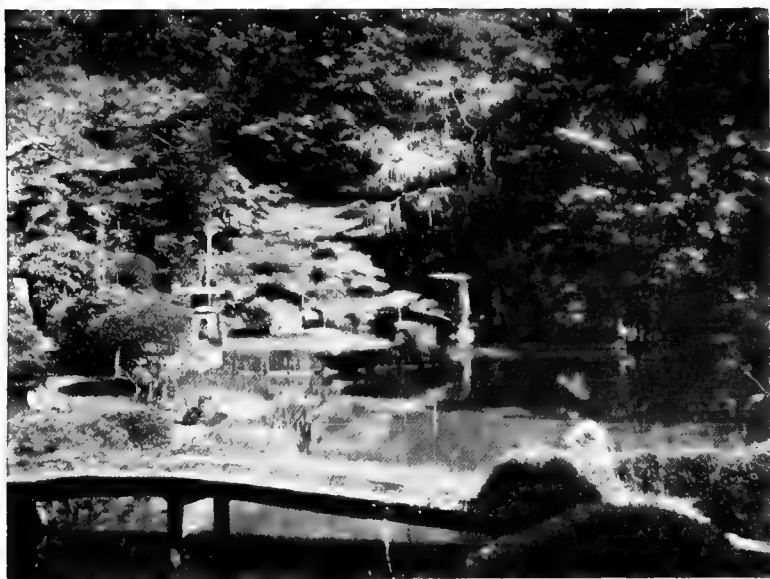
Miyako Hotel, Kyoto, Japan. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7

WE went in the morning first to the Mikado's palace. There we saw a particularly beautiful landscape garden pond, with the usual bridge, island, and stone lantern surrounded by some fine large trees, maple and keyaki chiefly. The buildings on the outside looked like some very fine stables and on the inside reminded one of the Toby club except they were even more bare. There were few if any gold screens, only white ones and not exceptionally well painted. The Nijo Castle, former home of the Shoguns, is far more palatial. The carvings over the gate and some inside, especially one carved out of one piece and cut through but with different designs on each side, are remarkable. Then the gold screens mostly by Kano Tanu are magnificent. One tiger room, another of cherry trees, ducks, and cranes, are excellent, also a famous painting on a door. It is a heron standing on a sampan, and is called the Wet Heron. The whole castle, for Japan, is very sumptuous. Fine carvings, coffered ceilings, carved copper or gold fastened doors, and the rich golden screens, make a gorgeous showing.

Lunched with Mary Wheelock, Bowditch, and Greene. Shopped in the afternoon; went to a porcelain factory; watched Nakashima making a kakemono, during which he must have swallowed quantities of ink; looked at some of his prints which I did not care for and then went to Matsuki's, where he showed us some of his finest kakemonos but we did not indulge. Came back and was tattooed for the last time.



WOMEN PILE-DRIVERS IN KYOTO
How suffragettes could be useful



THE GARDEN OF KURODANI TEMPLE, KYOTO

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Went with those other people to a Geisha house for dinner. We sat on mats and the dinner was brought on little trays. Fish and seaweed soup did not appear to me much, raw fish was not as bad as I had expected but I did not overeat on that; eels and rice were good, a cold omelet not much, the little rice cakes good, and two other kinds of fish all right but hard to eat with chopsticks. Various grasses, vegetables, and fruits were not very appetizing. To make it more uncomfortable a little geisha girl sat or knelt down beside each one and helped him eat. These girls were all about thirteen years old and were the ones who did the dancing while three older ones supplied the music. They do most of their dancing with their hands and while they are graceful and picturesque in their bright flowing robes it is hard to follow their interpretation. The first was a dance "The Coming of the New Year" expressing New Year's greetings, etc. The four little girls danced while the three older ones strummed on the harsh sounding shamisens. The next was orchestral music consisting of three shamisens, two girls each with two tsuduzumi diabolo shaped drums beaten with the hand, one drum held on the shoulder, the other under the left arm, and two taiko, ordinary drums which are beaten in the regulation fashion with large drum sticks. There was also singing; the ballad related a duel between two famous heroes. Next was a dance by two girls, the "Shakkyo," representing the magnificence of peonies and the might of lions, graceful but hard to follow. Then some music by a shamisen, a koto, which is a long and narrow instrument with a number of strings, which are plucked something in the manner of a harp but lying flat on the floor, and a kokyu, a very pretty instrument, sounding like a violin, and

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played with a bow of slack horsehair. A dance "Banzai" written for the Clark's tourist party last year and not particularly good, and a supposedly comic dance representing a man who could become a dwarf or a giant at will, in which the little girl put on a funny mask at times, concluded the entertainment. As an encore we asked to hear the kokyu played alone which was very pretty. It was an interesting and pleasant evening.

Miyako Hotel, Kyoto, Japan. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8

POURING hard, and the wide mushroom shaped umbrellas of bamboo and oiled paper were much in evidence. We went in rickshas to the Myoshinji temple where we were unable to get in the other day. I have already spoken of the large grounds and the huge, queerly shaped pine. In the main temple the brocaded hangings about the altar are very gorgeous, in other rooms are some magnificent inlaid boxes and cabinets, also kakemonos, lacquer, etc. In another building, the Hodō, there is a tiled floor and a golden ceiling on which is painted a huge dragon by Tanyu Motonobu. Not far away is the Toji-in temple. Here there is a beautiful garden marred by a new glaringly-painted summer-house pavilion. Then there are some seated lacquer figures of the Shoguns of the Ashikaga dynasty and one of Ieyasu of the Tokugawa dynasty, all are much the same, and are seated in a similar position, holding a flat wand in their right hands. Nearly all have little moustaches and goatees. The most striking looking are Yoshimasa, Yoshimitsu and Ieyasu. The temple also has many kakemonos, among them a large red Chinese one. This was a very unusual one, as was also another, representing the Buddhistic hell, which



TWO VIEWS OF ISHIYAMA-DERA

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appeared much as Dante conceived it; pitchforks, fire, burning lakes, demons, etc.

After lunch, we bought some wicker bags, ordered some more shirts, and spent several hours at Nomuras. He showed us some much better prints than Matsuki, and his prices seemed much lower. He also showed us some marvelously embroidered court dresses costing huge sums. One of them was at one time in the possession of the royal family. He also showed us a very small, common looking brown jar, worth about 15,000 yen. We did not buy any prints, but I am afraid we will.

Our evenings are mostly spent in trying on shirts, etc.

Miyako Hotel, Kyoto, Japan.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9

IT started off badly, but cleared enough to go to Lake Biwa. We took the train to Ishiyama, and saw first the temple of that name there (Ishiyama-dera, meaning "The Temple of the Stone Mountain"). It is on the side of a rocky and wooded hill. The main temple is a rough, dark place, but we were fortunate in seeing the Buddha, not because it is particularly fine, but because it is only exposed to public view once in every thirty-three years, or when one of the Royal Family comes to worship there. The Crown Prince had just been there, so it was open for a week. The altar, and the tables in front of the altar were covered with food offerings of every sort, from turnips to highly decorated cakes, giving the appearance of a harvest festival. We paid a few pence, and had our names inscribed on a strip of bamboo, and placed with a long line of others. The hill is supposed to have been a gift of the Dragon

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God who inhabits the sea Tawara Tōda. From near the pagoda there is a splendid view of the river, the long bridge of Seta, and a part of Lake Biwa. This is a very famous view by moonlight. A little steamer took us under the bridge, across the lake, past Otsu, where we had a good view of the Miidera, a Buddhist temple, to the Great Pine Tree of Karasaki. The top is broken off now, but it is rightly famous. The huge limbs, which are close to the ground, stretch out fan-shaped, covering a large area. Another small steamer brought us back to Otsu, where we boarded a small boat, and drifted down the canal. There are three tunnels, one nearly two miles long. It seems out-venicing Venice, to drift rapidly through this, while the scullers utter their weird shouts. It is lighted by electricity, but this adds rather than detracts, for the lights, which are far between, cast a faint reflection on the water, and give a dim light to what otherwise would be pitch black. Coming back, boats either go by cable overland, or are pulled through the tunnel by hand, a tedious job, for the current is swift. In all, the canal from Biwa to Kyoto is about eight miles. The boats are dragged up by men, and sometimes by women.

We had time to go to Nomura's again. Elliot bought a lot of prints and two Samurai swords, and I finally bought three prints which were pretty expensive.

I am absolutely discouraged at the amount of money I have spent here, especially as I probably bought many things I do not want, paid too much for others, and I am afraid that the shirts, etc., are poorly made. It is perfectly fascinating, though, and very exciting getting prints. I am crazy about them now, but probably they will seem disappointing later, especially when other things turn up I want more. Well, it is no



TWO VIEWS OF THE GREAT PINE OF KARASAKI
LAKE BIWA

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use moaning, they may be all right after all, and hereafter we will be more careful. We are going on a mushroom-picking party with Nomura to-morrow, which is a very Japanese affair, I believe.

Miyato Hotel, Kyoto, Japan.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10

RAINING hard, no mushroom party, but we decided to wait over one more day. Went to sleep again until 11:30. Then drew out some more money, to last until Tokyo, I hope. Wrote and read all afternoon. Ditto in the evening, combined with several disputes with tradesmen, Elliot especially being shabbily treated by them.

Nara Hotel, Nara, Japan. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11

STILL pouring, so we could wait no longer for the mushroom party. I am sorry, for it would have been an interesting experience. Twenty or twenty-five Japanese start off early in the morning for the country, with as many geishas, who help pick mushrooms, occasionally cheering the pickers, or by playing on the instruments they bring along. At lunch time, a feast is prepared. After lunch, more picking, and in the evening all return to a geisha house to cook the mushrooms, and have another feast. At least, that is what I gather happens from Takenouchi.

We left for here on the 10:30 train, arriving about tiffin time. This is a large new hotel, but the guests are scarce. In spite of the rain, we walked through the park along the road, lined with thousands of moss covered stone lanterns and towering cryptomeria trees. There were deer in the woods, on the road everywhere, and so tame that you could feed them from your hand.

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It is nearly time for their horns to be cut, and I am sorry we cannot see this curious sight. The first temple we went to was Kasuga No Miya, consisting of several buildings all painted bright red, and hung with innumerable brass lanterns. We did not go in, and the weather was too wet to see any dancing. However, we saw the famous cherry-tree from which, although it is still alive, seven other sorts of trees grow out. Passing by a long row of booths selling postcards, lanterns of deer horn, sword canes, and other knick-knacks, we passed one or two more temples. Outside one, was a low storehouse made without nails, and thirteen hundred years old. In the enclosure of Todaiji, we looked at, and rang the famous bell cast in A.D. 732. It is thirteen feet high. After being struck with a large log, it would keep on sounding for several minutes.

The Daibutsuden containing the gigantic Daibutsu was under repair, and was covered with scaffolding. Consequently, we could only get a dim look at the gigantic face. By paying fifty sen we inscribed our names on some tiles, which will bear everlasting testimony to our generosity. Luckily, the amount is not put down.

The Art Museum is interesting principally on account of its carved figures, though it also contains fine lacquer ware, Kakemonos, etc. One room is especially good, most of the work belonging to the Kamakura period. The best in here are several by Unkei, for the most part fine-looking figures, with hairlike red tongues of flame, and possessing great animation. Even better are two figures by Kōben; one, a strong short figure bearing a lantern on his head, Ryuto-ki, the other even surpassing that, being Tonto-ki, a squat, tremendously strong

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figure, bearing a lantern on his shoulder, which, although heavy, he does without effort.

We visited a very old pagoda, an enormous pine-tree, and a peculiarly octagonal-shaped building containing a fine image of Kwannon, from whence we walked down to a little pond concerning which there is an old legend of a maiden who drowned herself because neglected by the Mikado. From there, after tossing food to the turtles, and watching the carp snatch it away from them, we returned to the hotel, wishing that the weather had permitted our taking some pictures of this lovely place.

Nara Hotel, Nara, Japan.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12

OFF at nine o'clock by train for Horuiji, the oldest Buddhist temple in Japan, founded by Shotoku Taishi in A.D. 607. The old gate Ni-o-mon, with its fierce guardian gods, is still standing. Directly inside is the old pagoda. Its five tiers are closer together, and wider than any we have seen. Within it is a terra cotta carving, in the shape of a mountain, with different scenes on each of the four sides. One is of the dead Buddha, surrounded by his followers, who are weeping and tearing their hair. Another has two books, one made from the bones of Shotoku, the other from the bones of Shaka, a god, and both are guarded by priests. Directly opposite is the Kondo, or golden temple, so called because it contains several golden images so tarnished by time that they look like bronze. There are also a number of wooden images, one a long slim statue of Kokuru Busatsu. The walls are painted with various figures, which are the oldest pictures in Japan, some of which, though very faded, are excellent. The

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Daikodo is the main building which is also old. It contains two large images and a number of smaller ones. We also glanced through the storerooms containing many ancient treasures. We left to go to Hase, but owing to the slowness of Tak's ricksha-man, we missed the train at Ojii, and had to take another. This meant stopping at a way-station, and having only a short time at the temple in Hase. I have forgotten to say that it poured hard all day, but I am getting so used to it, that it naturally slipped my mind. Hasedera is beautifully situated well upon a wooded hillside. The ascent is by a long flight of cloistered granite steps. On each side of these are terraces, on which are stone lanterns and shrubs of divers kinds. From the veranda of the main building, which is partially supported on piles, there is a splendid view. To right and left are richly wooded hills; directly below the stairs zig-zag down past other smaller temple buildings; further on is a group of little houses surrounded by trees, and backed by knolls, verdant with foliage, where the maple leaves had just begun to put on their brilliant autumn attire; directly opposite are larger hills, whose slopes were terraced with green rice patches. In the main temple is an altar and a gigantic image of Kwannon, nearly thirty feet high. This and a similar image at Kamakura were made from the same camphor tree. We gazed through the grating at the dimly-lighted altar. A brown-robed priest knelt in front, while high above loomed the massive head and shoulders of Kwannon. Then we were led inside, and gazed from the huge black feet of the image up to its face. Surrounding it were statues and figures of sitting priests. These latter, with their flesh-colored faces, startled one, for they seemed suddenly to appear out of the semi-darkness.

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Our visit to the priests' quarters was short. They contained some painted screens and doors, but little else.

We arrived at the hotel about six o'clock. A faint glow in the west gives us some hope of a good day tomorrow.

Gonikwai Hotel, Yamada, Japan.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13

WE took the train for here shortly after seven, and arrived about 12:30. The inn is nice, with a good situation. After lunch, we went directly to the Naiku Temple. This is the temple of the Sun-Goddess, Ama-terasu, and is the highest temple of the Shinto religion. The Mikados trace their descent directly from Amaterasu. This temple, as is also Geku, is entirely rebuilt on the old model every twenty-one years. There are two adjoining temple sites. So the new one may be built on one, while the old one is being torn down on the other. Thus the exact form of the temple is very old, though the buildings themselves are new this year.

You enter on a broad avenue under two large Toriis, both new; and being pure Shinto, they are perfectly plain, and the lower beam does not extend. The trees on the place are magnificent and of various sorts; cedar, cryptomeria, camphor, and sakaki predominate. They are by far the most imposing part of the shrine. A stream flows through, where all Japanese who go to the temple must wash their hands and mouth. There are separate houses for the three sacred horses. Opposite one of these is the dancing pavilion, where for five yen you may have the Kagura performed for the delectation of the gods; and incidentally for

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your own interest, for ten yen, the "dai-kagura"; for twenty yen the "dai-dai-kagura"; and for fifty yen the "special dai-dai-kagura," each one more grand than the last, until the climax is reached in this "special dai-dai." No doubt, for one hundred yen they would invent a "Triple cajink dai-dai," or something of the sort. We chose the "dai-dai-kagura."

After depositing our hats, overcoats, sticks, and shoes on the steps, we entered a small room. The main dance hall was under repair, as we soon learned from the banging of hammers within, which somewhat marred the solemnity of the occasion.

By special dispensation from the priest, we were allowed to kneel or sit in as comfortable a position as we could assume, and not in the conventional Japanese attitude. Even then we were by no means comfortable.

The ceremonies began by a priest waving a sacred sakari bough in front of us to purify the atmosphere. Eight lesser priests with long green robes and black peaked caps then came in, and sat four on each side of the altar. The four who had to cross in front of the altar knelt when they were opposite it. This was done throughout the ceremony by everyone who passed in front of the altar. Following the priests came eight girls. They were dressed in red baggy trousers, and a flowing upper garment of white. Their hair hung down, and was caught up in the middle by a ribbon, and their head was encircled with a brass diadem from which two long tassels hung, and which was surmounted by a sprig of red flowers. They also sat on either side of the altar. A single priest now entered. He told the gods who it was that provided this entertainment for their delectation, and then retired. He was clothed in white, with a black cap and "kammuri" (the long wire

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ribbon attached to the back of his hat, and curving behind). He was attended by two girls, who, except for their headgear, were dressed like the others. They acted as acolytes, and brought in food on deep wooden trays, which they handed with ceremonious bows to the other girls, who received them in like manner. All this was accompanied by music both vocal and instrumental, produced by the eight priests. Their instruments were drums of different sorts, and wind instruments. The result achieved sounded like a combination of boys' harmonicas, bagpipes, and the high notes of a squeaky organ, the bagpipes predominating. A short prayer with numerous elaborate bowings and scrapings by the priest brought peace and quiet. This was soon disturbed by the dancing-girls. Their movements were slow, graceful, and almost entirely with their arms. The effect produced by the flowing white sleeves was pleasing. This stopped, and the head priest again entered, this time in full regalia. He had donned a paper coat with a very long train, his kammuri was curled on his hat, at his side hung a short sword, and in his hand he bore a large sakaki branch to which a hoop was attached. This symbolized the purity of our hearts. He then commenced his dance, which consisted chiefly in making shoveling motions with his branch, and pawing the ground with his feet. The horsey effect produced by this was added to by a pair of blinkers which were attached to his headgear. Finally, the viands were ceremoniously removed, and we were free to move if our cramped knees would permit.

The temple proper, in front of which our guide clapped his hands, muttered a few words, and tossed in a coin, consists of three or four gateways and several buildings. Everything is severely simple, except for a certain

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amount of brass work on the doors, beam ends, etc. The roofs are heavily thatched with curiously shaped wings on the ends of the main roof beam. No grass grows within the temple, the ground being covered with small stones, and no one is allowed inside the gate except very high officials. No pictures are allowed to be taken. On leaving, we purchased charms possessing marvelous properties and consisting of splinters from the old temple, neatly wrapped in paper.

Having treated the gods, we were allowed after a long ricksha ride to see the treasury, consisting of one room, which you must enter by one door, and leave by another. It contained three swords, two fancy umbrellas, a few yards of embroidered cloth, a bow and arrow, two pair of shoes, and a spinning wheel, all new every twenty-one years, and used in the procession. After gazing for hours at these treasures we proceeded to the nearby museum. This was very modernly housed, and contained a small but interesting collection of old Japanese personal and household effects, and some excellent wax figures, showing the costumes of various periods.

Leaving these we continued on the broad intensely modern highway connecting the two great Shinto shrines of Naiku and Geku. The latter is second only to Naiku, and is now sacred to Toyo-Uke-Brine-no-Kami, the goddess of food, but formerly to "His Augustness, the Earthly, Eternally, Standing One," Kuni-toko-tachi-no-Mikoto. This temple is almost exactly similar to the first temple, and also possesses magnificent trees. It only rained a few drops today but not a ray of sunshine appeared.

We went to see the Ise Ondo dance in the evening, accompanied by an old couple, he a German, she an



THE KATSURAGARA RAPIDS



THE WIFE AND HUSBAND ROCKS, FUTAMI

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American, whose guide was sick. The dance consisted of twenty girls (old women mostly), coming out and aimlessly flapping their hands for less than three minutes. The dance, I suspect, had no deeper significance than to show the charms of the dancers. If so, it fails miserably, or perhaps it was the fault of the dancers this time. The only interesting part is the room and the platform on which they flap their hands, which extends three-quarters of the way around the room, and is raised up by hand two or three feet above the floor level. On the way home we amused ourselves and the onlookers at the shooting galleries. There are so-called tea houses, every few yards for several blocks. Just inside the doorway there is a sort of wooden cage in which the gorgeously painted, pitiful looking geisha girls sit.

Gonikwai Hotel, Yamada, Japan.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14

THE sun appeared hesitatingly, but remained the greater part of the day. We started at 8:30 by ricksha, going first to the village of Futami, where the famous Wife and Husband rocks are. There is nothing very remarkable about them, but they are held in high esteem by the Japanese. A large rope connects them, which prevents all manner of disease and ill luck from coming to the village. They are not large, in fact, one is only a small boulder. At high tide, they are surrounded by water. From these, we continued to the little fishing village of Toba, some three miles distant from Futami, which is in turn about four miles distant from Yamada. Of course we had two men to each ricksha. From this village, which smelled pleasantly of fish, though unpleasantly in places of other things,

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we took boat to the shelter of an island, on which there was another little village. The wind was blowing too hard to go to the point we had intended. I have forgotten to say that it is the famous custom in these villages for the women to dive for shellfish of various sorts, and it was this we came to see. On account of the wind the usual amount were not there, but we were able to obtain three.

Dressed in an upper and nether garment, or only a nether one, they slide into the water from the sampans, which their husbands row. Blowing like seals, they disappear gracefully, and without effort, to reappear again in several seconds, with a huge periwinkle, a starfish, some seaweed, or a lobster, which last they say they are able to find by the noise it makes. One of the women, the best diver, wore goggles. We timed her once, and she was under for about fifty-four seconds. They are able to go very deep, but where we were it was not much over two fathoms, for we tried it ourselves. The lobsters were elusive, and we could only bring up seaweed or rocks. The skin of these women is very coarse. Their hands become wizened-looking, and their hair has rusty streaks in it. When they had had enough, our little fleet went ashore, where a fire was lighted, and we all had luncheon. Theirs consisted of large snails which they had fished up, warmed over the fire, and what was left of our tiffin. The snails were tough and not particularly good. After lunch, they dove some more, but brought up no more lobsters. Sculling home against the wind we had three men, one in the stern, and one on each side near the bow. They kept in time by shouting "Yah-ze" or "Yah-za" at every stroke. I tried sculling, and found it was not difficult unless one had



TWO DIVING WOMEN OF TOBA



NAGOYA CASTLE

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to guide the boat or to keep it up for a long time, both of which things they did with ease. The ride home was pleasant. We watched with interest the people at work over the rice crop. First it is cut, then hung up to dry, then the stalks are pulled through a comb to take off all the kernels. After we had returned to the inn we watched a beautiful sunset from our windows, the first one we have had the opportunity of seeing since we reached this country so famed for them.

Nagoya Hotel, Nagoya, Japan.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15

WE had intended to climb Asamayama, but it rained, so we started for Nagoya, only to have it turn out a beautiful day. From 9:30 to 2 o'clock we spent on the train passing through fine scenery. I have recently finished Lord Redesdale's (Mitford) "Tales of Old Japan." They are interesting legends and fairy tales, giving one a good idea of the life and superstitions in old Japan. Chamberlain's "Things Japanese" is a perfect mine of information on any number of subjects connected with Japan, besides being interestingly written.

This afternoon we visited the Gohyaku-rakan, where are enshrined five hundred images of Buddha, or rather disciples of Buddha. On the way we passed the Castle built in the fifteenth century, but which we could not get permission to go in, as the Crown Prince is staying there. There is a large moat filled with water, and a huge stone wall. The white gateway or donjon is five stories high, with grey tiled roofs. The topmost is surmounted by two large golden dolphins, caged to prevent their swimming away. The roofs are sharply curved at the ends and have gables in the center.

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The five hundred images were a curious sight; each one having a different expression. Tradition has it that if you look carefully enough you will find one resembling your own father. In case "pa" should ever go there, I make haste to state that I was unable to find even a fancied resemblance to mine, at the same time admitting that my time was short and the light poor. Several figures credited to Tametaka easily surpassed the others.

Kite-flying was going on this afternoon, old and young joining in and sending their bee-shaped kites to great heights, and on a nearby field baseball practice was being held. We telephoned to Kyoto, but Morgan had not yet arrived.

Nagoya Hotel, Nagoya, Japan.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16

A BEAUTIFUL day, we rickshaed out to another temple where a good priest is buried, and over whose grave the trees all eventually turn to holly or fir, I do not know exactly which. It is perfectly true, too, that there were six or seven kinds of trees, all of which had little sprouts coming out from them in various places which looked like fir. One tree was partially holly, partially japonica. It was not a case of grafting, for on the same little twig some leaves were holly, some japonica, and some half-way between. A visit to a factory where eggshell porcelain was made, and to a store attached, completed our morning. In the afternoon we bought some more prints, which, though expensive, were pretty good, I think. We also went to a silver cloisonné factory and store, which was better than the usual run. But how they can sell so

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many hideous things I fail to see. We went to a curio store, which was a curio in itself. It was a little, long, dark, narrow affair one mass of curios, most of which were pure junk, and all of which were damaged to some extent. Fellowes arrived about 12:30 at night. Needless to say we were glad to see him, and met him with suitable pomp and ceremony.

Tawaraya Inn, Fukushima, Japan.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 17

STARTED at 9:30, glad to leave Nagoya, which is neither interesting nor lovely. Our ride was through attractive scenery constantly being shut off by tunnels. We arrived at Agematsu at about four o'clock. We had intended to reach Yabuhara, but could only get as far as Fukushima, a seven mile walk. The way for the most part overlooked a dashing river, and faced high wooded hills, which were becoming rich with autumn color. A small band of little school-boys tagged at our heels, gazing at us with much amusement and attention. We are at a little Japanese inn, where our rooms overlook a stream whose music is constantly in our ears. Everything is of course thoroughly Japanese, though we have brought a little extra food with us.

Tsuru-ya Inn, Komoro, Japan.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18

WE passed a pleasant night on our quilt beds, and about nine o'clock we started walking to Yabuhara along the famous Nakasendo highway. The distance is about ten miles, which we covered in good time. The day was a bright one, and the way, like yesterday,

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lay along the banks of a torrent. The hills, however, were not as high, though in places brilliant with color. The train left shortly after twelve, and arrived at Komoro shortly after sundown. We again passed the night in a Japanese inn. This time it was not as nice, but still perfectly comfortable.

It is hardly necessary to describe a Japanese Inn, but I will attempt to, as briefly as possible. They are usually of two stories. The ground floor is kitchen, or used as such. Shoes must be removed on entering. A ladder-like staircase leads to little rooms, three, or perhaps all sides of which, have sliding paper screens as doors, mats all of the same size cover the floor, for the rooms are made to fit the mats, and not the mats to fit the rooms. Thus they speak of a six, seven, eight, etc., mat room. There are no pictures, except in one little alcove, which has a slightly raised platform. Here is hung one Kakemono, and here a vase is set containing flowers, usually only one.

If you want a bath, you must let them know some time beforehand, unless you wish to use 5th or 6th body water. At night three or four thick quilts are piled on top of each other to sleep on, and another nearly as heavy serves as blanket and sheet, and a fiendishly hard round bolster does service as a pillow. At night all the screen doors are tightly closed, which, of course, you open again, only to find that on the outside of a narrow veranda surrounding the house, the wooden shutters are also drawn. One is apt to freeze by day and stifle by night. Food for us consists usually of rice, fried eels, some marmalade, and canned stuff which we bring along.

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Aburaya Inn, Maebashi, Japan.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19

WE arose at six, and were off at seven for the top of Asama-Yama. At first our way for several miles led up a rather gentle slope, through woods of young pine. Then came steeper woods over the sides of two mountains, and along the banks of a small torrent. I kept thinking all the time we were at the base of Asama, but it was a long hard pull. The fog was so thick, we could only see a short distance ahead. Once we caught a glimpse of what we thought was the peak some way off, but even that was rank optimism. Our little coolie guide sprang along with great ease. After what seemed many miles, the real climbing began. When we came to a strong smelling sulphur stream, we thought surely we were near, but someway further on we reached the halfway house, where we rested for a short time. A little way above this vegetation disappeared, and hard steep climbing over loose volcanic rocks began. I was well done up, and thought seriously of turning back, when the peak loomed up some distance off through the fog, only to disappear again. I kept on, and finally reached the top. The sun came out for a few minutes and gave us our bearings somewhat, but the fog and clouds prevented any view. The crater is active, and great billows of sulphuric smoke and steam poured out. Rocks which we hurled in took some time to strike, and stirred up clouds of smoke. We could see the fires burning below, and hear subterranean rumblings. We had our tiffin at the little halfway house, and our guide had too much saké there which nearly caused us to lose our train, as he arrived at the inn some time after we did. On the way down

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it cleared off, and we had a beautiful view of the valley below, and the mountains about us. The smoke from Asama looked exactly like clouds, and the mountain itself like a cloud factory. I forgot to say that yesterday we had one of the finest valley views from the train I have ever seen. The terraces of the many rice fields looked perfectly flat, while the river wound among them. On our way down the mountain we passed a beautiful little waterfall, and drank from a delicious mountain spring. The ascent, the guide book tells us, takes about five and one half hours for a good walker. We did it in four, and the descent in about half that time. Not bad, considering we are not in trim. The train to Maebashi, which we took about four o'clock, goes through over thirty tunnels. All the Japanese trains have the tunnel habit.

We spent the night at this inn, which was very crowded, several hundred people sleeping in it, as there is some exhibition on. The girls at the inn gazed at us with embarrassing curiosity, and once I had to shove them away from the screens. We also caused great curiosity among a band of schoolboys we passed two days ago when walking, and afterwards met in a station where they gathered about and gazed for an hour. They were off on a picnic, about sixty of them. It seems that they have school picnics in the spring and autumn, consisting of a three days' walking trip. What an excellent scheme!

Nikko Hotel, Nikko, Japan.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20

WE spent the morning walking about the exhibition grounds here. It was not very interesting, though the various processes of silk production were



SCHOOL CHILDREN ON A WALKING TOUR
YABUHARA



G. P. G., JR., GUIDE, AND E. C. B., AT THE
CRATER'S MOUTH OF ASAMA-YAMA

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instructive. Our train for Nikko left about noon. We traveled second class, as we have all the time in Japan, for it is much cheaper, and just as good. A little more crowded, but in that respect we have had good luck. We changed once, and having a half hour to spare, we walked through the streets of a town where every shop had enormous gourds for sale. They could be used for anything from a collar-box to a charcoal basket. We also saw some dried fish, which looked exactly like wood. We arrived at Nikko after dark, so did not see much of the avenue of cryptomerias. The hotel was very comfortable, and there we met several of the Chicago baseball team, who seemed like very good chaps.

Nikko Hotel, Nikko, Japan.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21

POURING, drenching rain. Making the best of it, we started out to see the principal temples. In spite of the dismalness of the day, we could appreciate what the beauty of Nikko must be under favorable conditions.

The famous "Sacred Red Bridge," over which only the Emperor is allowed to pass, spans a rushing stream not far from the hotel.

The first temple we came to was Mangwanji. There was nothing unusual about this, though it by no means lacked interest. In back was the Sorinto, a copper column with a top adorned with various brass figures. It is supposed to keep off evil influences, I believe.

Passing along a tree-lined avenue, and passing under a huge stone Torii, we entered the grounds of the Mausoleum of Ieyasu. The first courtyard holds a five-storied pagoda and several other buildings of red

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lacquer. Then comes another gate with the ever present Nio on guard. This gate is more highly ornamented, and more pretentious, as are all the buildings, than in any Japanese temples we have yet seen. The gate is covered with elephants' heads, lions, unicorns, etc., and the mythological baku. The next courtyard is surrounded by a red lacquered fence. There are several red lacquer stonehouses with carvings of various animals under the gables. In one, an elephant's hind leg is jointed the wrong way. The roofs are of bronze tiles, the ends of the rounded ones bearing the Tokugawa crest. This famous crest appears in every available spot. Another building, a stable, has some carved monkeys for a frieze, one group of which shows the three famous ones, "who hear, speak, and see no evil." There is a holy water basin and another highly decorated building. Another court holds some magnificent bronze candelabra, one from Holland, and a bell. Also figures of two lions, facing the temple instead of the entrance. A building here holds some gorgeous paintings. Then comes the gorgeous gate Yomi-mon, a carved fence attached on either side. This gate was so perfect that the design on one column was inverted so the gods would not be jealous of its perfection. The courtyard beyond holds several buildings, one for the sacred kagura dance. For a few sen an old woman there dressed in robes of white and red will wave her hands and fan for a few minutes in a mysterious manner. To the right is a gateway, which gives access to the long flight of stone steps leading up to the tomb of Ieyasu. Over this gate is a carved cat (Nemeuri no Neko or Sleeping Cat) by Hidari Jingoro. Though small in size, it is very famous, and held in high esteem by the Japanese, who always make the most of every-

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thing they have. The steps are flanked by majestic trees and overlook the temple grounds. The tomb is pagoda shaped, small, and made of gold bronze. A bronze stalk, holding a candlestick and a vase with bronze flowers, stand in front. Descending the steps again, we come to the main temple or Honden after passing through the Kara-mon or Chinese gate, to which a gorgeous carved fence is attached. The temple is large, and contains some good pictures on gilt screens, a coffered ceiling richly carved. All in all, this temple is far and away the most gorgeous we have seen in Japan, and at the same time the surroundings are noble and beautiful. The red lacquer color of the buildings is a little startling at first, but when seen among autumn foliage has a pleasing effect. On the way to the *Mausoleum of Ieyimitsu*, the grandson of Ieyasu, we passed two other temples, one Shinto, and far less pretentious. In the grounds of this temple is a granite water basin covered by a fine structure, the ceiling of which bears a dragon painted by one of the Kanos.

The gateway called Nitsen-mon has a green and a red statue on the outside, and on the inside statues of the God of Wind and the God of Thunder. The main temple is not as gorgeous as that of Ieyam, though surrounded by a very good looking fence of black lacquer with red and gold trimmings. The Tomb is much the same.

We returned for lunch, and after a few games of billiards, walked among the shops. I bought some little hand-painted dinner cards very cheap, and an old gold lacquer box, which was not cheap. In the evening we saw some geisha girls dance with absurd looking masks, which was very amusing.

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Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, Japan.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22

POURING again, we left in disgust for Tokyo, and had to give up our Chuzenji trip for the time at least. Arrived at two, and went to Waseda college, only to find that the baseball game with Chicago had been canceled. Tokyo looks very uninteresting. My trunk arrived, and I spent most of my time unpacking that, and reading in the New York Herald about T. R. and the Republican Convention. After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman came and spoke to us. They said that Bertie and Murray were in Nikko, but at another hotel from the one we were at. We talked to them all evening, though I was anxious to do some writing.

Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, Japan.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23

BEAUTIFUL day, but we spent most of the morning arranging our things, and being tried on for some pongee suits, etc. Some mail arrived before dinner, and it nearly broke my heart when I heard of dear little Buckner's death, and how sad every one must be at home. Poor Catharine and Frank.

In the afternoon, we went to the theater. The plays were fascinating. I think I like them better than our own. The only drawback was some Russian women, who sat near us, and annoyed everyone by hooting with laughter the entire time. The play or plays, for there were three, began at eleven A.M. and lasted until about nine P.M. We came at four, and stayed until eight. The three or four acts of one play which had been going since eleven, were of course

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impossible to follow, except in the most general way, even with the help of "Tak." But the scenery and acting were splendid. The horses with their men's legs were quite realistic, but of course, would have been screamingly funny if the play was not so intensely serious. The play was historical, and like all their plays, showed the nobleness and courage of the old Samurai. The best actors in Japan took part, *Shikan* taking the part of Hideyoshi's concubine. There were six suicides, two murders, and several sudden deaths, to say nothing of battles in these three acts. One hara kiri was extremely realistic, but the others for the most part were purely figurative.

The next play was a revival of one of Danjuros' most famous plays. Father and son took the leading parts. Roughly there were two sons, who were seeking to avenge each other for wrongs to their fathers. One was a villain, though a great fighter. At one time, unarmed, he fought off seven men who were armed to the teeth, but was in the end overpowered by the good son. They were both disguised as pilgrims at one time. Religion, ghosts, spirits, etc., were all so mixed, that at times it was hard to see just why things happened. But it certainly was wonderful to see their method of acting; the fury of their feelings before fighting, the preliminaries, and the fights themselves. Nearly all symbolic. The others went to see the Yoshiwara in the evening, but I stayed at home to write. Bertie and Murray Hoffman arrived and went with them.

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Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, Japan.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24

A GOOD day. We stopped at a couple of stores to let Fellowes purchase a few things, and then made our way to Asakusadera. This is a large temple, and extremely popular, to judge from the great number of people pouring in and out of it. No attempt is made to keep it clean, people walking in and out with muddy boots, and pigeons fly about and perch in every corner. The grounds are a sort of perpetual fair; candy, cakes, and gimcracks of every kind may be obtained at the booths, while shows of various sorts go on at others. There are also a number of captive animals, but it was the waxworks that interested me chiefly. These represent various famous characters and scenes in Japanese history. The faces are lifelike, being modeled from the leading actors of the day. The costumes of many of these figures are made from flowers and leaves. After tiffin, we left our cards at the Minister of Foreign Affairs, met Mr. Schuyler, the first secretary, and Captain Summerlin, the second secretary of the American Embassy. We then had a few sets of tennis at the tennis club with an old Yale man, Condit. In the evening we dined with Curtice and Eldridge, two student interpreters. We packed when we came back and had to tell Bertie Hoffman we could not take a trip with him.

Nikko Hotel, Nikko, Japan.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25

CAUGHT the train by the skin of our teeth, arrived to find it raining as usual. We got off at Imaichi, the station before Nikko, and walked five miles or so through the Cryptomeria avenue. This avenue ex-

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tends for over twelve miles, and is flanked by splendid cryptomeria trees, over seventy-five feet high. It used to extend a great deal further but was largely destroyed when the European craze was at its height. Wrote a number of letters, and some of my diary, which was behindhand. Went to bed early.

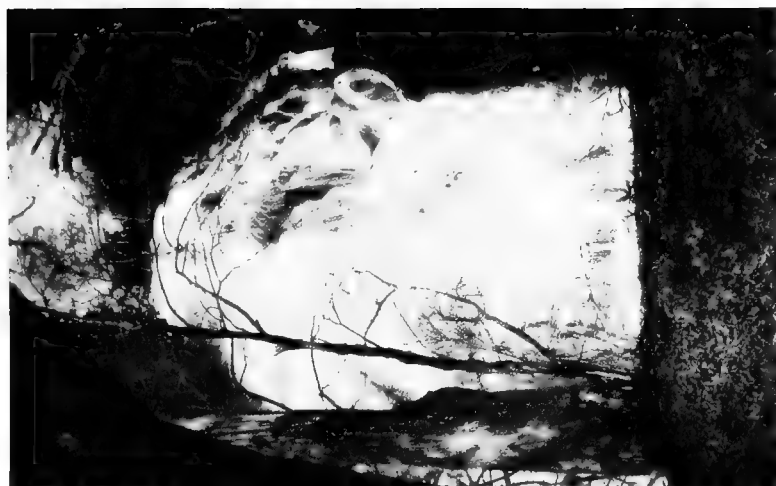
Nanma Hotel, Yumoto, Japan.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26

A BEAUTIFUL day. Arose early, and tried to get some pictures of the temples in Nikko, but could only snap the outsides. Then Fellowes and I mounted two noble steeds, and pranced off, Elliot preferring to walk. It was not long before we began going up amidst the most superb scenery, a riot of color, less vivid, but perhaps more delicate than any I have ever seen at home. There was, of course, a dashing river, and at our first stop we looked across a valley at two fine waterfalls. Then up some more, passing a group of school girls on a picnic, to another tea house, where we had a gorgeous view of the valley. Farther on we caught sight of Lake Chuzenji. Here we dismounted, and climbed down to see two more waterfalls. The first one was fine enough, but the Kegon is the largest and most picturesque in the vicinity. It was a narrow but powerful sheet of water, with a sheer drop of about two hundred feet. For tiffin, we stopped at a hotel on the shores of Lake Chuzenji. Proceeding on our way, we stopped at two more waterfalls, and it is hard to tell which of the many we have seen is the most beautiful. One was a long winding slope, which you could see coming round the corner far above. Fellowes and I branched off on a little side footpath to see where it would bring us to. Elliot still continued walking,

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but did not branch off. Our path led through several miles of bamboo grass and dead spectre-like trees, and it grew dimmer and dimmer, until it disappeared altogether at the edge of a pond or flooded meadow. However, we kept on wading through part, and circling the rest until we caught sight of a mushroom picker. We hailed him, gave him ten sen, and said "Yumoto," whereupon he led us through several more miles of forest and bamboo grass. One place was so steep, we had to dismount, and my steed came perilously near falling on top of me. Then we came to a delightful stream, but the said stream had only a fallen tree for a bridge. Morgan leaped on a little bare place in mid-stream, and we urged his horse down the steep bank. Morgan caught the bridle, and forded the stream. Our guide scampered across the tree. Gardner was left alone on the hither side. By shoves and kicks he urged his mount to jump into the stream, but instead of making for the dry place to which Gardner nimbly leaped, the mount headed full sail down-stream in the deepest part. Not content with this, he put one foot through the reins, and then carefully looped them round a fallen branch. It looked as if the horse would drown very shortly, or its rider get his only shoes and trousers wet, but the guide plunged in, preventing both catastrophes. Gardner was left alone in mid-stream, but by a daring leap, clambered up the dead tree bridge, and the procession proceeded as previously. When we arrived at the foot of the cascade near the hotel, we found that search parties had been already organized. Once on a good road, our horses, which in spite of their appearance, had done nobly (though mine would insist in going up-hill like a crab), cut loose, and hardly gave us a glimpse of the beautiful little lake which we passed



YUMOTO WATERFALL



KEGON WATERFALL

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on the way to the hotel. The smell of sulphur greeted our nostrils, and it was not long before we were in a hot sulphur bath, but it took even less time for us to decide we wished we were out. However, the boiling soon did its work, and we no longer considered the heat. It was 120 degrees. We spent the short time before going to bed, huddled about a little charcoal fire, drinking hot sulphur water. Vile stuff, but it tasted as if it must be good for us. Today was the most thoroughly enjoyable day I have spent for a long, long, time.

Lakeside Hotel, Chuzenji, Japan.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27

ONE of the most perfect days I have ever seen! It was very cold last night. Ice had formed on small pools, and the ground was covered with a heavy frost which glistened in the early morning sun. A sulphur bath set our blood running. After breakfast, we rowed about on the little lake we see from our windows, scaring up duck at frequent intervals. Fellowes stayed to fish, while Elliot and I set out to climb a nearby peak. An hour's climb brought us to the top of the pass, where we had a splended view of the lake, below, and valley and hills beyond. A sharp peak towered up not far from the pass, so we set out to reach the top. A few minutes' scrambling brought us to a point where we had a most charming view of three dark blue, jewel-like lakes on the other side of the range. Foolishly, we neither stopped long, nor took a picture, thinking to do better from the top of the peak just above. To get there, we had some real climbing right up a sheer side, clinging on with our teeth, only to find that trees shut off the view we had looked forward to.

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We saw some fresh deer spoor, and where they had been lying, but no deer. It would have been really impossible to descend the way we came, so we kept on further. Elliot wanted a picture of the lakes, so circled back to get to the pass. It turned out that he had some hard and very difficult climbing. I decided to keep on straight down, but it was not long before my slidings through the bamboo grass brought me up short at a perfect network of fallen trees and briars, so I had to clamber over them, to a partially dried up river bed, which from a distance looked like a well-raked avenue. Not so, however, for though it took us less than an hour to get up to the pass, it took me one hour and forty minutes of hard work to get down from the same height. Many of the stones were covered with ice, which made them treacherous; other huge boulders gave way underneath my feet, and some I had to crawl over on my hands and knees. The gravel was frozen; sometimes it gave way, and took me with it, and other times it remained firm, and I did the giving way, and left it behind without stopping to say good-bye. I lost my cap out of my pocket, but I returned with two fairly sound legs, and my neck in position, so did not complain. A sulphur bath and a slug of brandy made me feel much better. Elliot arrived about half an hour later, feeling none too frisky. After tiffin, we mounted our horses once more, in spite of the excruciating agony it caused Fellowes and me. Our horses smelt their oats, and the last mile was a regular John Gilpin's ride. Women and children fled from the road and screamed with fear, dogs barked madly and gave chase, only to be outdistanced as were the other horses, by my longlegged flyer. We had intended to go fishing, but arrived at Chuzenji too late.

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Fujiya Hotel, Miyanoshita, Japan.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28

UP at five, and off at six, which was cold work. We scrambled down a good part of the way on foot by short cuts. Our horses met us at the foot of the mountain. It was a beautiful walk and ride in the early morning, with the sun lighting up the brilliantly colored hills, just shaking off their mantle of dew and frost. I branched off when near Nikko to see another waterfall, which, though pretty, did not compare with the others we saw. Before the train left, we had time to bathe and change our clothes at the Nikko Hotel. The rest of the day we spent in traveling to Miyanoshita. At Tokio we changed stations, at Kodzu we took a train for nearly two hours, and from another Yumoto up to Miyanoshita, rickshas. This took some time, and as it was dark, we could only see the hills dimly outlined. The Hoffmans were at the hotel.

Matsuzaka Hotel, Hakone, Japan.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29

AS luck would have it, today has been rainy. We spent the morning stopping at little shops where various articles were for sale, chiefly woodwork. We also purchased some rather fine plates to give to John Chapin or Jack Thayer, or rather to one of their fiancées as a wedding present. After lunch we started on horses for Hell; Great Hell, to be more accurate. Instead of a descent, it was a continuous climb up a narrow winding path for several miles. The clouds and drizzle prevented us from having a view of the surrounding country. Hell was quite realistic, for fog

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and mist, mingled with sulphur fumes, rose out of the valley. It is a huge sulphur bed, where here and there the boiling waters bubble forth. Leaving our horses, we went down a slippery path. One is supposed to have a splendid view of Fujiyama, but we obtained none. By the time we reached Lake Hakone, it was pouring. Moreover, we had to take a small boat across the lake to the Inn. A lone lady was the only other guest.

Higuchi Hotel, Atami, Japan.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30

IT was not raining as we had expected. On the other hand, it was not entirely clear, consequently on our way to Atami we did not see Fuji as we had hoped. Only the base was visible, the top being enshrouded in clouds and mist. Our horses took us nobly up some very steep places, by a narrow path which wound up and around the mountains. From Ten Province Pass, as it is called, we could get a good view of the surrounding country and water on each side of the peninsula. From there, Bacon and I ran down most of the way to Atami, which we found slippery work, and much further than it looked. We all put on Japanese kimonos when we arrived, and went to the beach for a bully swim, much to the amusement of the villagers. The geyser was in action when we returned, but it was not particularly impressive. In the afternoon we went fishing. Imagine our surprise when we were handed poles about six feet long, with a six inch line, and a microscopic hook attached. Of course, we did not know what to do at first, but by observation soon learned that the idea was to jab the rod as far under water as possible, in hopes that it would go in front of a fish's nose without



A BIT OF JAPANESE LANDSCAPE
ATAMI



THOSE WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN KIMONOS
OR WITHOUT, ATAMI

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frightening him. Our catch consisted of one fish. It gave us some satisfaction when our hotel guide felt so poorly from the motion, that he had to be taken ashore. The fishing we found more instructive than exciting. The hotel has natural hot salt-baths, which we found refreshing. In the evening, Takanouchi provided an entertainment for us. Three geisha girls sang and danced, while the whole hotel force and their friends and relations looked on through half-open screens, and every available opening.

Kaihin Hotel, Kamakura, Japan.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31

A GLORIOUS day. We were up early enough to see the early morning sunlight on the sea, from our windows. At 8:30 we boarded a train, or rather, a pocket-edition of one. There was an engine no higher than a man, with a long thin stove-pipe for a smoke stack. The one car was in three partitions, and caged in. However, the view from it along the coast was splendid. Far down below we could see the fishing boats hauling in their nets, and further out, larger craft skimming along under sail. We had about two hours of this, and then an hour in a train, from which we first got a good look at Fuji. It was glorious, and surpassed my expectations. The top glistening white, appeared above the clouds, and seemed floating in mid air; majestic in its symmetry, and isolation, for there are no other peaks to dispute its supremacy. An hour and a half more brought us to Kodzu for lunch. Then, rickshas for eighteen miles along the famous and beautiful Tokaido. A picture all of it, and the children playing in the villages were a never ending source of delight. Then another tram for twenty minutes or more. A

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

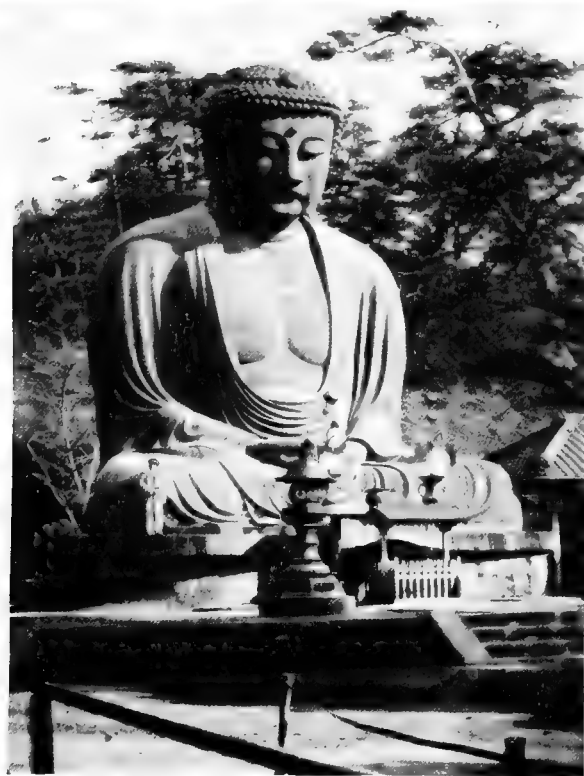
drunken Buddhist priest was one of our passengers. His dignity under the conditions was tremendous. He is the first drunken Japanese or Chinese man I have seen.

When two miles or more from Kamakura, we got off to walk. The sun was setting, and I stopped for many minutes gazing at Fujiyama. It was a picture I shall not soon forget. In the foreground the sea, reddened by the sun, and dotted with fishing craft, both near and far, beyond, the sacred island of Enoshima and a wooded headland, and in the distance a long line of mist-colored but rocky hills leading up to Fuji. The glistening whiteness was gone, but the symmetry was even more apparent, and as the sun sank, and the sky turned from red to purple, the peaks stood out sharper and sharper in the distance. Tearing myself away, I walked briskly for several minutes, and found myself at this new and comfortable hotel.

Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, Japan.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1

A SPLENDID day. We took carriages, and went first to a temple containing a gigantic image, carved from the same tree as the one we saw in Hase, near Nara. Then, to the Daibutsu. Never in my life have I been so affected by a work of art, and never have I felt such an impulse to fall down and worship before a graven image. Certainly, the aim of Buddhism, Nirvana, need have no other explanation than this wonder. It is Nirvana itself. It is useless to try and describe it. We saw it under splendid conditions, and I can never forget the sight. It was hard leaving, and the other temples we went to, that of Hachiman, the god of war, and another with an ex-



THE DAIBUTSU, KAMAKURA
*Notice our guide against the
 image's right knee*

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cellent carving of Emma-O by Unkei, only made me sorry that I could not go back. It is far and away the most wonderful thing I have seen, and I curse myself for not having stayed to see it some more, instead of going to Tokyo, and playing tennis that afternoon. We were going to dine with Captain Summerlin, but as his father died recently, we of course could not go.

Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, Japan.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2

WE spent the whole morning in Yokohama, shopping and arranging future plans with Cook. In the afternoon I played baseball with the Tokyo Americans against a high-school team. We were beaten 6-2, largely due to a pitcher on our team, who apparently had never played baseball before, and in one inning gave them most of their runs. The school team played a good game, and the rooters were well behaved, which a high school crowd in America never would have been under similar circumstances. They occasionally gave more or less organized cheers. Gardner did pretty well in the field, but was miserable at the bat.

Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, Japan.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3

THE Mikado's birthday, but much to our disappointment the big review had to be called off on account of rain, though we had arisen shortly after six, and had put on our glad rags, and borrowed plug hats. Instead, we went to a sort of park called the Dangozaka, I believe. Here we saw some more waxworks in chrysanthemum clothes, representing famous traditional scenes and heroes.

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Then, to the Art Museum. The building erected as the Crown Prince's wedding memorial contained some fine kakemonos, especially those done in black and white; also, some of the best porcelain, Japanese, Chinese, Korean, that we have seen. The main building contained all manner of works of art; treasures, costumes, stuffed animals, etc.

I took the 1:30 to Yokohama to play baseball on the Tokyo team against Yokohama. The rain had made the field very sloppy. We were beaten 11-9, although my team scored six runs in the first inning before I arrived. My batting was as bad, and my fielding much worse, than the day before.

In the evening we went to the Imperial ball given at the house of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Komura. It was packed jam with officials of all nations in splendid uniforms. Of Japanese women, some were in foreign dress, but the great majority wore native kimonos with wonderfully colored obis. There were also many European men and women, of various sorts, nor must I forget the Korean peeresses, who made up for their lack of looks by their gorgeously colored dresses. The skirts were of the most wonderful blue silk, like the tiles on the Temple of Heaven, and their jackets of an equally unsurpassable green. General Terauchi was there. His is a face one does not like, but it is a remarkable one. A regular machine, they say he is. His expression never changes. He does not look much over fifty, but he is, I believe, over seventy. The dancing hall was tiny, and was monopolized for the most part by Americans, while the Japanese women looked on in an interested manner. The only two Japanese girls I met were only half so, one in European dress, the other in a delightful kimono, and very cunning.

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They are giving a dance tomorrow night, and I hope to be able to go so as to meet her again. We left about 1:30, among the last.

Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, Japan.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4

ELLIOT and I went to Yokohama in the morning to conclude our arrangements with Cook. We bought our tickets through to Cairo, but they allow us to wait over, or leave out places, should we care to, without loss of money. We also went to Takanouchi's house. He had the tiniest little garden, not more than six feet square, but there is nothing left out; pond, bridge, lanterns, and trees, — all are there. In his house we saw some interesting prints and other curios.

I went back about 2:30, did a little packing, and then went up to the tennis club. I played with Yamasaki, the local champion. It was fairly dark. We each got a set, and two games on the third, but I think I could usually beat him. Though he plays a good steady game, he is not at all brilliant, except as a getter.

Did a bit more packing, and then Oto Matsukata's brother called for us, and took us to the Tokyo Club for dinner. Oto, another brother, Kawasaki, who used to play tennis for Penn, Yamasaki, and three other Japs made up the party. Oto Matsukata was in native dress, and one could not help feeling that he cares little or nothing for America and Americans, though of course he was very polite and nice. The others were all good fun, and we did not feel the same about them. They all talked good English, and were very pleasant. They were all excited about a baseball game that they were going to play on the morrow. When we got back to the hotel, we met some cheap but very amusing Ameri-

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cans, with whom we stayed so long singing songs, that I had to give up going to the dance, at the house of the pretty little near-Japanese girl I met at the Ball.

Imperial Hotel, Yoshida, Japan.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5

WE could not get our packing finished in time to take the early train as we had intended, so we took one at 10:30 instead. I bought a trunk the other day, and am going to have it sent to Port Said. The train took us as far as Oji at about two o'clock. There we hired a small horse-car, by which means, with several changes of cars, we arrived at Yoshida at about six o'clock. Here we found an attractive little inn, and after a hot bath and a delicious meal, we turned in.

Shoji Hotel, Shoji, Japan.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6

A GLORIOUS day. The minute we awoke, Fuji disclosed herself to our sleepy eyes, in her most gala attire. It looked no more than a half mile away, standing out with dazzling, snow-peaked symmetry against a clear blue sky.

After breakfast, a walk of a few miles with our majestic companion on our left brought us to Funatsu and Lake Kawaguchi. Here the floods had raised havoc, the lake rising twenty-nine feet, and flooding the village, where many of the houses still show only their roofs above water. In one little village on the shore, 275 of the 350 buildings were flooded. The inhabitants in many cases are living now in the second stories, while the water has possession of the lower part. The scenery about this lake is among the very finest, if not the finest we have seen. Fuji always in



OUR INNKEEPER AND HIS FAMILY, YOSHIDA



FUJIYAMA AS WE SAW IT FROM OUR BEDS IN
THE YOSHIDA INN

Notice the roof eaves at top of picture

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sight, and a clear-cut reflection of it on the mirror-like water. The floods, though bringing destruction, only added to the beauties of this lake, making trees and little islands rise out of the water. The opposite side from Fuji was one mass of purples, reds, greens, yellows, browns, and every shade thereof. From this lake, which is five miles long, it is about two miles to the next. There was beautiful scenery here too, but it was not quite up to that of Kawaguchi. We had tiffin on the boat, and then another walk of about five miles brought us to Lake Shoji. The little hotel is situated all alone on a wooded point, and commands a splendid view of the Lake and Fuji. Fellowes and I tried a little fishing. When the sun went down it became very cold. We went to bed early.

Shoji Hotel, Shoji, Japan.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7

FELLOWES and Elliot got up early to shoot ducks and I got up in time to see them miss what looked to my ignorant eye like a very easy shot. Yesterday, I made two excellent shots with a stone at an owl, missing him each time by only a feather. Of course, I was rather proud of this, until the rumor reached me that it was a tame owl, which, if called, would eat off (I mean out of) your hand. Now I come to think of it, the second time I threw a rock at him, he put on the most injured expression imaginable, as if to say, "Well, really, the first time may have been carelessness, but this deliberate stoning of an old and respected inhabitant is carrying things too far."

After breakfast, a ride of two or three hours through the woods in the direction of Fuji brought us to the famous ice cave. A tin-roofed building is built in and

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over it, making a natural ice-chest for the storage of silk worms. It was hard climbing down by the flickering light of a couple of candles, especially as the ground was covered with ice in many places. Several times it was necessary to go on all fours, as the top was so low. At the end of the cave are a group of large icicles not hanging from the top, but rising from the ground. The ride back was not as attractive, for our backs were to Fuji and it no longer peeped at us through the trees. However, we climbed up a little hill overlooking a lake, from which we had a fine view of the mountain, and there ate tiffin.

I spent the latter part of the afternoon reading Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." I did not agree with him in many of his estimates of places, especially Venice and Florence, but of course it was clever and amusing.

Daitokwan Hotel, Shidzuoka, Japan.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8

UP at five while it was still dark, and off at six, just as it was beginning to get light. Gradually the morning mist began to disappear veil by veil, soon leaving Fuji's peak exposed to view. Meanwhile the sun seemed to come up by jumps, first lighting up one place, then another. At one time, a perfect sea of trees stretched before us. At another, the peak seemed aglow with flames, while the side where the sun did not strike was a dark rich purple. Further along we came to a lake, where hundreds of duck were flying or swimming about. The vapor rising from it, made it seem at one time like a gigantic sulphur lake; at another, when we were high above it, it gave me the peculiar sensation of seeming to look down on the sky,



FUJI FROM LAKE KAWAGUCHI



A VIEW ON LAKE KAWAGUCHI

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for the water was the exact blue of the sky, and without a ripple, while the vapor streaked across it or flecked on the surface looked not otherwise than the clouds above.

Twice the road was so steep that we had to lead our horses down the mountains. One of these times I had stopped to look at a waterfall, letting the coolie take my horse ahead, while another one had Charlie's (the guide's) horse. Just as I was about to pass this one, something struck me in the stomach, and before I had time to discover it was the horse's left hind foot, I was in the ditch, groaning. The coolies were scared to death, more even than the victim. Charlie came running up, but it was only momentarily painful. It was lucky that I was no nearer, and that I happened, because the morning was cold, to be extra well padded with clothes.

The day was perfect; not a breath of wind, nor a cloud. Only a very thin, and very blue haze, which gave an added beauty to the scenery. The valley we passed along was exquisite. Peasant men and women were at work in the small rice fields. There are no big fields. But over all the valley, and far up on the hill-sides, there are patchwork squares of cultivation, frequently terraced with stone. The workers all greeted us with a smile, and a pleasant "Ohio," while those in nearby fields shouted at their work in a good-humored way when we went by, and the children were mightily interested in us. Every day, I love those little mites better, in spite of their dirty faces and the scabby skin, which too often adorns their head. I have learned, however, that in the great majority of cases, this is nothing but eczema, which would be easily curable, were it not for the superstition that

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the children will not be sick when they grow up if they have this skin trouble when young. We arrived at the little village of Tambara, on the banks of the Fujiwara about 10:30, having come nearly twenty miles.

From here to Iwabuchi, we shot the rapids for nearly forty-five miles, leaving shortly before eleven, and arriving shortly after four. This was exceptionally fast time. The boat was much longer than the one we had on the Katsuragara, but otherwise similar, and with the same undulating bottom, and open seams on the side. Our crew consisted of three men. The water was an unattractive grey color from the slaty sand, and the rapids, though fast, were not as exciting as the ones we were on before, nor was the scenery for the most part as fine, except towards the end, when Fuji was in sight. We all started in to sleep after tiffin, but a few buckets full of water, which splashed over the sides, dampened our enthusiasm for this idea, except Morgan's, who, as soon as he was dried out a bit, snoozed comfortably on. Just before leaving Tambara, they took our names and addresses, etc. We foolishly asked why, and received the cheering answer that if our boat should tip over and our bodies not appear, they would know what had become of us. After all this, we were rather disappointed that it was not more exciting.

From Iwabuchi, where we had a superb view of our now dear friend Fuji, we took the train for about an hour to Shidzuoka.

We find that we shall miss the Emperor here by two days. Of course, we are sorry, and no doubt he would be, too, if he knew about it. Two princesses, the Crown Prince, and another prince, are the only royalty



FALL FASHIONS ON THE FUJIWARA



TWO MITES OF MEN, AS MIGHTY MEN

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we have glanced at in Japan. None of them appeared particularly prepossessing.

On Train to Kyoto from Shidzuoka.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9

IT was raining in the morning, so we decided to take the noon express to Kyoto. However, as it cleared off beautifully before then, we decided to spend the day, and go on the night express. In the morning we went to a Ryobu temple, which was interesting principally as a playground, and because of a fine carving by Jingoro over one of the doors. At the lacquer school which we went to next, we found lacquer work to be by far the most interesting of the various crafts we have seen yet. We saw the whole process, from the rough boards to the finished article. The gaudiest and cheapest of these are exported, chiefly to South America and Africa, the guide said, — but I suspect to the United States also. The finest kinds are made with very thin wood, then hemp and wax, and sometimes as many as fifty or sixty coats of lacquer, each of which take several weeks to dry. No wonder old lacquer is expensive. All colors of lacquer are used. The original color is greyish-white, and is taken from the lacquer trees. It turns to black if beaten in the sun. For black lacquer, coatings of charcoal are used, and charcoal is used for polishing in all cases, I believe. Red and gold lacquer, the gold being often flecked like a pear skin, and silver lacquer, are the most usual kinds next to black. We also watched workmen at another place making umbrellas and various other bamboo ware. It was fascinating to see how clever they were.

Having definitely decided to stay, we took rickshas along a good road to Nekoya, a small fishing village,

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where there is a tomb of Ieyasu. We passed by much sugar-cane growing in the fields, just as the other day we passed through miles of peanuts drying in the sun. Although the road was beautifully lined by fantastic trees, passing through quaint villages and skirting the sea, the most delightful part, as always in Japan, was the darling little children at play.

The tomb of Ieyasu is reached by what the guide-book says is two thousand stone steps. In reality, there are much nearer one thousand. There are several buildings of the usual sort, one containing the armor of the various Tokugawa shoguns, all resplendent, and in good repair. Another building with black lacquer columns, surmounted by various colored arabesque figures, contains three sepulchres, Yoritomo's, Hideyoshi's, and Ieyasu's, though I believe their bones do not rest there. The tomb of Ieyasu is further up in a little grove. It is of stone, in the shape of a pagoda. We ate luncheon on a little landing part way down the steps, commanding a splendid view of the sea. We returned by way of the Tokaido, passing through the village of Ejiri, and getting a farewell look at Fuji towering in immaculate whiteness above the clouds. The last mile or so Elliot and I walked. The ricksha men had no end of fun trying to take strides as long as ours, or keep up without running.

After dinner, we passed under the evergreen arch built for the Emperor's arrival, and went to the station. Here we received the cheering news that there was no room on the train. This was partially exaggerated. We boarded it about nine o'clock, and found enough room to squeeze in between numerous army officers. It looked as if there would be no sleep for us. However, I soon dozed off in a corner, and slept pretty well,

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except for occasional awakenings, when I banged my head too hard, or when the colonel next me objected to having my feet in his lap, or when I found his weight on my shoulder a bit too heavy.

Kyoto Hotel, Kyoto, Japan.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10

WE arrived at five, and went immediately to bed in the comfortable rooms with open coal fires we found ready for us. I had wanted to go to the Miyako Hotel, but Charlie has been continually urging us, in his quiet way (about the only quiet thing about him, for you usually can hear him four corridors or two blocks away), to go to the Kyoto Hotel. When we at last discovered that his Uncle was proprietor, we of course went, and have been treated nobly. It was raining when we got up; it always does in Kyoto. However, after frittering about our trunks, we spent the morning in looking at the tapestries, brocades, and embroideries at Nomura's. We purchased nothing, but I fear we will. In the afternoon we saw some splendid kakemonos and screens at Hayashi's, by far the best we have seen. We also visited Ikeda who had some good kakemonos. Here again we were unscathed, but the same fear oppresses me.

About four o'clock we made our way to the theater to see the famous play of the Forty-seven Ronins. If I say it was interesting, it does not adequately express the enjoyment we derived from watching it, for I have used that word so often that it is positively tiresome, but as Charlie says, "Very sorry can't help." We had intended to leave the theater about 7:30. Instead, we stayed until ten, eating eels and rice for dinner. The time really passed far quicker than two

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hours at a good musical comedy, or ordinary play at home. Knowing the story, of course, made it far easier to follow than the other plays we have seen. But even if there is no action, and you cannot understand a word, it is always a picture, and you could spend six hours easily watching the children in the audience.

What shall I tell about first, the play or the audience? Well, the audience. I think I have already spoken of the little bits of pens which hold two people, and food enough to last a small army a year. The children are always brought along, no matter how long, or rather, how young. Some are not more than a few weeks old. Naturally, one wonders why they do not make a fiendish noise. The remedy is simple and uniform. Whenever they start to squeak or squall, they are given a meal by their mothers. I watched carefully one little girl, who looked to be about three years old. First she wandered about, eating crackers. Then being restless, she had milk, then more crackers, then milk, then a bowl of rice, then milk, an apple, then milk, seaweed, then milk, then more milk, no less than seven times, and finally for the last hour she slept flat on her back, the sleep of the oversatiated, or of one that feels he has done all it is in his power to do. Much the same thing seemed to be happening to other little girls and boys.

The story of the Forty-seven Ronins is very well known. Briefly, the Samurai of a certain Daimyo, Asano Takumi No Kami, become Ronins upon his murder by Kira Kotsuké No Suké, and in order to avenge his death, they have to go through the most heroic suffering until the time is ripe for revenge. The leader of the Ronins, Oishi Kuranosuké, in order to



JAPANESE CHILDREN, TAMBARA

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allay the suspicions of the murderer and his spies, has to lead a dissipated life for two years, losing in consequence his wife, mother, and children, except his oldest son, for he cannot reveal his secret to any one. Two of his followers, not knowing that his heart is true, commit harakiri. Another, who is too feeble to answer the call when it comes, disembowels himself, but lives long enough to prevent his son from killing the girl who wants to be his wife and has overheard the secret. This does not prevent her from killing herself before the father and son. Finally, in his death struggles, the old man gives his armor to his son, and with a dying gasp, hacks a bough from the tree which is the crest of their enemy. Others have to leave their families in dire poverty. One cannot tell the plan to his wife, whom he finds a beggar, but instead says he is going into the service of another daimyo. She curses him for that, saying he should avenge his master. He obtains permission to tell, and returns, only to find that she has killed herself, and he is forced, at his little son's request, to kill him also. No doubt, all this has its ridiculous side, and can be made very humorous at the time if you wish to make it so, for their actions seem ludicrous to us at first. Nevertheless, there is not a dry eye in the audience, and one soon enters into the spirit of such a play, and is equally moved. At least, I know I was.

What a tremendous thing that play and story (a true one) is! What does it matter if we do not think a man should desert his family to avenge the death of his master, or that a woman should kill herself because her husband does not do what she thinks he ought to do? The important point is, that the Japanese have brought before them by this drama and nearly all their

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other ones, the unflinching loyalty of the old Samurai to their ideals. The children literally drink in with their mother's milk this wonderful self-sacrifice to duty, this complete effacement of self, this heroic bravery. If only we could have such plays instead of debasing musical comedies and risqué plays. It is not the men alone in this play who typify this spirit. The women though they could not be trusted with the secret, were no less loyal. The only one who knew the scheme, the wife of Kuranosuké's son, went to the house of the villain as his concubine, that she might act as spy for her family. It is no wonder that the Japanese are good fighters and splendid soldiers. Their schools, their family life, their training, their dramas, their books, — all go to make them so.

The scenic effects were not bad, though snow was represented by a white cloth on the floor and cotton wool on a tree, and the attack on the house was shown by little figures being waved up and down behind a lighted screen. David Belasco might make the scenic effects absolutely realistic, but I verily believe he would spoil it thereby.

Kyoto Hotel, Kyoto, Japan.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11

I HARDLY know whether it rained or shone today, but rather think it did both. Fellowes went to Nara, Elliot and I to Hayashi's first. Here we spent the morning gazing at kakemonos, even better than yesterday. Some of the best ones were not for sale, as they were a private collection which was to be put up at auction. One I liked particularly, of a coolie carrying two bundles of wood. Japanese auctions are not done by oral bidding, but each man puts in a written

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bid, with the amount he wants to pay. In this way nobody knows how much the other bids. Frequently a man puts in several bids, and can pay the lowest that gets it. For instance, A bids 560, 640, and 800, while the next highest bidder bids 600. A can get it for 640. On the other hand, B might have bid 802, and he would get it.

There were two other kakemonos in black and white whose price was prohibitive. A monkey fishing for the moon in the water, I liked immensely, and would have got it if it had not been so large. As it was, Elliot got it, which rather naturally made me wish I had. He also bought two splendid gold screens, with pine trees and pheasants, while my purchase was a crane done in black and white, which was well done, and cost accordingly.

A short time out for tiffin, then to the bank, then an afternoon session at Nomura. Here Elliot bought two very fine embroidered kimonos, both old, one belonging to a member of the royal family some 150 years ago, also costing accordingly. Besides these, he bought several embroideries and tapestries. I trailed along, buying two tapestries and one embroidery, but it was expensive trailing. At Ikeda's, we looked at one kakemono. Here I picked out a print and a kakemono by Hokusai, of a priest painting a torii. A very good figure. They wanted 285 yen. I left, saying I would give 200, and congratulated myself that they would not let me have it. Unfortunately, they did. Elliot got the Lake Biwa set of prints by Hiroshige, which are very hard to get, and two very good kakemonos for the same price. They came down 100 yen for him. My last purchase was two bronze lanterns, modern, and costing about

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fourteen yen. My, what a day! And I vowed not to spend any more money in Japan!

I spent the evening packing, and making final arrangements for my trunk to be sent to Port Said, and my collections to the United States. Poor Elliot has been having a dreadful time the last two days. When we were in Shidzuoka, he got poisoned by lacquer, and is all puffed up, and terribly itchy.

Kamo Maru, Inland Sea, Japan.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12

UP before daybreak, which was bright and clear. The express to Kobe was late, arriving at ten o'clock. It was sad leaving the hotel, and sadder still boarding the boat. Charlie gave us each a Japanese umbrella and parasol with our names in Japanese on them, which we appreciated very much. It does not seem to be out of place to say a few words about Charlie or "Tak," as we called him interchangeably. Charles is his adopted name, so to speak. His Japanese begins with "H," but I can never remember it. Takanouchi is his last name.

A veteran of two wars, wounded in the fleshy part of the leg six times at Port Arthur, and at one time chief executioner of spies, he is at the same time jovial, good-natured, and tender-hearted. The wounds of which I speak were received during an assault on one of the hills near 203-Metre. "Tak" rushed up with his section, which was pretty nearly wiped out. He began to dig a little trench for protection, fairly burrowing into the ground. This would have been entirely successful had not "Tak" been unusually well fitted by nature to sit comfortably on hard seats. This fleshy upholstery, as he lay on his face, appeared above

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his little entrenchment, and as I have said, it was pierced by no less than six Russian bullets. The poor fellow lay there wounded, without food or drink, for three days before relief came. He stands about five feet two, and weighs about 140 pounds. He is smooth-shaven, with a mop of black hair, and sparkling little eyes. He does not look thirty, although he is thirty-nine. His short legs and long body make him a funny enough looking figure as he paddles along with a half limp, but on a horse, when his legs go out nearly straight, he is even funnier. He speaks moderately good English, but has a habit of saying "Very sorry, but can't help," "Very danger, please don't," and several stock expressions. Once in a while it is a bit hard to understand him, and frequently he cannot understand us, especially when he does not want to. Usually this happens when his plan is different from ours, or when he wants, or does not want to go to a place. At such times, in a quiet way, he suggests all sorts of obstacles which apparently make it impossible. However, if we persist, he gives in, and does all he can to make everything go smoothly. He always insists on getting us to a station anywhere from an hour to an hour and a half before the train leaves, and in this perhaps he is wise, as otherwise we would be catching them by the skin of our teeth constantly. For it did happen on one occasion, when I stopped to buy a cap. I really have nothing but good to say of him. He is always ready to do all he can; knows Japan and his job perfectly; is always good-natured, and bustles about, shouting at the top of his lungs. In fact, he always talks at the top of his lungs, and always makes every one to whom he speaks double up with laughter. He is a good judge of prints, etc., and helps us a great deal, though of

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course he is careful not to get any of the dealers angry at him, for no doubt he gets a certain rake-off from them. We never have to worry about luggage, tips, sending parcels, getting horses, rickshas, etc., etc. Everything is ready, and waiting for us. We never could have done the amount we have done if we were without a guide, and Charlie always had a suggestion or plan, and needs no urging. I think we are all sorry to part with him, and I think he enjoyed being with us.

The boat we are on, the Kamo Maru of the Nippon Yushen Kaisha, is a large, comfortable, and clean one. There are a number of noisy children, and no interesting people. Our only acquaintance thus far is an extremely talkative Californian. The afternoon was fine, though slightly hazy. Many were the beautiful pictures we saw of green-clad islands, and picturesque junks wing and wing before the fresh breeze. But the most glorious one of all was at sunset, when the mountain-like islands put on their imperial robes of purple, while the gray clouds above became suffused with pink, and the white-sailed fishing boats became black. Straight ahead was a narrow waterway, between two high points of land. The sun went down, a perfect circle of soft molten metal, while for the brief moment before, it was swallowed by the sea. The silhouette of two junks stood out clear against the burning background, a perfect subject for a Japanese or any painting.

In the evening, our acquaintances increased; Nisbet, a very charming young fellow whose business is forestry in Siam, and Mr. Hamilton, the head of the Equitable Life Assurance Co., in the East. But by far the most interesting character is the Major. Major Nicholson, erstwhile of the Fighting Forties, in the East for his

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health, but who arrived on the boat much the worse for wear, brought himself immediately into prominence by inquiring in a loud tone of voice, "What to H—I all these women were doing at the table"; followed this up by accusing several Britishers of being Americans because they dressed so badly, and called the waiters damned monkeys. When we met him he was still mellow, but less obnoxious. Like the Ancient Mariner, he corners people to talk to them. Never have I heard such a talker. His hobby seems to be clothes, though names, places, battles, hunting, in fact anything, including the greatest repertory of unpublishable stories I have ever heard supply subjects for his monologues. In many ways he is far from a pleasant person, but the poor fellow is undoubtedly not quite all there. He is most insulting to everybody, criticizing their clothes, and what they say, and never making any attempt to appreciate any one else's stories. One reason for this is that he is deaf, and consequently pursues his subject regardless of what any one says or asks. At any moment he is liable to jump to another entirely different subject. I have never laughed more in my life at any one.

Kamo Maru, Shimonoseki, Japan.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13

AWOKE to find that we were lying off Shimonoseki and Moji, and learned that we were to remain there coaling until tomorrow noon. I spent the morning reading, and watching the coaling, a most picturesque and interesting sight. There were four coal junks on each side, constantly being replaced when they were empty. In each of these were about thirty

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men and women. Some of them would fill the small, round, rather flat baskets made of some sort of grass, and holding perhaps fifteen or twenty pounds, others placed them in piles, and the rest made a line of fifteen or so, and passed, or rather tossed along the baskets from hand to hand with amazing rapidity. The baskets were then shot down an incline, and upset by a woman at the end into the bunker below, where still others put it in place. Two men, who stood at the entrance to the gangway, hurled back the empty baskets with great skill, rarely hitting the many workers, who were constantly changing their positions.

After lunch, we went ashore with the Major at Moji for an hour. I left the others, and as there was nothing to see, amused myself by watching the children. At one little balloon stand I started to purchase balloons for the five or six children standing about, but, by the time this was done, a crowd of thirty or more was gathered, and the balloons had given out. The first two little girls I had offered them to shyly refused, but when a boy had taken one, the others soon followed suit. On returning to the boat, I watched the coaling some more. One grimy little urchin about three years old was sitting on the deck perilously near a coal-hole where his mother was working below. He was much frightened at my advances until I gave him some crackers. Later, when he was crying, he refused milk which I brought him in a glass. Evidently, he was not used to receiving it in this manner. Also, he did not care for sweet chocolate, nor did two other older boys to whom I gave some; but he was vastly pleased with two copper coins, which he chewed, and rolled about the deck. Looking down the coal-hole, I saw one woman with a little baby on her back not more

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than eight months old. The poor little thing was covered with coal dust, while its mother worked away tossing baskets of coal. Such a pathetic little sight! But I think it paid the mother well this afternoon, for several of us gave her something.

In the evening we straightened out all our films (no easy job), and afterwards had an amusing session with the Major. Poor old fellow! We would light his cigarettes half-way down, which singed his moustache, or stuff matches in them, but he did not notice it once. I do wish I could give a better description of him, and how screamingly funny he is. First insulting you, your dress, your country, then saying a word condescendingly in praise, as if that settled the matter for all time. He makes the most inane jokes, then roars with laughter, and of course, we do too, for usually, at the time, he is smoking a cigarette stuffed with wax matches. Early in the evening he had read a story aloud to a British Admiral, without realizing who the listener was. Later in the evening we asked him to read one to us, or more probably, he asked us if he could. Of course he could not read three lines without our asking him some ridiculous question, and if we did not do that, he would go into long explanations of his own accord. Finally we let him get under full headway; and then slipped from the room, one by one, except Bacon. When he went to bed, we went to his state-room, and found that he had six bottles of perfume there. Well, I do not want to paint the old fellow too black, for in many ways he is a good-hearted fellow, and is well posted on a great many subjects.

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Kamo Maru, Yellow Sea. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14

READ A. H. Smith's "Chinese Characteristics" in the morning, and at noon we glided slowly out of the harbor, past quantities of small craft, and nine or ten good sized steamers, freighters principally, leaving behind, except for some islands, the land of heart-winning children, of charming and childlike women, of scenery without compare, and a people, without exception, artistic. It is hard to say "Sayonora," I have enjoyed it all so much, and already begin to look forward to a time when I may be able to return again.

I would like to write volumes of drivel on this land and its people, but instead I shall only put down in a haphazard way a few things that struck me most forcibly.

Of the theater I have already spoken. That, like everything, or nearly everything connected with the education and amusement of the people, is conducive of courage and loyalty.

The scenery, as I have said, seemed incomparable. Perhaps the three finest bits I saw were Miyajima, and the Inland Sea, especially from the top of Misen; Yumoto Lake, and the lakes beyond, from the top of the peak we climbed; and Lake Kawaguchi near Funatsu, from which we had a splendid view of Fuji. However, the scenery about Chuzengi, Shoji, Atami and Miyano-shita, and several other places followed close on behind.

Among works of art the Daibutsu at Nara stands out supreme.

Among the numerous temples, the ones at Nikko, Kiyomidzudera at Kyoto, and Hasedera at Hase were perhaps the most charming.

As for the people, they are without exception de-

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lightly polite, and their elaborate bows, and frequent sucking in of their breath has not the least appearance of cringing. I am speaking of the unspoiled peasants. The men I liked least. The official Japanese, and the half-Europeanized ones, are nearly all, if not disagreeable, at least not attractive, and are disgustingly well satisfied with themselves. The lower classes, especially those in the country, are far more pleasant and attractive. All are ugly, and one over five feet six or seven is unusual. They are for the most part well built, especially those who labor, but their development is rather too great, and lacks the gracefulness of the Chinese. As few pack animals are used, and almost none for drawing, the men accomplish most phenomenal feats of endurance and strength as a matter of everyday occurrence. They seem to work from early morning until late at night. Besides this, the whole people are marvelously skilful with their hands, which are beautifully formed. The costume of the men varies greatly, from the purely native to the purely European. Unfortunately, it is too often a hodge-podge. The native costume consists chiefly in straw sandals or wooden clogs with high props for wet weather; a sort of half sock, half boot, of white cotton, with the big toe separate; a kimono, usually brown or gray, with black stripes; a white neckerchief, showing under the collar; and over the kimono an outer cloak of black, bearing their crest in three places. It reaches below the knees, and is tied in front with a looped tassel. It is called the haori. The coolies frequently only wear blouses and tight-fitting trousers.

But, oh, the headgear! The mushroom hat of the poor is the only picturesque one. The others are supposed to be European. Dips dating back to the

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eighties, which come down over their owners' ears, or perch on the top of their heads; tall hats, of unknown vintage; felt, alpine, yachting hats and caps of every known species, and countless hybrids besides.

The European costumes they wear are too often sights. Bicycle trousers without stockings being popular, or long Jaegers surmounted by Boston garters, appear beneath kimonos. Gloves, usually of a sickly yellowish brown color, are frequently seen. Everyone possible has a uniform and all officers are more or less thickly coated with medals.

What shall I say about the women? They are not beautiful; that is, not what we consider beautiful. Perhaps the buxom, rosy-cheeked, smiling peasant girls come nearer our idea of good looks. The beauty of the Japanese women is the beauty of a delicate fern as compared to a full blown rose. But they are attractive, and even though they soon lose the freshness of youth, they retain the same childlike charm of manner. Their little shuffling walk, their frail graceful bodies (which are often capable of such great exertions), their butterfly-like garments which become more and more somber as their years increase, and their shiny black hair, so carefully done, all add to their attractiveness. But above all, it is their naïveness and inherent desire to please which delights one most. They possess a genuine but musical laugh which anything you say or do will bring forth, and immediately put you in a good humor. With their graceful little hands they seem able to accomplish anything, and they are always on the watch to make you more comfortable, in the politest, sweetest, and most delicate way. Though shy, and often bashful, one would never accuse them of prudery. Every Japanese woman has always been trained to look after



THE TOKAIDO, NEAR FUJISAWA



A LOVELY FLOWER IN THE GARDEN OF THE
DAIBUTSU, KAMAKURA

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and wait upon the male members of their family. When they are young, it is their father or brother; when married, their husband, and their husband's family. With all their apparent fragility, history shows us, and we unconsciously feel, that beneath the pliable surface lies a courage stronger than steel, and a will which bends so far with ease, but further will not go. Taking it by and large, they are the most ladylike women I have ever seen. And now for the children, the fairest treasures of Japan. Boys over thirteen or fourteen must be excluded from this category, for then they become unattractive and self-conscious in their school uniforms which are half European, half native, surmounted by hideous yachting caps. These same caps, likewise round sailor ones, on boys of from three to eight or ten years, are sometimes very cunning, no doubt because anything would be on those little heads. The school girls with their red skirts and grey blouses are also less attractive than their younger sisters. Now, which are the most attractive? The little mites, strapped on their brothers' or sisters' backs, or the sturdy little boys with bright eyes and close-cropped heads, the toddlers of three or four, or the black-eyed girls with bright kimonos round dimpled cheeks, and straight black hair hanging about their ears and cut across the bang? It is hard to say, but my preference lies, I think, with the latter. As I have said before, if eczema were unknown, and if, (Oh, if!) hankies were well known, these same children would be a veritable race of angels.

As a general rule, the younger the children, the gayer the kimono. And some delightfully gay ones there are on these little toddlers. Children from the age of a few weeks to about three or four years, are

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carried on the back of their mothers, grandmothers, or on that of their brothers and sisters, usually the latter, who are from four to fifteen. It is a ludicrous sight to see a little child of about four carrying another of nearly three on her back. I say "her," because the boys do not seem to be allowed to carry other children until they are seven or eight years old, while the girls begin much younger. These bundles do not seem to prevent their carriers from amusing themselves. For instance, we saw one boy climb a tree, and then jump up and down on a limb, with his precious burden on his back. Another little girl, not much over four, gained infinite amusement by chewing the chubby fingers of her few months old baby brother. The children are always barefooted, except for occasional clogs, and nine times out of ten bareheaded. This applies to even the youngest babies, who as yet do not know what hair is. They are carried about in the pouring rain or blistering sun. I have already spoken of how late the mothers nurse their children. This is undoubtedly a cause of the women aging so rapidly. Whenever a baby starts to cry, he is jounced up and down two or three times. This usually quiets it, too often by knocking out its wind, I suspect. However, they seem able to sleep under all conditions, and if they are not watching the games of their elders with apparent intelligence and undoubted amusement, they are sleeping with their heads at impossible angles. Frequently, their heads are thrown back, and dangle down in a sickeningly broken-neck fashion.

Although the Japanese children are not nearly as violent in their amusements as children of Western lands, they seem always to be busily intent upon something. Drawing pictures in the sand is a never

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ending source of delight; games with their hands, where the closed fist means rock, two fingers scissors, and the open hand paper, and other similar games, and a game where they throw down little round paper discs were all exceedingly popular, but I was not able to fathom the intricacies of many of them.

There is a lot more I could write, and lots more I should like to write, but I fear that I am doing scant justice to a fascinating subject, so will say no more.

In the afternoon I played shuffle-board with an attractive English girl, Miss Haggard, who is American in her ways, but I am sorry to say English in her dress. Later we inveigled the Major into a game of quoits. Although it was quite cold, he insisted on taking off his coat. Then, with tremendous ceremony, he would place one toe on the mark, gaze at the rope quoits, adjust them carefully in his hand, deliberately place his left arm behind his back, poise his right one in the air, gaze intently at the innermost ring of chalk, and then let fly. He never, of course, came anywhere near the circle at all. However, after each shot, he would stump down the deck, dragging his wounded leg after him, to look at the damage he had wrought. He felt very badly at being beaten, though he spent at least an hour saying he had expected it, as he had not played since he had won the championship coming from Australia. We had a long talk on hunting, battles, etc., in which the enemy invariably came up like lions, while "we" held our powder, etc. He qualifies nearly every other statement. For instance, he will say, "The enemy had 6000 men." "Well, I won't say 6000, they may only have had 5800," or "That necktie you have on is absolutely damnable." "Well, I won't say that, I *have* seen worse, but I wouldn't go to a pig fight in it

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myself." He was furious at Morgan for quoting him as having said that he had shot six tigers. "I did not say I had shot six, I said I had that many in my room. I have. I shot five of them myself. My brother and son shot the others."

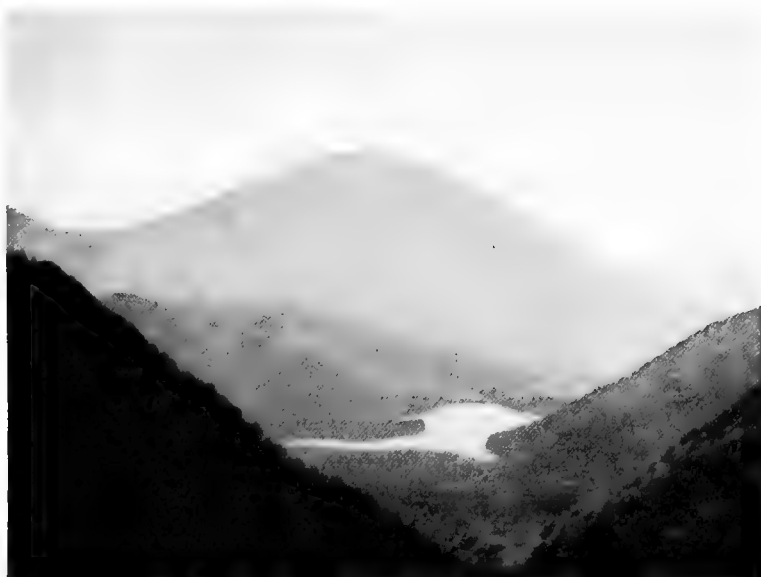
In the evening, we tried to make the Major sing. He was quite willing to, but the accompanist could not play any tunes the Major knew. Nor is that at all surprising, even though the Major did say he could sing German. "Go on, play that," says the Major, and then immediately demands something else. Finally, the Major, in his despair, sang "Trafalgar," in a voice half way between the cry of a seal and that of a hungry wolf, while the pianist played a ragtime accompaniment. Of course, the Major could not hear the accompaniment anyway, so it made little difference. He also acted out a scene from the daily life of a major of the "Fighting Forties" when conducting a parade. The poor fellow is undoubtedly crazy. Our simplest method of quieting him, is to tell him the Admiral's cabin is underneath. The Major is pathetic in his admiration for the Admiral, and immediately stops.

I forgot to say that we had another glorious sunset. Never have I seen a greater variety of color in one.

Kamo Maru, Yellow Sea.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15

READ "Bushido" by Nitobe, which tells in a straightforward, impressive way of the samurai spirit of the Japanese. Shuffle-board in the afternoon. The Major's wrath fell upon us. He was insulted at our sending down to ask him if he would be good enough to join us in the smoking room. Moreover, we had told him that we heard he had kissed the Admiral's



YUMOTO LAKE



A CHINESE COW-BOY

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maid, which apparently did not worry him at first, for he roared and said, "Where did you hear that? I have kissed three or four since I came on board, but I did not know any were the Admiral's." Later, the enormity of kissing the Admiral's maid seemed to weigh upon him, so he blamed us. Of course it was not the Admiral's maid he kissed, but no doubt he will apologize to the Admiral just the same. I forgot to say that the Major appeared this morning in a striking suit of white linen, though every one else had on their warmest wraps.

It breezed up considerably towards evening. I enjoyed myself, but got rather wet, watching the sunset from the bows. Low scudding storm clouds sped across the cold sky, while red-tipped mackerel clouds acted as a canopy. At dinner, only about one third of the people showed up, though it was really not particularly rough.

Astor House, Shanghai, China.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16

AWOKE to find it was very cold, and that we were not far from our destination. The water was yellow and thick with mud, but that was no criterion that we were near, for it extends about one hundred miles from the mouth, I believe, and then breaks off abruptly, giving place to the normal clear blue of the ocean. It took us some time to get up the river to Shanghai, where all manner of craft from almost every country were at anchor. On the tug that was to take us ashore we soon recognized Mrs. Wheelock. However, it was a long wait before we could get aboard. Meanwhile, we watched the curious sampans, which coolies sculled furiously with their left hands, barely

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making headway against the current. Other pig-tailed pirates clambered up the sides of our boat by ropes and bamboo boat-hooks.

We, of course, were delighted to see Mary again, but were sorry to hear that she had been waiting since 8:30. It was then after twelve. We are to room at the Astor House and have our meals with them, which will be more convenient for them, and in many ways for us. Bob Tappan is also staying here, though at present he is away. We immediately heard that there is great excitement in Shanghai and danger of riots. Bubonic plague has started, and the foreigners, fearing that it will spread, have taken every precaution, isolating the victims, etc. The ignorant Chinese believe that the foreign devils are murdering and eating their wives and children, and that the electric lights are made from babies' eyes; a poetic, but rather a terrible belief. To make matters worse, a Chinese woman had to have her foot amputated. The foot was deposited in an ash-barrel, where a coolie found it. His dramatic instinct was instantly aroused, so he collected some hen's entrails, placed them artistically around it, and then called his neighbors to gaze on the work of the foreign devils. Yesterday, there were cannon in the streets, and the volunteers were called out. At a meeting where the Chinese were to be addressed, the speakers were nearly mobbed. After hearing these terrible tales, we timidly landed at a wharf on the Bund, as it is called. Along this beautiful wide street on the water front were imposing buildings of stone and brick. There were clubs, banks, hotels, etc. Turbanned Sikhs, English Bobbies, and blue-gaitered Chinese police regulated the traffic. We stopped at the bank for our mail, which was disappointingly small, and

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drove out by the Nankin Road, which is lined with splendid European shops, until it gives place to the Bubbling Well Road at the Race Course, which is also a golf links. The avenue here has large houses set well back from the road behind high fences, and looks not unlike Bellevue Avenue at Newport. Some of the finest houses, palaces they are, belong to rich Chinese, who immediately come here, for it is the only place their wives and daughters may go about freely in. The Wheelock's house is quite far out, and on a nearby road. It is small, but very attractive inside. In the afternoon, we drove through the streets where most of the trouble had been, to see if it was still going on, but everything was peaceful, though the Chinese here seem to look more villainous than those further north, and seem tremendous after the Japanese. Later, Morgan and I played squash racquets at the Country Club, which is a huge house that used to belong to the Forbes'. They have about fifteen grass tennis-courts, but of course it is so bitterly cold that all are now out of commission.

There were several people at dinner. Of these, Mr. Levanson was exceedingly clever and attractive, and Miss Fortune was quite pretty. Afterwards, we went to a flower show. There were some very fine chrysanthemums, but few people, as they were afraid of trouble.

Astor House, Shanghai, China.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17

STILL cold and raw. Elliot and I went riding with Mary, but Morgan, who has a cold, went roller-skating with Nisbet, whom we met on the street. I am sorry we are not going to see more of him. The

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little Chinese ponies covered the ground well, and were far more comfortable than they looked, though I by no means felt entirely at ease. We stuck to the roads, which are for the most part well made. As a rule, people dash across country, which from all accounts is not the safest riding possible. We were further restricted for fear of the riots. The police are now carrying rifles, but we have seen no signs of trouble. We rode over by the French settlement which has been there for centuries, and indeed the beautifully made road lined with trees reminded one not a little of France. The country is absolutely flat. Not a hill or even high ground is noticeable.

After tiffin, I went to a dentist to have my *tèeth* cleaned, joining the rest at a Chinese flower show. This was infinitely more attractive than the one last night, though the flowers were less fine. The show was held in the grounds of a tea-house, and the flowers were beautifully arranged. The court-yards and gardens were filled with fantastically shaped rocks, and the buildings had latticed windows and round doorways, all distinctly Chinese. The flowers were for the most part drooping gracefully from plain-colored pots, beautiful in their simplicity, which in turn were placed on tall slender tables or stands. These stands were sometimes seven or eight feet tall, and most graceful and attractive. Mrs. McCloud, a charming person and clever artist, was at the show with us. We went from there to the country to the Country Club, where we had tea, and Elliot and I played squash afterwards.

There were several people at dinner to-night, Miss Fortune again among the number. Afterward, some Chinese jugglers performed. Some of their tricks were truly remarkable. After falling down, walking about,

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etc., they would produce a huge bowl of gold-fish, full to the brim with water, from beneath a carpet. We were only a few feet away, so could see that they must have carried it underneath their skirts. How they could help spilling some, I fail to see. It was most amusing to hear them talk, and watch their gestures. We asked the No. 1 boy of the house where the juggler kept the bowl, and he told us, with perfect seriousness, no doubt thinking we would believe it, "He tell bowl come, and bowl come."

Mary Wheelock is perfectly charming, and has done everything for us.

Houseboat "Winifred," Chapoo, China.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18

NEED I say that to-day was also piercingly cold? I did a few things, such as going to the bank, and then we all went out riding with Mary. Fellowes later joined Geoffrey Wheelock at the golf club, while we went to lunch with Mrs. McCloud. To our surprise, we found rather a large lunch party, but enjoyed it nevertheless. After tiffin, we looked at Mandarin coats. I purchased a beautiful old blue one, richly embroidered, and ordered the rest of the costume to go with it. I did not feel particularly well, so slept a bit before dinner. It was a large dinner party at the Wheelocks' of about twenty. Mr. Levanson and Mr. McKinnon did not show up, as they were having a meeting with the Chinese. After the dinner, everyone went to the Country Club dance. You have to book all your dances beforehand, and no breaking in is allowed. Everyone goes round and round the room at the same pace, so if you stop to turn or slow up you are crashed into. The music is deathly slow. Of course, I could

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not get along trying to dance the way they did, and they found it even more difficult to dance my way. Mary danced very well, but the music was slow, and the merry-go-round of the people prevented any really good dancing. A Miss Wingrove also danced fairly well. The description sounds gloomy, but it was good fun, though for a steady diet, a "Good Old Boston Dance is Best, Best, Best!"

At about twelve-thirty, we changed our clothes, bundled up, grasped our bags, and made for the Jette. Mr. Wheelock was already on board. Elliot and Fellowes had one boat, while I had a yacht entirely to myself. With the aid of thirty or more coolies, we were soon in mid-stream, being towed by a small tug, the Lois first, the Puppy second, and my good ship the Winifred last. I soon fell asleep in my comfortable berth.

Houseboat "Winifred," Chapoo, China.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19

A LOVELY day, and far less chilly than heretofore. Nevertheless, as we sat on the deck of the Lois, we by no means despised warm rugs and coats. The creek we followed made infinite twists and windings, and at times, we would be going in the opposite direction from our destination. Although the surrounding country was all the same, flat cultivated fields (not a hill did we see until we had nearly reached Chapoo), it did not lack picturesqueness. We frequently passed sampans of various sorts with their cargoes of goods, or people, little ducks skimming across the water not twenty yards away; while on the banks, blindfolded buffaloes walked slowly but steadily in their little thatched circle, pumping water into the fields. Then



OUR HOUSEBOATS, CHAPOO



AN OLD BRIDGE, NEAR BINGOO

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there were the bridges, fascinating structures, hundreds of years old, huge stones in perfect arches, and sharp inclines on each side, costing infinite labor to build. These made perfect frames for glimpses of thatched-roof villages, or slow-moving sampans under overhanging trees. At Bingoo, where there is a fine Pagoda, we had to leave the launch, and proceed peacefully along by coolies, towing us, or sculling (yuloiing, I believe it is called). A word here as to the number of coolies we had. A "Laodah," or boatman, was in charge of the entire squadron. Each boat had ten men, and there were five on the launch, making in all thirty-five, to take care of five people for two days.

We arrived at Chapoo about two o'clock, and moored to the bank near a little stone bridge leading to one of the gates of the walled town. Here we went ashore. Nothing was changed from what it must have been hundreds of years ago, except for the guns of eight soldiers (I call them soldiers, as they were carrying guns), who escorted three officials who passed us on the narrow stone path, and even these guns must have been nearing the century mark. There were several ruins, telling of the devastation brought at the time of the Taiping rebellion. Where the houses were huddled together, the roofs almost touched each other on the opposite sides of the main path which was lined with stones, food-counters and so on, while once or twice we came upon stone bridges crossing a little canal, where the villagers washed their clothes and food in the already filthy water. It was all most picturesque, and thoroughly Chinese. One might have been here in biblical times, and found everything the same, except for the schools, which a quiet-mannered, self-appointed guide led us to. There were several of these, as well

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as several temples, in each of which we gathered in our wake an increasing following of small boys. These buildings were rambling with fascinating courts and narrow passages. The windows all had little latticed panes of thin-cut mother of pearl, an artistic, but inadequate substitute for glass.

Morgan, who part of the time had been shooting woodcock, pheasant, snipe, and pigeons within the city walls with Geoffrey Wheelock, had an amusing time photographing our escort, who were all very much afraid. It proved very much more difficult getting rid of, than collecting this same escort.

The sunset, as seen from the old wall, was indeed beautiful, but when Mary, Elliot, and I yuloaded softly along by the grim walls, and through a little village while the sky was still glorious, it was even more fascinating. We made a complete circle of the city. When we came back, the stars were out bright, and the ducks rose close beside us, calling loudly. Before our good dinner was ready, the moon was out, shining brightly on the bridge and placid surface of the creek.

Houseboat "Winifred," China.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20

TODAY was even warmer. The two hunters went forth armed with their one gun, while the rest of us started for the hills, our guide of yesterday in the lead. From the first one we came to we had a splendid view of the surrounding country. It was clear as a bell. Everywhere for miles and miles the land was perfectly flat, everywhere it was cultivated, everywhere were houses like one gigantic village. It could not help but give one an idea of the vastness of this country and the immensity of its population. From the top



"MOTHER CARY" TALKING
CHINESE, CHAPOO



BACON ASTRIDE AN OSSIFIED POLO PONY
CHAPOO

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of the ridge we walked along we had a fine view of the very yellow Yellow Sea. All along the ridge and at the foot were remains of trenches and fortifications. How old they were I have no idea, but they looked comparatively modern. At tiffin time we were headed back, and by three thirty we were at Bingoo. Here the hunters again went off, while we three went into the city. This was also most picturesque and intensely Chinese, too intensely. Never have I imagined there could be such a variety of foul and fetid stinks. It is impossible to describe the aroma of those streets more delicately. The most erudite scholar or facile writer in the world could not begin to do justice to them. Added to this we were pursued by a large and very unpleasant crowd of men, women, and children. Naturally we could not appreciate it all as we might have. We made our way gradually to a large pagoda, which by the way was leaning like the tower of Pisa. About this were temple buildings in which evening service was being held. This consisted in ten or a dozen dirty, ill-clad, depraved-looking monks, parading about, aimlessly beating gongs and chanting. It was with a sigh of relief we once more boarded the Houseboat, for by that time a huge crowd had gathered on the bridge and jetty and we feared lest the unrest at Shanghai had reached here. I can imagine nothing more peaceful, carefree, and beautiful than drifting slowly down the creek at dusk as we did.

I have forgotten all mention of the mail boats. These are small sampans propelled by one man who sits in the stern and rows with his feet in a marvellous but seemingly easy manner, while he guides the boat with a paddle in his hand.

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Astor House, Shanghai, China.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21

THE boats arrived at the jettee about three o'clock, but we did not disembark until after eight. About ten E. and I met Mary and went through various silver shops. Here we bought a few little things and a very fine cocktail shaker and glasses as a wedding present for Jack or John. After tiffin Mrs. McCloud joined us and we all went to the native city, or French city as it is sometimes called. Here there are only Chinese people and only Chinese shops. The smells were less active than usual in such places and the whole place alive with interest, our attention being distracted between people, shops, and articles in the shops. We wandered through the garden of one temple and across a zig-zag bridge. I tried continually to steer our course to some curio or old pottery stores, for I had noticed that Mary had a small collection of white vases of all shapes of the kind attributed to the Ming dynasty, and I was very anxious to get her a piece of it, she has been so sweet to us. Finally we arrived in one, and while I was trying to get her to advise me in my choice I noticed the others were doing the same thing. We left one shop intending to come back, but at the next she liked some other pieces very much better and was going to buy them. This would have spoilt everything, so I looked longingly at them and she most unselfishly gave them up. It must have been a severe wrench for her, and it made me feel like a criminal. After leaving the city we left her at some hospital where she goes nearly every day to help the people there, and went back to arrange our little presents so as to surprise her as she came on them

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one by one. However, she spotted them all on her return and really seemed pleased. That evening we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Feron; she was an American, Elsa Burgess by name, I believe. We all played bridge afterwards; naturally I was a good deal of a drawback.

Astor House, Shanghai, China.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22

IN the morning Mother Cary and her three chicks rode out to a not far distant Pagoda along a smooth and tree-guarded road and returned across the fields by many and devious paths. Owing no doubt to indigestion I felt blue, peevish, and disagreeable all day and completely discouraged with life in all its aspects. We drove out to St. John's College so Fellowes could leave a card on Dr. Potts and I could see Pat Barton, who is teaching there. Dr. Potts was out and we did not have time to wait for Barton. We later visited a fur shop and made final arrangements in regard to my Mandarin costume. Our guardian angel presented us each with a silver match box ornamented with a carved dragon, and also gave me a magnificent chain to go with my costume.

In the evening we dined with Mr. Levanson. Dr. and Mrs. McCloud, who is his sister, and Tappan were also there. Mr. Levanson is particularly bright and charming, as is also his sister; Dr. McCloud says not a word. After dinner Mr. McKinnon came in and with the exception of Mr. Levanson and Dr. McCloud we repaired to a Chinese theatre. McKinnon is a remarkable person, one of the best Chinese scholars that has been here in years; he speaks numerous of their many dialects and his voice and gestures when he is

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speaking it are uncanny, they are so exactly like a Chinese. The theatre is new and was not overcrowded, so the air was not in the least bad. The play had to do with a famous high official who before taking up his new duties went about in a Haroun al Raschid fashion, learning the wrongs of the people and incompetence of the officials; and with a great robber who finally gave himself up to the great official and committed suicide, for he had had his fling, and he recognized that the official was really as fine a person as he was reported. There was also a great detective in the play, who feigned madness to escape trying to catch the brigand, and later to save his skin got the brigand to give himself up as a personal favor. The dumb show was very good, and with McKinnon at our elbows we could follow everything. A perfectly fiendish din was produced by the orchestra (?) behind the scenes at frequent intervals during the piece. The scenic effects were much cruder than in Japan, there being few changes of scene; for instance a rag represented water, a divided sheet held up by two stage hands the gate of the (police court), and two chairs on top of each other on which the brigand sat represented a wall, etc. The acting was all excellent, the brigand in particular. The highly painted ladies in the audiences were as good as an ordinary play. As in Japan the women's parts were all taken by men. We went behind the scenes and met the chief actors, but on leaving found that we had committed a breach of etiquette by not pushing back the No. 1 actor who followed us to the door. We went back to Mr. Levanson's for supper.

I have not mentioned the Pidgin English which all the boys and coolies speak here. In Peking we heard little, but here it is universal and to the newcomer

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screamingly funny. It is, however, most expressive and a few words go a long way. For instance, you tell the boy to "catchee one piece beer, chop, chop." He brings it and says "wantchee opie." Or, "Boy, catchee six piece tiffin, Morgan Master not here now, all the same come later." The swill man is the "stinkem chow coolie," a bald-headed man has "no grass topside savvy box." "Have got" used as a question or answer means a number of things, such as have you got any of, or is it ready, etc. "No savvy" is "I do not understand." "Topside" has a variety of meanings and is frequently used. "No. 1" means head, or first class, or something of the sort. I do wish I could remember and put down any number of other words or sentences which are used. "Pidgin" means business and is used in the many different ways that its equivalent is.

S. S. Awa Maru, Eastern Sea.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23

ELLIOT and I rode out with Mary to St. John's College, where we saw Barton for a few minutes. This college is run by Dr. Potts. From what I can gather it is principally attended by more or less wealthy Chinese. The buildings are numerous, large, and fine and more than adequate for the number of students. Yet thousands of dollars are collected in America for its support, while not a cent is given for the hospitals and care of the poor white people who so often are stranded in Shanghai. Hospitals are needed for them and the Chinese far more than a private school like this, which must almost be a paying institution.

After rushing about madly paying bills, packing, etc., Mary, Bob Tappan, and Barton lunched with us

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

at the hotel. Geoffrey Wheelock said good-bye at the jettee, while Bob and Mary came out to the steamer with us. It was very sad leaving, for everyone has been so good to us and I have never met anyone so delightful, charming, and thoroughly nice as Mary Wheelock. We are all her devoted slaves. The fact that the steamer was small and dirty and the passengers impossible looking did not make the farewell any less dismal. It was with heavy hearts we finally watched the tug steam away.

S. S. Awa Maru, Eastern Sea, China.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24

WHAT an awful tub this is. If we open the port holes we freeze; if we close them we suffocate from heat and smell, of which this boat has more than its share. The passengers are not only uninteresting, but disagreeable. For the first time since we started I have felt bored and unhappy. Perhaps if we had not had such a good time in Shanghai and seen such nice people we would not have minded it so much. If I did not have any number of letters to write and books to read it would be even worse. We have had a strong wind sending us on but little sea, thank heaven, or we would roll over.

I forgot to say that on Tuesday we went to a Scotch Ball rehearsal in the afternoon and watched them practising the twosome, foursome, eightsome, and Caledonian reels. They look great fun and when the men have on their kilts it must be a fine sight. We also did a little waltzing.

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S. S. Awa Maru, Eastern Sea.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25

SAME wind, more fog, more smells.

King Edward Hotel, Hong Kong.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26

WE were thankful to be in sight of land this morning about ten o'clock, after having passed a large fleet of small Junks which fairly bounded along under the strong breeze. The entrance to Hong Kong harbor is very beautiful and the harbor itself is magnificent. The city of Victoria, usually known as Hong Kong, is situated on the left side of the harbor as one enters from the west. Miniature peaks rise almost sheer from the water, and on the sides and even on the tops of them the city is situated. From the water all the buildings look like Venetian palaces, and as a matter of fact I was not able to discover a small house there, though on closer inspection they were by no means all palaces. They are all built of stone, brick, or plaster. In the narrow strip between the water and the ridge the principal part of the town lies, though the houses continue thick well up the sides and a number of fine houses are on the ridge itself, which during our stay was hidden most of the time by low hanging clouds. On the other side of the harbor there are some large store-houses and other buildings. The harbor itself held many fair sized steamers, two British cruisers, and numerous smaller fry.

We tried to board a small steamer which was about to sail for the Philippines, but the doctor's manifest had already been made out, so we could not go, very un-

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

fortunately, for we had a miserable time trying to find the people we had letters to, in order to be put up at the large club. It ended by our staying at this large but dismal and dirty hotel.

S. S. Fatshan, Canton, China.

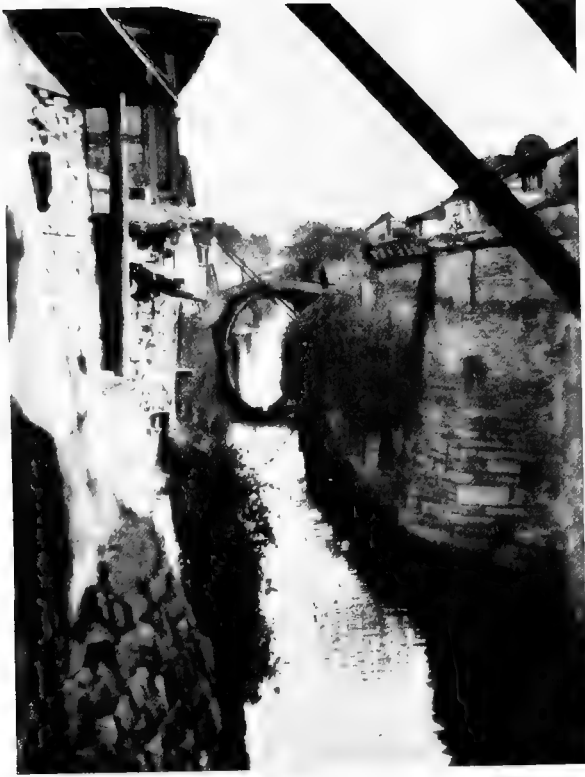
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27

TODAY we were put up at the club and spent the morning reading newspapers there. We lunched at the officers' mess of "The Buffs," or third something or other regiment. The band played before lunch, and the officers were all very nice. In the afternoon we did nothing. In the evening we boarded this nice little craft for Canton.

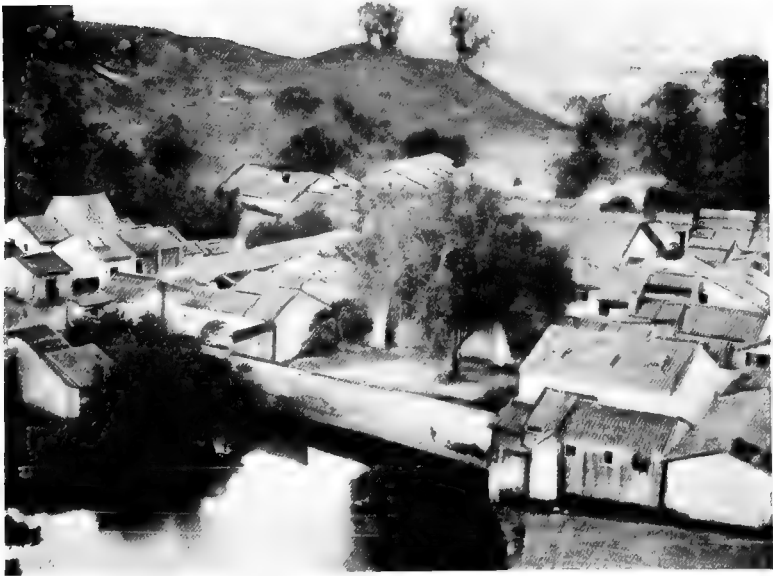
S. S. Fatshan, from Canton.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28

WE were aroused early by the shouting and chatter of the coolies, who swarmed about this boat with their sampans, of which there were hundreds. A guide met us and we stepped into sedan chairs for our first ride in them. Three coolies to each chair. They seemed capable of any amount of exertion, though they were small and unpleasantly skinny. The ride through the streets was most interesting, for Canton is the greatest trading center as well as the largest city in China (5,000,000). There are miles and miles of shops of all sorts, chiefly silk, feathers, furniture, real and imitation jade, ivory, and so on. Everywhere are food stalls, and one does not know whether to wonder most at how all this food can be eaten (on account of the quantity, to say nothing of the quality) or how they can keep on supplying food to the vast hordes that everywhere throng the narrow streets, so picturesque with



A CHAPOO CANAL



THE "CITY OF THE DEAD," CANTON

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

their highly colored wares and signs. Our coolies thought nothing of bumping into people, and the people thought nothing of being bumped. No matter how sudden or how hard the bump, they never seemed surprised or ruffled. We passed a goodly number of mandarins and high-class Chinese in their covered chairs. Our guide took us first to a little store where they set Kingfisher feathers into silver brooches. The result is more unusual and brilliant than lasting or useful, I expect. We also visited silk and ivory stores. In the latter they sell balls of ivory intricately carved out of one piece, with sometimes as many as twenty balls one within the other, and we watched them make imitation jade, weave patterns in silk, etc., but abstained from buying, largely because we had no wherewithal.

We stopped at several temples, one a modern one belonging to the Chan family. This was overloaded and overwrought with carvings, especially on the roofs, which gave it an ungraceful appearance. It seemed designed more for show than beauty. The execution ground which we went to was merely a side street, but if we were here tomorrow we could, if we wanted to, see an execution of thirteen pirates. Another cheerful place we saw was the "City of the Dead." This is a little cluster of houses resting peacefully amidst a clump of trees. The streets are lined with pots of flowers and each house contains the coffins, which in turn contain the remains of some wealthy individual, awaiting a suitable burying spot. I may say that the Chinese coffins are the most artistic in the world. We had tiffin at the Five-storied Pagoda, where we could see how tremendous the city is. From there to the Flowery Pagoda, which, like the Tower of Pisa and the pagoda

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

at Bingoo, has a decided lean, and back to the boat via the foreign settlement, Shameen. The remainder of the time we spent in wandering about and watching the life on the river from the boat. We left about six o'clock. Altogether we had a most interesting time and were sorry to think that it is the last of real China that we will see.

The scenery in China may not be as beautiful, though in some respects it is grand, or it may not be as pleasant in other respects as Japan, but the problem which must be and is all the time being worked out in this gigantic and marvelous country is infinitely more interesting. I cannot see how anyone can think that China will do as Japan did and suddenly blossom forth. It is an entirely different proposition. In Japan there is one language, and as compared with China the people all live in one large town. In China there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of different dialects. People living only a few miles apart cannot understand each other, and there is no means of communication to the many parts of this colossal empire whose people comprise about one-third of the earth's population.

S. S. Tean, China Sea.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29

WE were aroused by the fiendish noise which broke forth on our arrival at the Hong Kong dock. Breakfasted at the Club and then walked about the streets making several purchases. Elliot and Morgan both bought sun helmets, but I did not see any I liked. We had a very hectic time getting this boat, for the hotel guide after promising to wait for us, disappeared with our luggage. However, we took a sampan and found that everything was safely on board. This sampan was an open boat about 20 feet or 25 feet long

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by about $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 feet beam. On this a whole family consisting of four adults and three small children lived.

In an interesting pamphlet by J. Dyer Ball, "Five thousand years of John Chinaman," I discovered among other valuable information how to spell yiu-lo (sculling) and amah (nurse), two words that have been bothering me for some time.

The boat is tiny and loaded down so that she looks as if she would crumple up in the middle or have the smallest ripple wash over her. Besides this, the chairs are few and cattle are moored outside our stateroom; even so, she is clean and seems far more cheerful than that baneful boat the Awa Maru.

We steamed out at six o'clock, leaving behind the city and its newly wooded hills on the one side and the bare wind-swept hills on the other. Hong Kong from the water must be always beautiful, sunset being no exception, but it is at night as we saw it the other night, that it is at its best. It then takes on by virtue of its lights an entrancing and fairylike appearance. The light is as the light of a wonderful gem, clear yet soft, brilliant yet unreal.

S. S. Tean, China Sea. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30

TODAY was clear and bright with a fresh quartering wind. I finished "Peace or War East of Baikal?" by Harrison, a most excellent book, impartial and full of facts, and started in on "A Handbook of the Philippines" by Wright, which is interesting, but a bit too rosy in its view, I should say. The people on board are few, but all seem nice, especially a West Point graduate stationed in the Philippines.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

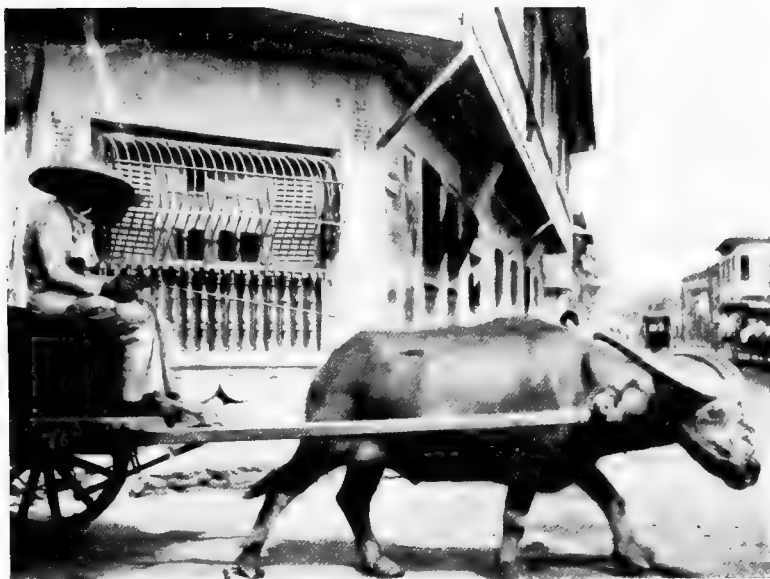
S. S. Tean, China Sea. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1

A SMOOTH sea, a light breeze, and nary a cloud overhead. It is getting decidedly warmer, not to say hot. The flying fish play about all day in the sea, which every minute turns a brighter and more beautiful blue. These fish really fly, it is not a question of leaping; one we watched went at least one hundred and fifty yards. Land appeared about one o'clock, on our port bow. It did not rise far from the sea. I played a little bridge this afternoon. The sunsets this evening and yesterday could not have been done justice to by a Turner.

W. Greene's Bungalow, Pasy, P. I.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1910

WHILE we were still well out in the harbor we were boarded by quarantine doctors and custom officials. This was about seven o'clock. By eight we were in at dock and were delighted to see Ruth, Hugh, Peter Bowditch, and Warwick Greene awaiting us. The custom house gave us no trouble and we went out to breakfast with Ruth. They gave us the choice between staying in Manila at Malacañan, the Governor's Palace, or in a bungalow with Warwick Greene at Pasy, a few miles out with the Minturns and the polo club for next door neighbors. We chose the latter and found the bungalow a delightful place, with matted roof and bamboo floors, and facing the bay, which was only a few yards away. It is open to every zephyr from above, below, and all sides. After breakfast we went to the Ayuntamiento, where the Governor's office is, and where Peter and Hugh work. We met Mr. Forbes and he certainly was awfully nice. A quiet voice,



TRANSPORTATION BY CARABAO, MANILA



TRANSPORTATION BY TROLLEY, ON THE
ESCOLTA, MANILA

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

kindly eyes, a pleasant smile, and great simplicity of manner. They say that he is easily the most able Governor-General they have had and is liked by everyone. Hugh took us about to do various things, such as enquiring into the possibility of a trip through the islands. We met a number of nice men and were put up at the University, Manila, Army and Navy, and Polo Clubs.

The old Spanish City where most of the Governmental business still goes on is surrounded by a fine old wall, black with time. They are leveling off the ground about it and putting in turf, which brings it out splendidly. The streets and buildings are decidedly Spanish. The natives for the most part are in scant but gaudy clothes. The women with their large collars and wide sleeves are distinctly picturesque. Everyone else is in white, except the soldiers in their smart khaki uniforms and helmets (they are a fine looking lot of men). Although the rainy season is supposed to be past, we have had a number of showers all day. We stopped for Warwick, who is head of the Bureau of Public Works, and went out to Pasy for lunch. We went in town again in the afternoon and received some welcome mail from home and a number of *Crimsons*, *Bulletins*; and *Lawn Tennis* magazines.

I watched part of a game of polo in the military tournament. The field is a splendid one, but was heavy from rain. I felt very nervous, as I have for some time now, so took a run on the beach and a swim, which made me feel much better. The water was warm, full of phosphorus and, as I was told afterwards, jelly-fish. We dined with Hugh and went to a dance at Malacañan. Charlotte Hemenway and Eleanor Greene are staying there; also Miss Ellen Emerson. We met

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

a lot of charming people. They all seem to have good stuff in them out here. There are no drones.

W. Greene's Bungalow, Pasy, P. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3

I WENT into town with Ruth and undertook at her request to drive her Hudson while she was at the dentist's but the gears got stuck and it took me half an hour to fix them. I was very much afraid that one of the gears was stripped. The other two went to Engineer Island, which resulted in our being asked to go on a trip through the islands with the Acting Director of the Bureau of Navigation, Mr. Reis. It means that our plans will be upset, but is well worth while. I spent the rest of the time wandering about the city. The Old Santiago Fort is a most picturesque place.

I lunched at Malacañan and went out with Peter to polo in the rain later. I went to bed early, but the other two went to a dance at Fort McKinley, getting back very late or early.

W. Greene's Bungalow, Pasy, P. I.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4

CUT short breakfast to get to the pier at eight o'clock, as we were going out on the Governor's boat the "Polilo," but found we had to wait for his party, which consisted of himself, Mrs. Forbes, Miss Emerson, Eleanor Greene, Charlotte, Capt. Parker his military aide, and Mr. O'Reilly, the superintendent of schools. The day was a glorious one, and we steamed out by many vessels lying at anchor behind the breakwater, into the huge bay and past Corregidor Island, which guards its mouth, to Marivales just beyond, where we anchored. Then getting into glass-bottomed



THE LUNETTA, MANILA



BILIBID PRISON, MANILA

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

boats we started to see what the gardens of the sea were like. I have seldom spent a more fascinating hour, gazing down into this other world alive with fish of exquisite colors and fantastic shapes which roamed about the beautiful and ever changing gardens of corals, sea anemones, waving mosses, and all manner of sea growth of delicate texture and colors. The most remarkable fish were small ones of a celestial blue color. Then there were others hardly less remarkable, of yellow and black, striped or polka dotted, and others with long white streamers on their backs or long slim bills. Also starfish, large and blue.

After a hearty tiffin we all went to sleep for two hours. The wind had freshened so that we did not go to another place as we had intended, but directly back to the pier. The band was playing on the Luneta as we made our way to the University Club. This Luneta is a park just outside the walls, in the center of which the band plays, while the crowds walk about on the grass and countless carriages drive round and round. The constabulary band consists entirely of natives, the leader is a native and a graduate of the Boston Conservatory. I have never heard a better one, and it is supposed to be one of the best in the world. They are all musicians as well as thorough students.

We stopped at the University Club and met some more good fellows. To bed early.

S. S. Basilan, China Sea off Luzon, P. I.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5

I SAW a most beautiful sunrise this morning at which time Warwick started for Baguio. We did some shopping in town and discovered we could get a Spanish mail steamer to Singapore on the twenty-seventh.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

I then wrote letters and watched a good game of polo.

Just after lunch the roof of the swimming tank building caught fire. As it was matted bamboo it started to go quickly, popping like revolver shots. However, they quickly got a fire hose going, and two or three Filipinos climbed up and stamped it out with their bare feet and hands, so only about one quarter of the roof went, instead of the whole building, as one would have thought.

We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Hawthaway. The Forbes party, Dr. Gregg, a brother of Alan and Dick Gregg, a fellow called "Tiny" Williams (six feet four), and several others were there. Hawthaway is personal secretary to Forbes. The circus we went to was good enough fun, especially feeding the elephants with cocoanut pies, sugar cane, oranges, whole bags of peanuts, etc. At twelve o'clock we boarded this craft and found on board besides Mr. Reis and Minturn, Mr. Goodale, the government adviser for railroads, who was on the C. B. & Q. for twenty years, Mr. Strausz, auditor of the Manila Railroad, Mr. Heck of the Bureau of Navigation, Mr. Connor, secretary to Reis, and Captain Thornrov.

We sat up talking for an hour or so and then turned into our canvas cots on the deck. Behind, the propeller churned a broad path of phosphorus. Speaking of phosphorus, Hugh and I went in bathing the other night and I have never seen anything like it; besides that, there were any quantity of fish swimming about our ankles.



WARWICK GREENE'S BUNGALOW AT PASY



THE BASILAN, OFF CALAPAN

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

S. S. Basilan, Sulu Sea, P. I.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6

IT is perfectly fine having this boat belonging to the Coast Guard service all to ourselves. The men are all good fellows. What is more, they have all done something, and though perhaps a little rough, are big-hearted and good-humored. We sit for hours listening to some of their experiences.

About eleven we dropped anchor off Calapan on the island of Mindoro. The palms, bananas, and cocoanut trees, etc., came right down to the edge of the clear water. We landed at a little pier. The party broke up, but all went by different ways or means to the little village. Fellowes, Mr. Heck, and I went to the government building near by and then drove through two miles or more of luxuriant trees to the village. There were numerous native houses or huts, a fine old Spanish wall and fort, two school houses, a barracks for the Filipino volunteers, and several houses of white people. Though the island is about the sixth largest of the archipelago, it has only about forty thousand inhabitants. In the town of Calapan there are about twenty-five Americans.

A siesta after lunch and reading. It rained a few minutes before dinner, but cleared and is now a most beautiful night. We left Calapan about 1:30 P.M. When we were getting into the launch one of the sailors was left, and with terror-stricken face waded out and clambered aboard.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

S. S. Basilan, Ilo Ilo, P. I.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7

DROPPED anchor about eight o'clock off Libas and drove from there to Capiz, a good sized town of about twenty thousand inhabitants. Here were a number of good looking buildings, many made from concrete put up for the most part by the government, a large, fine looking Spanish church, and native buildings of various sorts, mostly resting on the usual props eight or ten feet from the ground.

The beautifully made road and arched concrete bridge, as well as several buildings, show what sort of work the Bureau of Public Works is doing all over the islands. They are using concrete exclusively for building purposes, and in each province have one or more young but experienced engineers in charge. O. D. Filley, a distant cousin of the Harvard crew captain, was looking after the work here; we also met several other nice looking Americans in our two hours stay.

We then boarded a private train consisting of one car divided into first and second class compartments and a very small engine. The gauge of the tract was three feet six inches, and the road has only been open a few weeks. It goes directly south to the Ilo Ilo. Mr. Strausz is auditor of the road. All the agents but one are natives and do extremely satisfactory work. The stations are all made of concrete, and are divided into first, second, and third class, according to the size of the town. The agents sleep in them. The stations are without frills, but are neat and look as if they meant business. Several railroad men went along with us, Mr. Scholes, Goodale's assistant, being one. The train rocked a bit at first, as the road is not yet ballasted,



AN OLD SPANISH CHURCH, CALAPAN



G. P. G., JR., REIS, MINTURN, STRAUSZ, HECK
AND GOODALE, READY TO BOARD OUR
PRIVATE TRAIN AT CAPIZ

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

but when we got on the finished part and hitched up to the regular sized engine we went along smoothly. We passed through many miles of rice country which did not look carefully cultivated. For the most part the country was flat, the line running for many miles over swamp land, which meant costly work laying the road bed. The rivers we crossed were spanned by fine steel bridges. We passed through several showers; one was very violent. We arrived at the terminus just across the river from Ilo Ilo about two thirty. Strausz took us all over the office building and through the machine shops, which look very complete. Nearly all the machinists are Filipinos.

Ilo Ilo is the second or third largest city in the Philippines, and had every appearance of being thoroughly alive. There are several large druggists, the best grocer in the islands, and many other shops. English firms handle nearly all the exportation of cane sugar, etc.

We spent a delightful afternoon at Mr. Robert Reed's, a genial Scotchman who roared; Mr. Sam Murray and two or three others, all of them great fun, were also there. We dined at Strausz's, where West, a Harvard '03 man, one of the Bureau of Public Works Engineers, and George Linden, the greatest little Dutchman I have ever seen, also live. This Linden could make a fortune by acting natural on the stage; Sam Bernard or Joe Cawthorn are not in it. The party lasted fairly late and ended up at the house of Sam Murray, who has been in the Philippines for twenty years. Everyone seemed glad to see us and could not have been nicer to us.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

S. S. Basilan, Ilo Ilo, Panay, P. I.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8

THIS morning we four went with Reis and West to the native market, passing on the way a Spanish cathedral and tower. Every place seems to have one of these, and they are without exception fine looking. But I imagine their beauty was greatly enhanced when their roofs were of red tiles, instead of corrugated tin, as so many are at present. The market was crowded and gay with brightly-clad people. Six or seven interesting streets were lined with shops. One street was given over to tobacco, another to gay clothes, another to beans, rice, dye woods, sugar cane, and so on. The Filipinos seem very cleanly as to their persons, washing their bodies and clothes frequently, but their chow (food) seems a bit unsanitary to say the least.

We lunched with Mr. Sam Murray; there were about sixteen men there; everyone knocked off work for the occasion. All of our party were there. Among the others were Robert Reed, West, Colonel Ham a Yale man, who graduated about seventeen years ago and hardly looks thirty, Barclay another Yale man, a nice young Scotchman named Hueston, Ceirns the head of the customs here, the only man whom I did not like (no one else seemed to be keen about him either), and Judge Powell of Georgia, a great big man with the most fascinating southern drawl. He looked the good old Southern judge all over. The lunch was great fun and slow in breaking up. Hugh and I took a siesta, joining the others at Judge Powell's at about five thirty. Here a mint julep party was in progress and the judge as a mixer was right in his element. The juleps certainly were delicious. I never knew what a real one



A MARKET SCENE NEAR ILO ILO



A MARKET STUDY, ILO ILO

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

tasted like before. Fellowes and Elliot made a great hit, as usual, singing their close agony songs. From here we went with Reis to dine at Mr. Hodsol's, an Englishman's; a fellow called Brown was there, who looked about twenty-two and was thirty-one. Certainly the men out here look young for their years, though they have responsibilities put on their shoulders much sooner than at home. They say, however, that as soon as a man here begins to age he does so very rapidly. After Hodsol's we stopped at the club for a few minutes and then boarded the boat.

There seem to be two camps in the Ilo Ilo who have very little to do with each other, and so far as I can make out it is the Scotch against the English with the Americans divided in favor of the Scotch. We saw some of both, and certainly the Scotch are far more good-hearted and natural. I have noticed that in the Far East the Scotch, of whom there are a great number, very often go about with Americans rather than with the English.

S. S. Basilan, off Negros Island, P. I.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9

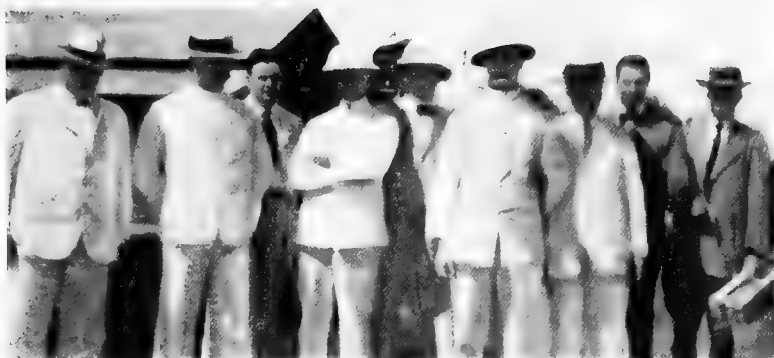
WE left Ilo Ilo shortly after ten. Before going called on Murray and Reed to say good-bye, whereupon they came down to the boat to see us off. On the dock we found also Ham, Scholes, and five or six others awaiting us with the same purpose. So we sat down and all hands had a farewell drink. Good old Murray and Reed waited for half an hour while we were turning around in the river to wave good-bye. After such a delightful time I think we all felt that we were leaving old friends. About noon we stopped at a group of seven little islands hardly more than tree

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

covered rocks, on the largest of which was a lighthouse. These islands are known as the "Siete Pecados" (Seven Sins). Mr. Reis made a short inspection, and then we were on our way again. After a short siesta we arrived at Bacolod, the capital of Occidental Negros. Just before we went ashore in the launch several proas crossed our bow, going anywhere between nine and thirteen miles an hour. These boats are long, very narrow and deep, with really beautiful lines. On each side they have bamboo outriggers to prevent their going over. They carry a good sized sail, and if it is blowing hard, a man stands out on the windward outrigger; if it blows harder, two, and so on until it blows so hard that they have to take in their sail altogether. Thus they speak of a one or two man breeze, instead of a one or a two reef breeze.

We could not get near enough to the shore in a launch to land, so were carried by the natives. They preferred to have us sit astride one shoulder instead of on both. Throughout the islands the women carry their children on the side of their hip instead of on their back or in their arms. Reis was treasurer at Bacolod for over a year, and at one time was acting-governor. We visited the government buildings, met the governor, a Filipino, and several Americans, one of whom, Captain Bowen, of the Constabulary, married a Filipina.

We drove to a sugar mill about two miles out. The crusher was not working, but we saw them boiling the juice and pouring it from one cauldron to another, each one hotter than the one before. We tasted a bit of the sugar, but were sorry we did, when a minute later we saw one of the barefooted workmen walk across it in his bare feet. Little or no sugar is refined in the Philippines; it is sent to Hong Kong, refined, subjected



GOODALE, REIS, MORGAN, MURRAY, GARDNER,
—, —, MINTURN, SCHOLES, ILO ILO



E. C. B. WATCHING A COCK-FIGHT, JOLO

AN UNDIGESTED · JOURNAL

to duty, and sold again in the Philippines. There are no first class sugar mills. An Hawaiian sugar owner told us he had never seen a much more primitive process than in this mill and that the result was not even as good as the worst or fifth grade Hawaiian sugar. There everything is boiled in a vacuum, so none of the sucrose or valuable part is lost. We stopped at the club for a few minutes, where we found about twenty Americans, all seemingly very good chaps.

It was nearly dark when we left; a bright white cloud encircled the white two towered church and made a most beautiful picture.

I forgot to say that I saw a Negrita today; her hair was curly, standing out straight for about five inches all over her head; her face was black, and stature small. The Negritos are a race of almost pigmies, very wild, living almost like animals, usually in the mountains. Right back of Bacolod are several mountains, one a volcano over eight thousand feet high.

S. S. Basilan, Sulu Sea, P. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10

TODAY we did not touch at any port, but steamed straight for Jolo. I read and played Rum (a game of cards) with Hugh.

As I have mentioned before, this boat is most delightful. The canvas cots covered with a small mattress are as comfortable as any bed I have ever slept on. The food is good, and plenty of it, almost too much. The captain is a corker, and has one of the biggest chests I have ever seen. Mr. Heck is quiet, but evidently knows engineering down to the ground. Reis' secretary is a nice quiet chap. Mr. Reis himself, though no beauty, is strong as an ox, most entertain-

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

ing, very able, and has been and done everything there is, including fighting in Cuba and Peking. He has been exceedingly kind to us and we all like him immensely.

S. S. Basilan, Isabela Strait, Basilan, P. I.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11

ARRIVED at Jolo early this morning and all hands took a swim before breakfast. A number of natives paddled about in their little vintas (boats), which have even more beautiful lines than the Filipino bancas. They are really marvels and slip through the water like eels. Four or five children get in a small vinta until there is only about an inch of freeboard left and with shining white teeth signal you to toss coins for them to dive for. We found Jolo the hottest and by far the most attractive place we have yet stopped at, but I imagine it is dismal living there.

More tropical than the other places we have seen, the little walled city is neatly kept. Within the walls the Moros are not allowed to carry their bolos or krisses, outside they are never separated from them. We walked outside the gates to the little market, which was a motley conglomeration of colors, people, and smells. Moros, Chinese, Filipinos, Negroes, Japanese, and Arabians jostled each other. The dress of the Moros, who look you fearlessly in the eye, is various and gay, but withal picturesque. Turbans, fezzes, and scarfs do for headdresses. Short toreador-like jackets and tight breeches or gay colored shirts and bright colored wide trousers with broad belts seem the favorite styles of dress, while bare feet are universal, even among the native soldiery. We went out on a rickety pier which was lined with little Chinese shops and where



MORO TYPES, JOLO



HEMP DRYING, JOLO

AN UNDIGESTED JOURNAL

the drying copra was not pleasing to the nostrils. In fact, everywhere in the town the Chinese seemed to own all the shops and nine times out of ten to do the work. Down a pretty avenue we came upon a monument erected to the governor who had practically stopped Moros from going Juramentado (a fanatic state in which they bind themselves tightly with strings so they will not bleed to death and then set about killing all the unbelievers they can). He accomplished this by having his gunboats go Juramentado every time a Moro did.

We met Governor Reed, who is doing great work and Mr. Fee, head of the customs.

We steamed out at about ten o'clock and got a good view of Bud Dajo hill, where Wood surrounded and killed the warlike Moros who had for so long caused trouble.

By five-thirty we had anchored in Isabela Strait, off the town of Isabela on the island of Basilan. This was a most attractive anchorage between two islands where the luxuriant trees came down to the water's edge. Cocoanuts, bananas, flame trees, and mangoes predominated. There is a military post and a naval hospital on Isabela. The officer in command and a doctor came out to see us in a little vinta which Morgan and I went ashore in, while the others went in the launch. Of course we were so heavy that it sank way down, but it was perfectly steady. We wandered about the streets and up a pretty avenue of flame trees to the picturesque old Spanish fort, and then as it was nearly dark went back to the boat for chow.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

Flagship Basilan, off Mindanao, P. I.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 12

CAPTAIN THORNROV and I got up at daybreak and went off with three of the crew after cocoanuts. The trees all have footholds chopped in them. We let the native sailors go up, which they did fairly cleverly. The notches are far apart and they have to draw their knees way up to their ears to reach the next one, and sometimes cling with their toes. We were watching them do this when suddenly we looked about and found a Moro glaring at us. The captain spoke to him and appeased him by giving him some money. He afterwards said that he was afraid the Moro had a bolo, but I being ignorant did not think of this and only thought the fellow very emaciated and consumptive looking.

By nine o'clock we were in Zamboanga, the capital of the Moro province on the island of Mindanao. Here a recent flood had destroyed the sea wall and damaged the fine roads in several places. We went into the government offices — a large building on the water front and met the treasurer of the province, Mr. Wilson. Then we took automobiles through beautiful avenues, intending to go to Caldera Bay, but found a bridge washed away. On the way back we stopped at the prison, which we did not get into, but watched the convicts working at various trades. We lunched aboard the boat and then the captain, Morgan, and I wandered about the town, which was attractive, clean, and comfortable looking. We saw the American soldiers at guard mount. I forgot to say that at Isabela we saw the Moro Constabulary go through various building-up exercises. We were off again at two



A MORO MAN-OF-WAR, JOLO



MORO VINTAS, JOLO

*Notice in both pictures how fine the lines
of these boats are*



READY TO DIVE FOR COPPERS, JOLO



A STUDY IN BRONZE, JOLO

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and stopped at Caldera Bay, where there is going to be a coaling station. We were able to run within a few feet of the shore, though the country round about was very low and flat. There was a huge cocoanut grove which, if owned by one company, would be very remunerative. There was also a government experimental farm. We struck a good sized swell after this, but were all able to eat a hearty dinner.

S. S. Basilan, Bais, Oriental Negros, P. I.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13

WE steamed along the coast of Negros, which was very beautiful, with good sized mountains covered with light and dark green growth. About twelve o'clock we dropped anchor in Bais harbor, which is nearly land locked. After tiffin, Hugh, Heck, Connor, and I started for shore in the launch; we got aground when near the village, so Hugh and I returned, while the other two went ashore in a banca, as Heck had to make some observations. I spent the afternoon reading the Philippine Census, which contains much information in regard to the islands.

We are going to lie here until about eleven o'clock and then start for Cebu.

S. S. Basilan, Cebu, Cebu Is., P. I.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14

MADE fast to the pier about seven-thirty and had breakfast. There is a fine concrete wall along the water front, to which a number of large steamers could easily tie; in fact, while we were there we saw at least six other boats varying in size from a tug to the "Zafiro," the largest boat plying between Hong Kong and Manila. Several people came aboard, among

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

them Mr. Rafferty, who appears to be and evidently is more or less of a stuffed shirt. He and Ceirns, both collectors of customs, are the only two fellows I have met out here whom I have taken a dislike to. He was making up to Hugh all the time when he heard that he was the Governor's secretary. The others went off while I was writing, to look about the town. As it was very hot I took only a short walk about the streets and returned to the boat. Cebu seems much more commercially alive than Ilo Ilo and gives promise of becoming a very important place. After lunch, or about three o'clock, we went with Mr. Jones, Superintendent of the Philippine R. R. Co., for a ride on the line. We had a private car and went as far as Danao, a distance of about twenty miles. The road in all covers about sixty-two miles. This has been running longer than the Capiz line, and consequently we were able to make better time. We had the bay on one side and a range of high hills, looking much like Chinese mountains, on the other. The country looked very fertile and was fairly well cultivated. We passed through one large grove of nepa trees. A beautiful road made from coral, smooth and firm, with fine strong bridges, runs nearby the railroad. I have never seen a better constructed road (some of West's work), and the scenery along it would be hard to improve on. We dined that night with Mr. Jones, Rafferty, a Mr. Turk, and two Englishmen, Walker and Taggart; the latter was more or less of an ass. They had a couple of native musicians for an orchestra and we had a pretty good time.

There is an excellent but rather arbitrary law in Cebu and other places, which imposes a fine on the drivers of caraboa carts if their beasts soil the road. Consequently the natives have receptacles hung in a



A STREET IN JOLO



A PALM GROVE, ZAMBOANGA

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handy position. Besides keeping the streets clean, this has the additional advantage that the fertilizer will be more effectively utilized.

S. S. Basilan, off Leyte Is., P. I.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15

THIS morning we hired two rigs and drove along the beautiful road from Cebu to Toledo, though we were unable to get as far as that. It was a most interesting and beautiful ride. The natives, Visayans, are the best looking lot of Filipinos I have seen. Strong, with rather fine faces. The women seemed to be doing as much if not more work than the men, carrying loads on their head varying in size from an apple to a huge basket of soiled clothes. Speaking of soiled clothes, the people here, as well as elsewhere we have been, with the possible exception of Jolo, seem to keep their bodies and clothes scrupulously clean. At every little stream one sees the women washing their clothes by beating them resounding whacks with sticks, or immersing themselves clothes and all in the water. Along this road the houses and grounds about them seemed cleaner and neater than usual. The houses, consisting of one room, rest here, as elsewhere, on four uprights, and in this room a family of eight and ten sleep, eat, and to a certain extent live. Many of the natives we met were carrying some of John D.'s cans full of tuba, a juice taken from the buds of a cocoanut tree and highly prized as a drink by the natives. The road to Toledo is a splendid piece of engineering. After we had followed its windings along the side of steep hills for some time we turned back. On the way I saw the only really good looking Filipina I have seen, though many of them are nice looking.

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We pulled out about twelve-thirty, coasted along the shores of Cebu Island, and reached Capitancello light just before dark. This is a tiny flat island of coral and sand on which they have put a concrete top. On it there is a high iron tower and two concrete buildings. We were able to run our bow right into a little sandspit, for just off it were many fathoms of water. We went ashore, climbed the tower, looked at the revolving light, etc. E. and I took a swim.

S. S. Basilan, off Samar Is., P. I.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16

LAST night we passed through Biliran Strait, between Leyte and Biliran, so narrow that one could easily heave a stone across. Unfortunately the captain forgot to wake me, so I did not see it. All the others stayed up. However, I woke up shortly after, and watched us take water from Gami Point on Biliran Island. We stopped the boat about fifty yards from shore, then took two lines, one bow and one stern, ashore, which were made fast to trees. These were taken up by the winches until we were only about twenty-five yards from shore, then a hose was taken ashore attached to a pipe running from a barrel which acted as a reservoir for the little waterfall that plunged into the water. That was all there was to it. Captain Thornrovo found this place about seven years ago; it is staked off as government property and ships can get water there free, which saves many thousands of dollars. The moon was nearly full last night and was very beautiful, shining directly on our wake.

By early morning we were in Tacloban on the island of Leyte. Here there were a few nearly broken down piers, a couple of steamers, and a good sized village.

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We went ashore, visited the government building, and took a short drive, but found the road had been wrecked in many places by the typhoon. They had carts there resembling the Peking carts, but much larger and roofed with nepa. I have not seen similar carts on any of the other islands. We visited the government building and jail, and then pulled out. I felt pretty mean all day, having a little fever, probably on account of my stomach.

From Tacloban we steamed through the beautiful Juanico Strait. This was indeed more beautiful than the Inland Sea of Japan. For there were many small islands rising sharp out of the water like miniature mountains and covered with most deliciously luxuriant growth, and sometimes a long spit of white sand ran out from a clump of cocoanut palms. Heretofore I have thought the Inland Sea more beautiful than these archipelago, except when one is very close to the islands and can see the tropical growth, but this little bit equaled, if it did not surpass it in general effect.

Soon after lunch we were lying off Catbalogan. The others went ashore, but as I did not feel well I stayed on board. Another one of the Bureau of Navigation boats, the Rizal, was in the harbor. It rained furiously part of the afternoon. Before dinner the captain of the Rizal, Dr. somebody, and the local treasurer came on board. I ate no dinner and went to bed early.

S. S. Basilan, off Luzon Is., P. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17

WE had intended going through the San Bernardino Straits to Legaspi on the southeast coast of Luzon and to Batan Island nearby, where there is a good sized coal mine. However, the captain found that the straits,

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which are open to the Pacific, were so rough that it would have been foolish to try. It rained and stormed all night and most of the morning.

I still felt seedy and had a little cold, so ate no breakfast. It cleared a little, so we went ashore at Sorsogon about ten o'clock. There is a half finished pier there running way out into the shallow water, the work of the Spanish, I believe. We met Captain Campbell of the Constabulary, and he took us to their quarters, which were in attractive grounds commanding a fine view of the bay. One poor fellow was rapidly dying of rheumatism of the heart. We went up to a huge building, High School and Government building combined, which cost many thousand pesos more than it should have, on account of frills and poor design. A trade school was nearby, where the pupils had succeeded in ruining some good machinery. We pulled out about noon. Had some tea and toast for lunch, and soup and toast for dinner. Finished the Philippine Census, four volumes, which contain a lot of reliable information, and also read "The Tragedy of Korea," by Mackenzie, which shows in a convincing way what the Japanese have done in Korea.

Warwick Greene's Bungalow, Pasy, P. I.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18

SORRY to think that our trip will be over tonight, for we are now headed direct for Manila and will be in two days earlier than we expected, on account of the northeast monsoon, which turned us back in the San Bernardino Straits and pursued us most of yesterday. It was pretty rugged last night, and as my stomach was empty, I only saved myself by climbing into bed early. It might have been a good thing if I



THE WORK OF A TYPHOON, CEBU



OUR PARTY LANDING AT BACOLOD

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had stayed up, for though better, I do not feel up to the mark yet. Before breakfast we went through a narrow strait between the little island of Maracaban and Luzon. It was as somebody vulgarly, but graphically, remarked only a half a spit across. We stopped at Mariveles quarantine station, which is at the entrance to Manila Bay, to leave a boiler. The Mariveles Quarry is further along on a large point of solid rock, but the army have stopped people taking rock away from there, as they say there will not be enough for them, though in all probability there is an almost limitless quantity.

We arrived at Manila about five, Ruth coming out in the launch to meet us. I am feeling better tonight, but far from top form.

W. Greene's Bungalow, Pasy, P. I.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 19

FEELING better myself, but am worried about Fellowes; he was not feeling well this morning, after lunch he looked flushed, and this evening he is in bed with what I think must be a high temperature.

We all went in with Ruth this morning to do some shopping and to see the trade shops at Bilibid. However, doing our errands we got split up, and when Ruth and I arrived at Bilibid we found that the prisoners were going to lunch. I went out to Pasy with Warwick and Mr. Wilson, the head of the Bureau of Public Lands, who came to lunch. About three I went into town with him, and did a bit of shopping, or tried to, and then went to Bilibid. Bilibid prison is without question one of the finest in the world. It covers an area of about seventeen acres, on which there are about fifty buildings. There are about five thousand pris-

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oners. Usually there are only about three thousand actually there, for they have about twelve hundred working on the fortifications of Corregidor, two hundred or three hundred at work on the roads in Baguio, and there are some eight hundred at the Iwahig Penal Colony. Only those whose good behavior has earned them the privilege are allowed to go to the Penal Colony, where they are entirely without guard and to a great extent manage the colony themselves. In Baguio also they are without guard, and it is a fact that they have had only one case of attempted escape since this policy was adopted. They are all long term prisoners, but if their behavior is good while at work in Baguio they are released at the end of ten years.

At Bilibid all the guard duty is done from elevated walls, which connect all parts of the prison. This is to prevent assault. There are also eight gatling guns at various vantage points, but it has only been necessary to use one of these once.

When I arrived the Assistant Director took me along one of the raised walls to a small rotunda in the center of the grounds, from which the buildings radiate. An excellent prison band was playing while the other prisoners went through various manoeuvres. When this was over they all bared their heads and stood at attention while the band played the Star Spangled Banner. I confess this brought a lump to my throat, especially to see the twenty-five or thirty white prisoners, who were a pathetic looking lot. A moment later the prisoners began going through some calisthenic exercises while the band played various tunes, among them "Hit the Line for Harvard."

Retreat was ended by the squads filing by to receive their supper and carry it to their dormitories. This

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distribution was accomplished in seven minutes. The whole thing was mightily impressive.

Warwick Greene's Bungalow, Pasy, P. I.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20

ELLIOT and I were up early taking the seven o'clock launch to Corregidor. Fellowes stayed in bed, as he was still feeling badly, and it turned out he has dengue fever, which is most disagreeable, though not at all dangerous and of only short duration.

The trip out was tedious, taking nearly four hours, and we arrived only to find that the trolley to the top had just gone and we would have to wait. They are very strict about allowing people to land, everyone must have special written permission. The island is entirely given up to military work, even the little native village contains only those connected in some way with the work. Fortifications are being built in all parts of the islands. We walked up the road for some distance, but had the good fortune to be able to jump on one of the cable cars carrying coal right up to the highest peak, which is very steep. We found headquarters, handed out a letter to Major Hearn, who asked us to tiffin and meanwhile delegated Captain Patterson to show us about, which he did admirably. There are about twenty miles of road going to all parts of the small but high island which, along with the little island of Carabao and a still smaller one which is being converted into a concrete battleship, guards the entrance to Manila Bay. On Corregidor there were several large twelve inch guns, six in all, I believe, but more of these and still larger ones are to be added, as the work is not nearly complete, a number of incompletd smaller batteries and trenches along the shore,

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and three or more mortar batteries, also incompletd, of eight guns each, four in a pit. What interested me most was the way in which they paint the large disappearing guns so as to blend with the background, by wide squirls of brown, light blue, green, etc. There is a harbor there which, if a sea wall were built on one side, would make an admirable place for a naval base. In time they may do this; meanwhile, owing to bickering between naval and military authorities, because the navy want to be entirely free from military interference, much money has been spent at Cavite in Manila Bay and has been and still is being spent at Subig Bay for naval purposes, though each of these places is quite vulnerable from land attack. It is a pity not to have more of a fleet in the Pacific. If they would only send out some of the older battleships which are still effective, they would be of vast importance. For in case of a war with Japan they could lie under the protection of Corregidor. The Japanese fleet could not ignore them, for they would be able to do a vast amount of damage, unless an adequate fleet was left to control them, and if this fleet were left, it would greatly weaken the Japanese main fleet.

We had a nice luncheon at Major Hearn's and returned about three by one of the military launches, which was going to Manila.

Greene's Bungalow, Pasy, P. I.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21

FELLOWES is much better, but still has a little fever. E. and I went with Ruth to Bilibid to see the men at work in the shops. Colonel Dorrington, the Assistant Director, a most delightful person, took us about. We first visited the large, well kept hospital,

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built entirely by prison labor. There were several hundred patients, mostly tubercular, over whom one matron, Mrs. Little, had entire charge. She is one of the nicest looking women I have ever seen, and it is remarkable to think that she does the whole thing with only prisoners for assistants. Everything looked spotlessly clean and up to date. From there we went to the workshops, passing by the death cells, where we saw the pathetic creatures whose ends were not far off walking about in their little yard. There was one white man among them, whose case is on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. A much more cheerful sight was the school, which is perhaps the most unique feature of this unique place. Everyone must attend school an allotted amount of time each day. They have night school for those who cannot attend during the day. These classes are taught by other prisoners, whose learning in nearly every case has been obtained in the same way. We arrived while an English course was in progress. The instructors spoke correct English and were evidently eager to instil their knowledge into the others, who on their side did not appear reluctant.

The more intelligent and better behaved prisoners are given their choice of trade; this is to make them more interested in their work, and from what we saw it succeeded in its purpose. We first went into the carpentry shop, where they can make anything to order. They were for the most part at work on chairs and tables made from the beautiful Philippine hardwoods. There was in the embryo a large round table of nara wood, which was to have a wide border of camagan. Its future destination is Harvard University. The various hardwoods surpass anything I have ever seen and take on

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a splendid natural polish. The grain is particularly fine. Leaving the carpenters we went to the wickerware shop, where chairs, lounges, tables, etc., were being skilfully and rapidly made. The silversmithing was most interesting. They beat out the silver by hand and make any number of articles, which I thought were more skilfully done than artistically designed. The laundry was large and extremely up to date; washing is done here for many Manila residents. The kitchen in no way falls behind the laundry. Here everything is done by steam. Finally we visited the blacksmithing shop, where they make carriages, repair motors, etc.

The whole thing is very wonderful, and after seeing it one does not wonder that men after leaving Bilibid receive very good positions in the trade they have learned. I wonder if a prison after this model would be successful at home. I hope it would.

Reis came to lunch and directly after we went with Warwick to visit the waterworks at Montalban in Marachina Valley. The roads made by the provincial governments were invariably bad, while those under control of the B. P. W. were all good, due to the fact that the former are not kept up, while the latter are constantly being repaired. One man has charge of every kilometer or so of road. We passed through a number of barrios, continually missing dogs by inches, and frequently bowling over chickens which never seemed the worse for it. Nobody seemed to work very hard, and usually the men were standing or seated with their precious fighting cocks under their arms, nursing them like babies. In one barrio we noticed that the people were of an entirely different type and much blacker than their neighbors round the corner, which is



THE MARKET, BAGUIO



A FILIPINA

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accounted for by the fact that a troop of Sepoys were quartered there the latter part of the eighteenth century, during the English occupation.

When the roads went no further we walked along the back of a rock-covered stream on each side of which were high wooded bluffs. Between these was a good sized dam, over which the water was falling rapidly, and behind it a fair sized lake. From here through a large pipe Manila receives ample water for all her needs.

The ride back was through a narrow rice valley. A branch railroad runs through it, but the haul is too short and the country tapped too scant to warrant it. However, the yellow fields, with an occasional red garbed peasant standing like a poppy in a field of wheat, were a pleasing sight to the eye. I went to bed early, as we are off for Baguio tomorrow. Fellowes is much better, but the doctor thinks that he should not go up, at least at present.

Baguio School, Baguio, P. I.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22

UP at the crack o' dawn and on board a six something train. First class was full, but we had second to ourselves. From then until about three we did not eat mouthfuls of dust and cinders, but shovels full and withal we only accomplished about one hundred and forty miles. The stations were not as neat or well made as on the other lines we have seen, no doubt because this line is not subsidized, nor does it need to be, for it pays well. There were about ten coaches, counting of course the small freight cars on our train. Secretary Elliot of the Department of Commerce and Police, Warwick's boss, was on board with his family. He did not look like a man of a great deal of force or

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ability. We arrived at Dagupan about two o'clock and then continued after changing cars to Camp One. Here we climbed into automobiles. There were several Stanleys holding about nine persons, but went up in a six-cylinder, seventy horsepower Thomas. Warwick was at the wheel and E. and I took turns on the step, to make room for the Elliot family and their friend the Doctor. The whole fare from Manila to Baguio is about nineteen pesos. The Benguet road over which we went is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful as regards scenery and remarkable as regards engineering that there is. It cost a fortune to build and costs a large sum to keep up, as typhoons play havoc with it. At such times the river has risen to a height of forty or fifty feet, and carried away bridges and washed out the road, etc. The road has a splendid surface, but is narrow, and owing to its many windings will have to be run on a block system when the traffic is greater. It follows along the course of a river, which, though harmless looking, at this time of the year, as it washes quietly by huge boulders, through a gravelly bed, is demoniacal when swollen. The road at times seems to be plastered to the side of high cliffs and at others is cut into the sides, and rocks hang over and seem to bar further progress. In a short while we were leaving the tropics behind and entering a temperate clime. Pines soon began to cover the rugged cliffs across the river and the scenery to rival if not outdo the mountain districts of Japan. It is a steady climb, the road rising five thousand feet in twenty-two miles, but the powerful car made it seem as if we were on a level road. At the bottom of the zig-zag which terminates the journey in a burst of glory, we refilled the radiator. Up and up we went, first going one direction then another,

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until we were near the top and were able to see the valley below the mountains beyond, and the white road whose turnings would break the most supple snake's back. Then we were in Baguio, the city on the hills. Houses and bungalows are scattered over and on various hills and here and there little groups of houses give the appearance of a young western mining village. We stopped at the B. P. W. garage, where they repair and make over their eighteen motors. Stanleys, Buicks, Thomases, Whites, and Hewitts, staunch cars every one to make that climb. We took the Elliots to the Governor General's official residence. It is rather a hideous house with a magnificent view of mountains below. The Governor has his own house, Topside, which commands an even finer panorama. There are roads everywhere, and where there are not there are bridle trails. Both are built by the Igorrotes. These people are always clad in a G-string and occasionally a coat or blanket is added. Their black hair, often long, is bound about their heads with a white band, à la American Indian. Shy black little fellows they are. The convicts also make roads. They work here without guard and do not attempt to escape, for after ten years they go free, and meanwhile they are well cared for. We are staying at Baguio school, a sort of Groton baby founded by Bishop Brent. Remsen Ogilby, an ex-Groton master, is at its head. There are about thirteen boys, varying in age from about ten to sixteen. The building is long, low, and well managed. It is a bungalow and contains among other things a dormitory with comfortable and welcome beds.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

Mt. St. Thomas, Benguet, P. I.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23

WE were aroused by a bugle, which bugle, by the way, is blown all too often and too raucously at other besides the appointed times. Warwick then took us about Baguio in a new white gasoline truck, on which his new system of water supply did not work very well. After stopping at the Elliots' we made our way to Topside and found the view from there all that it is reputed to be, and the low house far more attractive than the official residence. Then along with the "Topside" crowd we piled into a big Stanley and made our way through the village, to pay a call on some people called Woods. After a brief call there we made our way to the foot of the Jesuit rest house, which commands a splendid view of one of the hills at one end of the town. We climbed up, saw Lingayen Bay, and looked at the various observatory instruments. It was then time to lunch at Topside, for we had to be ready at two o'clock to start for the top of Mt. Sto. Thomas, the highest mountain in the neighborhood, at two o'clock. Peter, Warwick, Ell. and I chose to walk, the rest, which consisted of the "Topsiders," Governor and Mrs. Eckman of Benguet Province, Miss Bridges, and two Constabulary officers, rode. The climb is a good twelve miles. We arrived sometime before the riders, and whereas we were warm ourselves and whereas we found the air cold, we wrapped blankets about us and regaled ourselves with hot toddy. I have not said anything of the view on the way up, because a heavy mist prevented anything but an occasional vista being seen. We ate a rough but welcome supper and then sat about the fire,

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before lying down to sleep in the four roomed hut. The lying down was easier than the sleeping, for the two blankets did not feel quite adequate. This, combined with the snores of Bowditch and Bacon, the angle of our so-called beds, and the long continued excited prattle of the ladies of the party, succeeding in checking the advances of Morpheus for some time.

Baguio School, Baguio, P. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24

EVERYONE was up before daylight and made the five minute climb to the top to see the sun rise. I must say it was well worth shivering for. We saw it gradually creep above the mountain range not far distant, and then burst through the clouds. As it rose higher we obtained a splendid view of Baguio lying far below, and the white narrow Benguet road twisting along the hillside. Then beyond in a big semicircle was a range of mountains over which white clouds lay like surf dashing against and breaking over a wall of sturdy rocks. On the other side we could see in the distance Manila Bay, Mt. Aryat, and Mariveles. Between Manila Bay and Lingayen Gulf there was flat country covered with a network of small rivers, while between us and Lingayen Gulf were barren irregular hills which looked exactly like mountains as shown on a relief map. Soon after breakfast we started down. Warwick and Elliot dashed ahead, making the descent in record time. Peter and I took things in a more leisurely manner. Even so I was powerful weary and footsore at the end. This time we had delightful views all the way down the trail, and were able to see clearly the various kinds of trees and plants

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

which made us wish we knew more about them. We were back at the school in time for tiffin and found three Englishmen, Brown, Herridge, and somebody else, also staying there. The afternoon and evening I passed in sleeping, reading, and writing.

Baguio School, Baguio, P. I.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25

IT seemed strange to have a Christmas Day so temperate. Warwick seemed pleased with the coffee spoons we gave him and E. with the vest buttons I gave him. I am awfully sorry that Fellowes is not up here.

We watched the five or six boys who remained at school open their stockings and then headed for church. On the way we looked at the many little cottages the Government is running up, the cluster of government buildings which are in use during the hot season, and stopped at a little store where they have Igorrote spears, pipes, and carved figures for sale. These last are delightfully naïve and have a decided archaic look about them, as if they came from Egypt or Assyria. The market was also on the way. Here live dogs are more in evidence than anything else. They are highly prized by the Igorrotes for eating purposes, and strange to say, the lean ones command the highest price. It was rather a pathetic sight to see these animals being led off to grace the Christmas feasts. But one cannot help smiling to think of a young Igorrote boy, to the delight of admiring relations, arising to recite "When Father Carves the Cur." They say that many ceremonies attend such feasts and that the dogs are well fed with rice to obviate the bother of stuffing them later and that they are beaten alive, instead of being pounded



THREE IGORROTES



IGORROTES BRINGING HOME THEIR
CHRISTMAS DINNER, BAGUIO

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later. But the dogs by no means monopolized the interest of the market place. For here were gathered Americans, Englishmen, Negroes, Japanese, Chinese, Sikhs, Filipinos, and Igorrotes, each one in native dress or a queer combination of other peoples'. The Igorrotes are fine little people, short, but lithe, strong, broad chested and square shouldered. The women, who carry large baskets on their backs, held in place by a band about their head, no less than the men. The men dispense with trousers, wearing a G-string and one wishes that so many (thanks to the ever interfering missionary) had not adopted European coats of various patterns. The women have long straight black hair, bound with a white or bright colored fillet, and wear bright and many colored shawls wrapped tightly about their waist as skirts and something of the same sort as waists. They move with a free graceful step and have large wide eyes which look at you in the same surprised questioning way as those of a deer.

Filipinas also walked about in their stately way, with wide starched collars and sleeves. The more civilized of the Filipinos and Igorrotes men wore every conceivable combination of clothes.

After taking a number of snapshots we made our way up a hill to a little church. Here were gathered ten or twelve Americans, a Japanese girl in European dress, a Filipina in light native attire, accompanied by two beaus looking uncomfortable in their white suits and patent leather shoes, a pew full of Igorrote boys in G-strings and khaki coats, except for one who was clad in a duck suit, flaming necktie, and a jaunty straw hat on which was a red, white, and blue hat band. — I noticed as the service went on he became more and more hot and uncomfortable. Finally a choir of little

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Igorrote girls clad in bright colored native dress and looking very angelic and cunning, though a trifle barbaric. The climax was reached when one of the aforementioned Igorrote gentry arose "sans panties" and passed the plate. We lunched at Topside and afterwards played in a baseball game against the soldiers. The large polo field made a fine ball ground. Gardner was prevented from tying the score by the over-enthusiastic coach blocking his way. We had a royal feast at the school and afterwards attended a Christmas tree at Topside, where we all received various humorous presents.

Here a word about Baguio School. It was founded by Bishop Brent; has thirteen scholars; the Rev. Remsen Ogilby, erstwhile master at Groton and Harvard '02, is head master, Mr. Whittemore of Yale assists, Mr. Ayrault was there last year, and the local parson, Mr. White, helps out; the food provided by Miss Cram is good and plentiful, and this, combined with the location, makes healthy looking boys. The tuition fee is four hundred dollars. Warwick is one of the Government Directors. Nuf ced.

Warwick Greene's Bungalow, Pasy, P. I.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 26

PETER came down from Topside and we started off in the Thomas about seven o'clock. The Benguet road seemed even more beautiful than it did the other day, and I was in a much better mood for appreciating it. We came down to Camp One in record time, though we did not seem to be hurrying. We kept right on over the road to Dagupan, which has just been opened. It is smooth and wide, so we made good time, which delighted the natives until

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they received our dust. The change of air from the mountains was all too apparent. The country we passed through was largely given over to the cultivation of rice and looked very fertile, but the paddys were by no means so well kept as those of the Igorrotes. Just as we were within five minutes of Dagupan, which we would have reached in record time, a tire went. It did not blow out the shoe, but came out at the side. I have never seen an inner tube so completely decomposed; there was literally nothing left but a few shreds. It was most amusing entering Dagupan, for Secretary Elliot was expected, and when our machine appeared the Constabulary came to attention, the inhabitants began to cheer, the band started to play, and a badged delegation of leading citizens stepped forward. They looked very sheepish when they discovered their mistake. We continued on to Lingayen, a few miles distant, over the finest road I have ever seen. Here there was a lovely old Spanish tower and church, a large grove of cocoanut palms, attractive houses, and a long smooth beach over which we drove. We had tiffin at Dagupan at the house of Mr. Grote, an Alsatian, one of the B. P. W. engineers. We found the French dishes his wife prepared very delicious.

We took the noon train for Manila, and had a long, dirty, dusty ride, and on our arrival found that no machine was awaiting us. After a long wait we finally procured one and had dinner at Ruth's about eighty-three. Fellowes is all right, but poor Hugh has been laid up with dengue during our absence. Elliot and Warwick went to a reception for General Duval, but I decided to pack, instead.

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S. S. Fernando Poo, China Sea.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27

HAD a busy morning paying bills, going to the bank, packing, saying good-bye, etc., and Elliot and Fellowes were also vaccinated. The "Jewels" and the "Chicks" had their pictures taken for Mary Wheelock and then went to the Manila Club for tiffin. Carpenter, the Executive Secretary, Nuthall, and a chap called Fox joined us. Afterwards we went out to Pasy to send off our trunks and bid a sad farewell to Ruth. Hugh came in with us and we stopped in to say good-bye to Strausz, who gave us all cigars, and Elliot and Fellowes each a bolo. Reis did not get down to see us off, but sent a launch, and in the pouring rain we said good-bye to Peter and Warwick and made our way to the boat, there to say good-bye to Hugh.

The boat is good sized and looks clean. The dinner was good, but the staterooms are boiling hot. There are no ladies on board but about ten men of different nationalities, all speaking English, which none of the crew or stewards do.

S. S. Fernando Poo, China Sea.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28

WE are steaming along at about eleven knots before the North East Monsoon. The chow is good enough, but it is impossible to tell from menu, smell, taste, or look, what one is eating. The staterooms are insufferably hot, and hereafter I shall sleep in the smoking room. I read "Java, the Garden of the East," by Mrs. Scidmore, and found it fairly interesting.

I hate to think that I am leaving the Philippines, perhaps never to return. It is a delightful place, and

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the Americans who are there, with few exceptions, are also delightful. The loafers and laggards have been pretty well weeded out, and only those who are interested and capable remain. I have a feeling that I should like to enter into some branch of the work being done there, if there were anything I was fitted to do.

Certainly while we were there there was no cause to complain of the heat. In Warwick's little open bungalow of bamboo and nepa, with our beds of bamboo and wicker, a blanket was always welcome, and on several occasions two were by no means too much. It rained quite frequently, but only for a short time. The roosters about Pasy do not confine their crowing to the break of dawn, but begin as soon as it is dark and continue all through the night, which seems to stir nearby donkeys to protest with weird and vigorous brays.

Governor General Forbes is without question a big man, doing a big work without affectation or ostentation and seems universally liked. Anyone who does not like him cannot like fair play. He is most simple and natural, has a kindly smile, and shows an interest in everyone he meets. Under his regime the islands have taken tremendous strides, and I certainly hope that a change of government at home will not mean his removal until his policy has had an opportunity to mature.

The natives seem a good natured, nice looking people for the most part, and thoroughly content, though the bitter attacks of the yellow journals and the fiery speeches of some of the politicians might lead one to think otherwise. It is only the wealthier men striving for political advancement who bawl for independence,

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and very probably if it came to a "show down" they would hesitate about taking it. It seems ridiculous to think that, with these thousands of ignorant people, few of whom understand each other, and among whom are various strong tribal hatreds, better or anywhere near the same success could be obtained under self-government as in Cuba. The United States would have to be constantly watching them, for if left entirely to themselves, Japan would not be long in establishing her gentle sway over them; if there was anything left after internal discord. It is fairly certain that the Moros would again swoop down on the terrified Filipinos, property already invested in the islands would be unsafe, and capital would be effectively debarred from attempting further development, a thing above all others which the islands seem to need.

Roads are being built all over the islands, splendid permanent roads, by the Bureau of Public Works, of which Warwick is the young but able head. Railroads are being planned and being built as rapidly as money will allow. All public buildings, and all buildings in certain districts, notably near the Luneta, must be designed by or have their designs approved by the Government architect (Parsons). This has resulted in good looking permanent concrete provincial buildings in nearly every case. Three exceptions where Parsons stumbled badly are the school building at Sorsogon, which really was started before he had control, the official residence in Baguio, and the fiendish looking structure designed for the provincial government at Baguio, an ugly building with a huge jelly roll or paddle wheel effect in the center of the roof and painted a sickening yellow. Some of the other buildings are partially spoiled by tin roofs, which make them look



GREENE, BOWDITCH, AND GARDNER ON THE
TOP OF MT. ST. THOMAS



A B. P. W. ROAD, LINGAYEN

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unfinished, but I believe that these will eventually be replaced by red tile. All future buildings will have tile in the first place. The old Spanish buildings are without exception beautiful, but here again one wishes that the church had money or would apply money to retiling these grand old monuments, instead of using corrugated tin. But then there seems nothing worse than modern Spanish taste, unless it be modern Italian, and some of the new Spanish buildings are enough to turn one's stomach. Wooden affairs they are, with all manners of squirls and gewgaws, painted fiendish greens and pinks, presumably in a manner to make them look like stone or large grained wood. One would pick them out for their hideousness at Revere Beach or Nantasket, and "The Butterfly Cottage" at Pocasset would seem idyllic in its simplicity, compared to one of them.

The Filipinos, who are educated, write most beautiful hands, and their books are models of neatness, if not always of accuracy. They are all born musicians, and play remarkably. If properly trained, they make good machinists, but are liable to lose their heads in a tight place. Striking or bullying seems completely to demoralize them, and they have to be treated with utmost squareness. Their tendency is to be spoiled if paid much attention to, and when this happens they seem to lose all efficiency until called down to earth. They say the Scouts and Constabulary make good soldiers if well led, and drill splendidly. The fighting cocks and ambling carabao (which are often extremely dangerous to Europeans, though one little Filipino boy will control three or four with ease) are the constant companions of the Filipino.

The country is poorly cultivated, due to the amount of fertile land available, and the people seem to have

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no wish to do any more than supply their immediate needs.

No matter how good terms are offered them, they stubbornly resent their land being cultivated in a modern and extensive style, or the installing of large sugar mills, etc.

S. S. Fernando Poo, China Sea.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29

RAIN, mist, and N. E. monsoon. Read "America in the Far East," by Milard, and think it an excellent book, a great improvement on his other book, but still a trifle too biased.

S. S. Fernando Poo, China Sea.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30

READ "How I Found Livingstone," by Stanley. The service on this boat is poor and the old saying "God helps those who help themselves" applies to a startling degree. There are placards everywhere prohibiting matches from being used and smoking in the saloons. However, I have not seen a sailor, steward, or officer yet who has not been blowing out clouds of smoke or been in the act of lighting a cigarette. Nor do the passengers observe the rules any more closely. A German on board, called Wendt, broke the electric fan in his room, or rather it fell to pieces, and when he asked to have it fixed, he was informed that a meeting would have to be held to decide whether it was worth while fixing.

We are routed out of the smoking room about six-thirty every morning, in order that mass may be held. We have breakfast of coffee and fruit about seven, a

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breakfast and tiffin combined* at eleven. This is about a six course meal, fairly good, but it certainly is like drawing in the dark, for it is impossible to know what you are getting. And dinner about six. Red and white wine are supplied free of charge at every meal. Yesterday the ship's cat disappeared. We had potted rabbit for dinner this evening.

An Englishman, Baldwin, two Germans, two Spaniards, of whom one is in the Philippine Constabulary, an American, Whitford, in the forestry service, and ourselves make up the first class passengers.

I did not pick up many words of Spanish in the Philippines.

Buenos Dies — Good Day. Adios — Good-bye. Gratias — Thank you. Fosforos — matches. Platano — banana. Agua — water. Fria — cold, almost complete the list.

S. S. Fernando Poo, China Sea.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31

READ "The Truce in the East and the Aftermath," by Weale, also "Colonial Administration in the Far East," by Alleyne Ireland.

Hotel Europe, Singapore.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1911

LAST night I lay down in my accustomed corner of the smoking room and was just dozing off when one of the stewards came in and began talking to me in Spanish — of course I did not understand, so shook my head, whereupon he shouted and waved his arms; the more I shook my head the more excited he became. I confess an inkling of what he meant dawned

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on me, but it was not until he began to close the ports and doors that I was sure he meant that the captain would not let us sleep there. Roundly cursing him, the ship, the crew, and the captain, I took up my bed in true biblical fashion and walked out on deck. By this time it was the New Year, but it brought me nothing of happiness. I managed to sleep fitfully until two, when they began washing the decks. I arose, made my way to a settee, but found from the noisy gesticulations of the sailors that this outraged all laws both written and unwritten, so I searched for a chair and again fell asleep, only to be waked an hour later and made to move my chair, because it interfered with something. At last, about six o'clock, I fell into a sound sleep, only to find when I awoke at eight, that no breakfast was obtainable. "'Appy New Year! 'ell."

From then on, until we docked at one o'clock, the ship proceeded at about half speed, only to be passed by the "Prince Ludwig" from Hong Kong. A number of Malays in their slippery little dugouts and canoes came alongside to dive for coins. We soon got tired of seeing them, for they could not be lured out of their boats by anything less than silver coins. On the wharf there seemed to be gathered specimens of all the races of the Far East, picturesque looking buccaneers many of them were, while others were merely slovenly, their clothing consisting sometimes of a dirty towel made to do service as a sarong. It took only one glance to see that the Chinos were the only ones who deigned to perform manual labor. It was raining hard, so we could not get our trunks from the hold and there was no one from the Raffles Hotel to meet the boat, so I stayed with the baggage while the others went to the hotel. It was a most tedious wait, relieved only by

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eating mangosteens (a most delicious fruit) and by anxiously watching our trunks, bound only by a loose rope, being swung in midair over the water. They were raised, lowered, and swung about perilously, while everyone shouted, until finally they were landed in a large pool of water. Relief came at last, and I made my way to the Hotel Europe, as the Raffles was full. We found that a boat leaves tomorrow for Java, but our tickets and some letters are in the bank and today is Sunday and tomorrow a holiday. Another boat does not go until Friday, and we have no money. At first it looked impossible, but we met the American Consul, Mr. Du Bois, and he has offered us his assistance. We also met the far famed "Joe," proprietor of the Raffles. He turned out to be a most exquisitely dressed Armenian gentleman. He also has offered assistance. We dined with Mr. Du Bois, along with Whitford. Du Bois is most pleasant and impressed us all very favorably.

S. S. Reael, South China Sea.

MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1911

PACKED our bags ready to go. Du Bois called for us and we made our way to various banks and by entering side doors were able to get our letters and "Joe" cashed an American Express Co. check for me. We had to hustle, as the launch left at eleven. Ell and I curse ourselves hourly for buying tickets from Cook through to Cairo. It has caused nothing but bother and we have not saved a cent. Instead, we will probably lose. Morgan, for instance, got his ticket to and from Java at about half price, for the holiday rates are on. Singapore, especially the harbor where were gathered countless small steamers, was en fête

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today, and a gayly dressed crowd watched the water sports from the water front and pier.

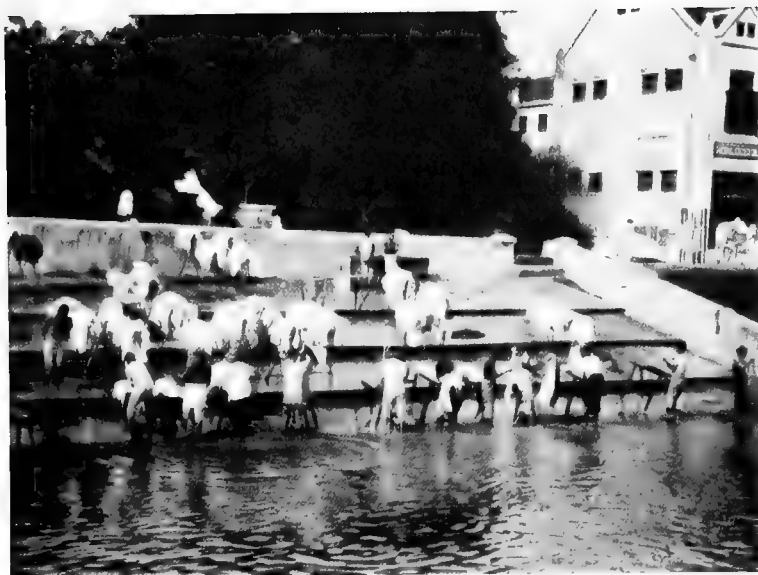
This boat, though small, is clean and comfortable. The food is not particularly good. The brown crew are picturesquely dressed and resemble a comic opera chorus more than sailors. A crowd of about twenty-five people are on board, nearly all American tourists. It is the first time for a long while that we have encountered a number of "Fellow Tourists." There were several heavy showers and a little squall this afternoon, which caused a number of seats to be left vacant at dinner. We slept on deck on the comfortable settees. I finished "The Human Cobweb," a novel by Weale. I do not care for his personality as betrayed in this or his other works, but there were many clever passages and considerable shrewdness. It must be very interesting if one knows the originals, but for the most part the originals cannot harbor a very friendly feeling towards the author.

S. S. Reael, Java Sea.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 3

WE crossed the equator yesterday, and to show how much impression it made, I forgot to mention it until today. There were no ceremonies, but I can now claim to be a true "Son of Neptune." In this same connection, I have not seen the Southern Cross yet, or if I have, have not known it. We learn with doubtful joy that some Cook's tourists are going to be with us until we leave Egypt.

We skirted along the coast of Sumatra today; it lay long, level, and low in a wide sweep of green. On the other side of us were a number of smaller islands. The color of the water gives one the impression that it is shallow, but I doubt if it is.



WASH DAY IN BATAVIA



A WATERING CART IN BATAVIA

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I like the Dutch food less and less, cold sausages and sardines for breakfast are particularly unappetizing.

Nearly finished "China in Convulsion," by Smith. It gives an account of the siege, which is far less vivid, but perhaps in ways much more accurate than Weale's account. His summary of events leading up to it is admirable.

Hotel Chemin de Fer, Buitenzorg, Java.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9

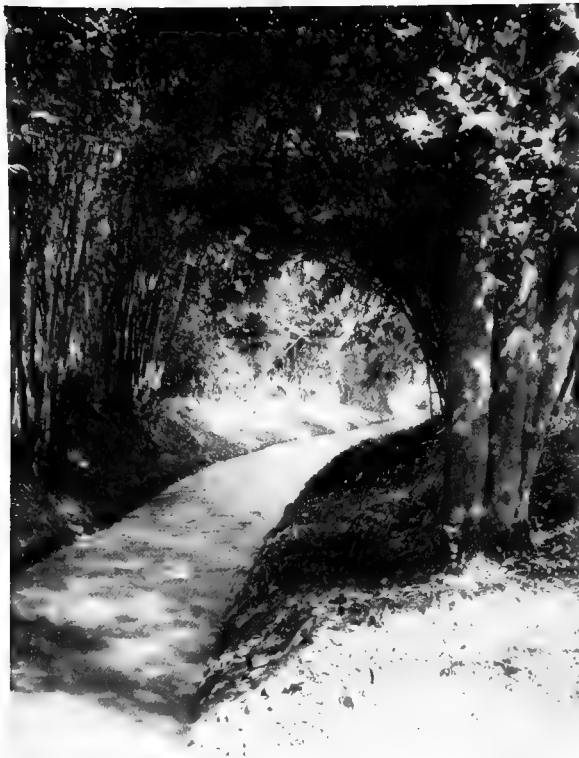
A BUSY day. Docked at about ten-thirty; after rather a long wait we took a train to Batavia. Here we made our way to the bank and procured money; then took a steam train to Weltevreden, the upper town. Here we fixed plans at the Official Tourist Agency. Bacon stayed to see the American Consul, while Fellowes and I went back in a train to Batavia to get our bags and take a two o'clock train to Buitenzorg. We got off at the wrong station; there were only a few minutes to spare, so we shouted at the station master, who waved his hand down the track; I dashed down it, Morgan following. Tripping lightly over two bridges, I soon found myself in a jungle with tracks going in three directions. I bore to the left, finally looping back in the same direction we came from. A station hove in view, so I gritted my teeth and redoubled my efforts. Morgan was not in sight. Another burst and I was at the station. The train left fifteen minutes later.

There was no dining car, so we stayed our hunger by eating about five different kinds of fruit, few of which I had ever tasted before. Fruit is peddled at every station. Among the kinds they sell are delicate mangosteens, of which I have spoken, and chicos, far

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superior to those we had in Manila. These chicos are about the size of a large pear, somewhat lemon shaped, with a skin resembling that of a potato. They are sweet and juicy and did not have the coarse woody taste of those we have tried before. Also one can buy bunches of fruit looking like red chestnut burrs with soft green spines, the inside of which looks like a small white jellyfish, and has a large stone in the center. It is most delicious, as is also a small oval fruit which likewise has a white interior. Strange to say, the bananas were coarse and tasteless.

The country we went through was perhaps the most beautiful we have seen. It immediately impressed me with its greenness; light greens, dark greens, medium greens, blue greens, red greens, yellow greens, every imaginable sort of green, each blending with the other. The splendidly made, carefully kept rice paddies, with each terrace perfect, are far ahead of anything we have seen heretofore. The fresh green rice shoots, rising from the bright red soil, made a most pleasing picture. At about three-thirty we arrived at Buitenzorg, the residential place of the Batavian élite. After some bread and cheese we made our way to the Botanical Gardens, the most wonderful, I believe, in the world. The handsome palace of the Governor General stands near the entrance of these. We walked through many paths and feasted our eyes on all manner of trees: bamboos of countless varieties, huge clumps of them, rubber trees, gum trees, palms endless in variety, vanilla trees, cryptomerias, mangoes, fruit trees of every sort, to say nothing of sausage trees, where huge bologna sausages hang ready to be picked. Then there were orchids of many shapes and colors, growing out from young rubber trees. It all was a wonderful



A PATH IN THE BOTANICAL
GARDENS, BUITENZORG



A JAVANESE CHARON AND HIS FERRY

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sight and I longed for someone to tell me what the various trees were and all about them. The labels being in Dutch conveyed nothing.

Bacon arrived at six and made an unsuccessful attempt to call on the Governor General. We took a drive about the town, lasting from just before until just after dark. The town is neat and clean, as is everything else we have seen in Java. The houses are without exception white, with red tiled roofs. Even the majority of native houses have tiles. The long low houses with broad piazzas seemed to combine comfort with good looks. They had the appearance of really being homes. The streets are broad and well kept. At the hotel the rooms are open on two sides and each room has a little porch in front, where people spend most of the day in scanty attire.

Hotel Preanger, Bandeong, Java.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5

ELL and I were up at five-thirty and strolled about the Botanical Gardens for two hours. They seemed even more beautiful in the morning, and I marveled anew at their wonders and at the splendid irrigation, which of course the Dutch are pre-eminent at.

(I cannot help thinking what an education it would be to travel about with a botanist, a zoologist, a geologist, an anthropologist, an architect, and an artist. Of course T. R. would do just as well, but he seems to have his hands full at present.)

We had intended going to Garoet at twelve, but found that an earthquake had damaged the line to such an extent as to make travel impossible. So we made our way to Bandeong by changing at Meester

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Cornelis. E. made a ten minute call on the Governor before leaving Buitenzorg. The train journey was moderately comfortable and we again tested fruits of various sorts; I must find out their names. The tracks are narrow gauge, three feet six, which makes the train sway considerably, but the road bed is splendidly ballasted with rock, and the bridges, etc., are all made with a thoroughness characteristic of the Dutch. We find second class exactly as good as first. For part of the way we wound in and out among some hills. The country, as might be expected, is heavily cultivated, but everywhere has an appearance of neatness. Chinese are plentiful. Just as the sun was going down we were treated to a picture of most marvelous coloring — the sky, trees, soil, and rice fields all contributing.

Rest House, Boro Boedor, Java.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 6

UP at five o'clock to catch the six o'clock train to Djokja (Djokjokata to be correct). It was a long journey, but the scenery for the most part through rice fields and cocoanut groves was splendid. Java seems well watered. We have passed countless brooks, many streams, but only three or four rivers worthy of the name. Brooks, streams, and rivers are without exception of a light or dark caramel color; this, however, does not prevent the people from constantly bathing themselves and washing their clothes in them. In fact, small canals and even sewers seem to answer the same purpose.

It was fascinating to see the native houses standing so silently under the shade of the huge palms, the little naked children playing about and the gayly dressed

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parents chewing betel nut at their ease. They might just as well have been in darkest Africa or Swiss Family Robinson land.

We arrived at Djokja about two o'clock and immediately boarded another train for Moentilan.

The natives about here, I believe, are the true Javanese; they look perhaps a bit more wild than those about Batavia, and their hair is long, with a tendency to curl. The Sundanese of Batavia wore riotously colored clothes of brown, red, blue, green, and all sorts of mixtures thereof, whereas these people more often than not wear blue.

The trip to Moentilan took about two hours; the last mile or so was made right through the main street of the village, and as we crawled through with clanging bell, we could almost reach out and take goods from the shop windows. These shops, as usual, were owned to a large extent by Chinese. At Moentilan after something of a wait we piled into a dilapidated four pony rig, bags and baggage. The drive took about an hour and a half. As we were nearing the end, a crowd of boys ran alongside, begging. One little fellow was a picture. His jacket was far too short to cover his nakedness, and not nearly big enough to button across his fat little tummy; nevertheless, he dashed along with the others, his little legs taking five steps to their one and his eyes nearly popping out of his head. Our carriage stopped at a ferry which consisted of three dugout canoes, tied together and planked over, which ran across by a trolley. The ferryman was the most hideous looking individual I have ever seen, his lower lip was terribly diseased and enlarged to many times its natural size, protruding from his face like a large purple fungus. Across the ferry a

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

walk of half an hour or so, the coolies carrying our bags, brought us to the end of our pilgrimage, Boro Boedor.

I confess that at first I was disappointed. This colossal piece of architecture, in the dull light, looked an incoherent mass of piled-up weatherbeaten masonry. However, when I walked over to it and wandered about its terraces, looking at beautiful carvings and friezes seemingly without end, the grandeur of it soon took possession of me. A little later the clouds began to clear away and the wonderful light of sunset time and after came on. From the porch of the little hotel we could look upon it not seventy yards away in the most beautiful light imaginable. In Java at this time of day it is most exquisite; nothing I have ever seen can approach it, unless it be the light that sometimes comes at home late in the afternoon after a heavy shower, when the clouds are rolling away and the thunder is still not far off. Then it is that trees and grass and shrubs and earth, all nature, takes on a magical coloring. But the coloring here is even more magical. There are shades of green I had not imagined before, and the soil has a peculiar reddish tinge of its own.

After the sun was down, but while the light still remained, I climbed up near the top and looked over the parapet at the beautiful valley below, with dark green patches of palm groves. It was closed in on two sides by cone shaped mountains (one of which is said to be a spike driven by the gods to mark the center of Java); near the corner where we were a low range of hills showed their jagged ridges against the western skyline. I sat, as it were, shoulder to shoulder with a silent Buddha, and dreamt that I was living in the first century; nor did my revery cease until rudely disturbed .

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by three nasty little dachshunds, who dashed out to nip my ankles as I was walking to the inn.

Hotel Simpang, Soerabaia, Java.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7

JUST before going to bed we had an opportunity of seeing sarongs in the making. The outline is traced on the cloth with wax, which sinks through. The colors are then applied several times. This batik work, as it is called, takes several weeks to complete. Fellowes gave me a cloth of batik work with angular Egyptian like figures on it, taken from the native drama, a sort of Nô dance.

We were up in order to have a good look at Boro Boedor. It is a terraced pyramid, of which the base is about five hundred feet square, but the lines are not regular, being broken, which gives it a little the effect of a mere pile when first seen. There is first an outside platform, then a larger base, then four galleries, with parapets, then three terraces, the whole surmounted by a huge bottle shaped dagoba or pagoda. There are something like three miles of bas reliefs. On the outside of the first parapet was a double row of friezes, the lower one of which has panels arranged in regular order; first one with one standing figure, then one with two, then one with three, and then a seated Buddha, and then the figures begin again in the same rotation. Each gallery has four rows of figures, two on each side of the passageway. About the third gallery figures of Buddha appear, and around the terraces are circles of latticed dagobas in the shape of a bell with a little spire of stone arising from each. All of these contain or should contain a figure of Buddha (of course many are missing, or headless, as are many of the bas reliefs,

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stones, etc., and the walls in many places bulge in an alarming manner). There is no mortar used in the entire gigantic structure. The Buddhas are seated in conventional attitudes, their hair is done in a beehive manner, with curious curls, their ears are elongated. In every case the left arm is joined to the body, whereas the right is separate therefrom. The expressions are excellent, the trunk and arms are well modelled, with no attempt at musculature, their chests are large and taper down to slim waists. The bas-reliefs are the finest thing about the structure, in my opinion.

I have already spoken of the outside frieze. Here the figures are few and consequently have plenty of elbow room. The other friezes, which seem to represent every manner of subject, such as festivals, processions, deeds of war, worship, and even the chase, with Buddha constantly appearing, are more ambitious in that the figures are much more numerous and the action greater. The consequence is that some of the panels are overcrowded, there being no attempt, of course, at foreshortening. Animals frequently appear: elephants, tigers, horses, buffaloes, etc. Some of these are very crude, while others are startlingly true to nature. The figures for the most part face front, side view being uncommon. Ships, houses, and minareted temples also appear. There were many interesting dance scenes. As we were there only a few hours, we could do scant justice to this multitude of beautiful carvings, and could obtain only a very general idea of what would be exceedingly interesting to study in detail. No one seems to know the exact age of the structure, estimates varying from two thousand to one thousand years. It is certain that the Indian influence is very strong,

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in fact predominant, but occasionally the fold of a drapery or a face suggest Greek influence.

We had to leave about seven-thirty and walked down to the ferry through the long avenue of kanari trees. These trees are fine and straight, with ample foliage, and make splendid avenue trees. In many cases they are naturally buttressed at their base. On our way through a little village I noticed a crowd collected about the ditch at the side of the road, and upon investigation found to my surprise that they had caught three mud fish, in about as many inches of water. How the fish ever got in such a place or live to any size is a mystery.

The mountains about showed up well, one of them being almost symmetrically perfect, and all were cone shaped.

At Moentilan there was a fair in progress. From the size of it, I imagined it was an annual or semi-annual affair, but I learned it came every other day. This brought home to me more than anything else the density of the population of Java. For at first, as the people are not, as in certain parts of China, densely packed in cities, the density is not apparent. They are equally distributed everywhere, there are no waste places, and a closer look at an apparent forest of palms will disclose houses scattered everywhere through it. The fair was a great sight and a perfect riot of color, and in spite of the many people it was not very offensive to the nostrils. The men or many of them wore huge wide-brimmed hats. There were cattle, goats, sheep, ducks, pottery, tobacco, clothes, baskets, and many other things for sale, including unspeakable looking food; or rather the food looked quite speakable, quite ready to cry out. Many of the men wore fierce looking barongs and krisses, which their easy-going manner

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belied. I understand that only those who own land or who have a certain income may carry these weapons. They are stuck in the back of their girdle. We have also noticed that many of the children and some of the women had their faces smeared with some white substance which we were at a loss to know the significance of. The answer is simple: it is merely chalk which serves to absorb the perspiration.

We arrived at Djokja about eleven-thirty and made our way to the Water Kastle, a former pleasure palace of the Sultan, with which earthquakes have played havoc, though the walls of the buildings are of solid masonry several feet thick. However it is attractive in its present dismantled shape, and in spite of the hot sun we enjoyed our stroll through the many courtyards and around the swimming pools where formerly the Sultan and his harem used to bathe, but which are now covered with thick green slime. One building, perhaps a temple, consisted of two circular tiers of arches which surrounded a well into which a double flight of steps descended. The arches were peculiar in form, for they were pointed at the apex and rounded at the bottom.

We had "riz tafel" at the hotel. At this occasion, so frequently and thoroughly enjoyed by the Dutch, one has a large soup plate in front of him, and starting with rice adds ingredient after ingredient, in the manner of a fish dinner, only far more so, until the platter and contents are pyramidal in shape. The result is burning hot and filling. Moreover it sits mighty heavy.

Just before the train left we stopped at a little shop to look at native work of various sorts, chiefly copper, silver, and batik work. I bought a sample of this latter. I dallied here so long that I had a close call catching the train. It was already well under way, and in run-



THE LADIES' BATH, IN THE WATER KASTLE
DJOKJA



TRAVELLING MUSICIANS, GAROET

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ning along to board it I fell sprawling over a water spout close to the track. The only damage was to my walking stick, which was crunched in half. This successfully retarded the flow of pancreatic juice, which hindered the digestion of the aforementioned "riz tafel." Nor did it help matters when the guard took my name and address in order that I might be brought into court and fined for jumping on a train when it was moving. A ride of five or six hours landed us at Sourabaya.

Sanatorium, Tosari, Java.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 8, 1911

SLEPT late this morning; that is, until 6:45. After breakfast we took an eight o'clock train to Pasaroan, a journey of about two hours. Here through ignorance of the language we came near being carried off to another station. Putting our bags in one carriage we drove in another for an hour and a half, "one hour holaf" as the man at the station put it, to a little place called Panaran or something of the sort. The horses galloped a greater part of the way and arrived much "het up." Here we had a dispute with the hotel proprietor as to whether we should have two or three carriages. Morgan finally left a large bag behind and we took two carriages. This stage was up hill all the way and took two hours to Pospo, where we had tiffin. The drive was interesting and we saw many kinds of trees but I looked in vain for the Papandas tree, one of which I saw in Buitenzorg. This tree appears to be upside down. The top looks somewhat like roots and the trunk grows larger instead of smaller from the bottom up, while the peculiar props which grow out from the base resemble branches.

It rained hard after lunch and the thunder boomed

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in the distance. We waited some time for it to stop, but as it showed no signs of doing so we started off. Morgan and I had only thin duck suits for protection. The nags we rode looked very jaded and soon showed that they were by giving out entirely about half way up, thereby forcing us to walk the rest of the so-called five miles. It is a beautiful road and we were much amused watching a band of long-tailed monkeys make flying leaps from tree to tree. I think they are the first wild monkeys I have seen. We arrived at the Sanatorium about five. It consists of a group of buildings owned by a doctor which does service as a hostelry and place of recuperation. We had a splendid view of the cultivated hills beyond and of the sinking sun from our porch, but when the sun was down it soon became unpleasantly cool, for Tosari is up about 5,000 feet, and there was nothing but whiskey to keep us warm until dinner came at the fiendish hour of eight-thirty. However, there were warm blankets for the night. We learned to our disgust that the miserable horses will not be recovered for the trip to Bromo tomorrow, so we must "hoof" it. We ordered one chair to accompany us in case we should want to rest.

Sanatorium, Tosari, Java.

MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1911

WE were on our way by five o'clock, and by five-fifteen our chair was left hopelessly in the rear, nor did we see it again until we had been on Bromo for nearly an hour; but more of the chair hereafter. Tosari is the Baguio of Eastern Java, but I do not think the cultivated hills of Tosari quite compare with the pine-clad panoramas of Baguio. The path was a good one, and it was just light enough to see the little village of



THE ZAND ZEE AND BATOK



BROMO VOLCANO

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Tosari nestling near a hillside. After a couple of miles we left most of the vegetation behind and found ourselves in the pine belt. Several tourists passed us on horseback, but we caught up with them again at the Moengal Pass. Shortly before reaching this we had a splendid view of Smeroe, the largest volcano in Java. It is supposed to belch every fifteen minutes, but we waited in vain to see it do so, though Elliot said that he did later.

From the top of the Moengal Pass we had a splendid view. There was symmetric Smeroe, the wraith of the last eruption still hovering over it, and the other mountains on the right; below us was the vast Sand Sea, with the little cone Batok rising near one end, the smoke from Bromo appearing beyond, and on the left side palisade-like hills enclosing it. The Zand Zee is a flat plain of sand with here and there stubble and a few scrubby bushes, in reality a gigantic crater, the Tengger crater it is called. Without previous knowledge one would surmise it was of volcanic origin, though its enormous size and the two other craters within it, Bromo and Batok, perplex one somewhat. It took only a few minutes to run down the pass, it was too steep to walk, and a little over half an hour's walk brought us to the foot of Bromo, a small crater from which the steam was rolling out. After we had climbed up two hundred odd steps we could look down into the crater and see the fumes rising from a little pit at the bottom.

Our guide arrived half an hour later with our food. We had had nothing but a cup of coffee before leaving and had walked a good eight miles, for the most part up hill. The guide was a great bluffer and the most selfish cuss imaginable, but withal most amusing. He pretended to be gasping for breath, but took a cigarette

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we offered him with avidity and asked for more. He drank most of our beer, and when we were through eating he started to grab the sandwiches without letting the chair coolies, who had arrived by that time, have any. Morgan told these coolies that he had given the guide five cigarettes, whereupon the guide shrieked with excitement and then looked terribly injured. A moment later he blew shrilly through his fingers, then after looking down as if he really thought nothing of this accomplishment, he slowly looked up to see if we had thoroughly appreciated it. He climbed up the barnacle shaped Batok with Bacon, and talked about money all the way home, but refused to share some berries he had picked. After we had tipped him twice, he begged for a cigarette and then ran, before we could throw anything at him.

I got in the chair and was going to take turns with Fellowes every fifteen minutes, but at the end of the first fifteen I had progressed only a hundred yards and he was half way across the Zand Zee, and deciding it was not worth while waiting kept on all the way home. It was ludicrous riding in the chair. The bearers stopped no less than eleven times crossing the plain. Ropes had to be untied and then tied up again exactly the same, the other fellow was always to blame and terrible chattering ensued. The motion was fearful and I clung on to keep from bouncing out. At the foot of the steep pass they all collapsed in a heap, so I walked up and waited twenty minutes for them, but as soon as they arrived they all collapsed in a heap again, so I waited another ten minutes. Going down hill it was agony, it took all my strength to stay in, and at the foot of every little rise they would collapse in a heap, only to repeat the performance at the top,



G. P. G., JR., E. C. B., AND COOLIES ON BROMO
CRATER



THE MOENTILAN MARKET

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and at that I always walked up. After we had accomplished about two and one-half miles this way, I jumped out and went the rest of the way on foot, leaving them far behind.

We have just made the horrible discovery that we have not enough money to pay the hotel bill, but the proprietor is willing to accept Straits money, so we can leave to-morrow.

Hotel Simpang, Sourabaya, Java.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1911

WE distrusted horses, so left on foot to walk the five miles, which, I think, are grossly underestimated, to Pospo. It was a pretty walk and we saw our friends the monkeys again, scrambling about the trees, with their young clinging to them, in a breakneck manner. There were two short cuts. Morgan took the first with the coolie and arrived O. K. We took the second, and after wading and slipping through mud to the ruin of our clothes and the peril of our limbs, we found ourselves well down below our destination. We thought we had only just time to make the train, so E. dashed back on the main road while I tried desperately to telephone, losing my voice and temper in an attempt to make myself understood. However, everything was finally straightened and we made the downhill trip with plenty of time to spare. I had the best meal since arriving in Java; it consisted of good bananas, crackers, and sweet chocolate. It is the first time I have not lost my appetite upon seeing the food.

Arrived in Sourabaya about three and went in search of banks soon after (we had been told that they did not close until five). After driving aimlessly about we arrived at the private house of the head of the Char-

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tered Bank of India, Australia, and China. I went in and found him asleep with a towel around his head; he told me the banks had closed at two-thirty. This brought heavy despair, for the proprietor of the hotel refused to cash American Express Co. cheques. We therefore went in search of our consul, who we found was away, but a nice young Scotchman volunteered aid and sent us to the head of the Hong Kong Shanghai Bank. This good Samaritan went to the hotel with us and told the proprietor to cash my Express Co. cheque and he would give him the money in the morning. So once again we were got out of a tight place. The Bank president then took us to the Club and put us up. We had a pleasant talk while listening to the band and watching the roller skaters. Our friend in need was a Scotchman who has been out here over twenty years, consequently he proved a mine of information. Among other things he warned us not to speak of Half-Castes, but to say Indian Born. No matter how dark, if a person has a drop of white blood, she is accepted into society; that is, if her husband is anything. He also told us of the local government system in which the headman plays an important part and which in the cultivation of the soil and the support of the destitute is somewhat communistic.

Hotel Villa Dolce, Garoet, Java.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1911

WE took a long journey to-day, starting before six and arriving at Garoet about seven. However, the Express is not uncomfortable and runs well on schedule. We arrived at Tjibatoe, where we changed for a short ride to Garoet right on the tick. Our way lay through endless rice fields and cocoanut groves

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to-day. There was never a half mile without two or three people in sight; on the other hand, there were seldom more than two or three. The last stage of the journey was through particularly rich country. For a while it looked as if the rule would be broken and the sky remain clouded. But just in the nick of time the clouds broke and a double rainbow arose from a nearby mountain, making a glorious picture. The Tiltons are at this hotel also and go back on the same steamer. Charlie Tilton was Harvard '08 and did some rowing. She seems very nice and attractive.

I finished reading Reports on the "Friar Lands," by Forbes, Worcester, and Carpenter, in which they, especially Worcester, simply demolish Representative Martin and bury him under a mass of statistical evidence.

Hotel Homan, Bandoeng, Java.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1911

IT was far from warm when we started out with our three horse team for the crater of Papandayan, and even after the sun had begun to rise on all sides of us, I did not thoroughly warm up until at last we arrived at a little inn on the first stage of the journey. I had not been drinking, but patches of brightness appearing over the crests of three widely separated hills made it hard to decide for a time just where the east really was. On the way we had passed many natives carrying loads to the native markets. The men would always move to the side of the road when we passed, and many of them removed their hats. Now and then we came upon a little market just beginning. The women sat about arranging their produce, holding great gobs of tobacco between their teeth the while. If they did not

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have tobacco which protruded from their mouths in an unlovely manner, they would be chewing the betel mixture, which stained their lips and teeth a bright scarlet. The rice paddys were arranged tier upon tier on the fertile hillside and looked as if they could easily sustain three crops a year.

After a cup of chocolate at the inn we mounted our sturdy little ponies and started up a winding path. The first part of the way led through an old coffee plantation where the coffee plants, though tall and scraggly, still bore their green and red berries. There were also tea plants and cinchona trees, from which the valuable quinine is taken, as well as sago and other plants. Beyond this was the forest, where tall trees interlaced their branches and were nearly choked by huge hanging vines; tree ferns and fern trees were everywhere. Then there were flowers, pink, blue, lilac, red, and yellow, and birds of all colors sang their cheery songs in the trees. The path was so steep in places that we were forced to dismount, and walk. Shortly after nine we arrived at the crater, which we had seen smoking from a long distance off. It was not a regular crater, but lay in between several hills like a large gravel bed. Smoke and sulphur fumes were rising from many places, and one could hear the seething and boiling distinctly. We stayed about an hour or more here watching the sulphur gatherers and eating our tiffin. The descent was much more rapid. Small boys offered flowers looking like green lupines and ferns for sale, but of course they were of no use to us. We arrived at the hotel about one-thirty, whereupon I took a nap. Just before we left a troupe of small boys serenaded us with bamboo instruments, which they shook to produce the notes. The result was quite pleasing.



A TERRACED PADDY FIELD, GAROET



A PADDY FIELD, GAROET

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We caught the Express for Bandoeng about five o'clock and had a most superb view of the wonderful Leles valley. The rice fields looked almost blue, so rich was their green, and splendid hills arose on all sides. The light was as usual magical, even dead grass took on a most wonderful shade of brown. I felt as if I was looking through a thin slice of an emerald. A double rainbow appeared, in which both bows were complete, to frame this exquisite picture. And then long after it seemed dark, a mystic orange light showed itself in the sky, only to disappear like the fiery blues, light greens, saffrons, and pinks which had preceded it.

Hotel Nederlands, Batavia, Java.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1911

A SIX something train landed us in Batavia about eleven-thirty. I strolled about the streets watching the women endlessly washing clothes in the canal and then entered a patisserie shop to devour éclairs, for I was well-nigh famished. Dutch breakfasts are not sustaining. After lunch we went to the Museum, which was most interesting. There were stone carvings from Boro Boedor, Prampanan, and other ruins, some of them good, others startling. Then inside were barongs, krisses, daggers, spears, etc., of every known shape and size. Ugly looking barbed or waving blades many of them had. In the same room was all manner of bead work, embroidery, batik work more brilliant than beautiful perhaps, wood-carving, and figures more naïve than graceful. Another room had musical instruments of many sorts, principally drums and instruments of the xylophon type, though there were also stringed instruments with only one or two strings, conventional pan pipes, and flutes and other such. In

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the same room were drama masks and paper figures of weird looking drama characters. Beyond was a room with models of houses, boats, weirs, fish nets, etc., while across a passageway was an interesting room containing all manner of instruments for weaving, fishing, grinding, digging, cutting, etc., etc., all very crude, but interesting, in that the principles were the same as in far more advanced machines and implements. Finally a holy of holies contained some Dutch furniture.

I slept the rest of the afternoon until about six, when we went to a curio store, where there were all brand new old curios and I was not one whit tempted. In the evening Fellowes and I played English billiards, which I am getting to like very well.

S. S. Van den Bosch, Java Sea.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1911

WE found nearly the same people on board as on the Reael, with the welcome addition of the Tiltens. Doctor Davis, a doctor lady who has attached herself all unurged to the D'Arcy party, kicked up a fearful fuss and wept bitterly because she had been placed in the same room with a very refined looking "Indian Born" lady, who spoke excellent English. One of the officers had to give up his room finally to appease her.

There are two things which would have made our Java trip far more pleasant; namely, more time and better food. As the trains do not run at night (the native engineers cannot be trusted) it seemed as if we were traveling about seven-tenths of our days. The food is execrable and I cannot paint it too black. To begin with, the coffee is vile. It is coffee extract which is bitter and only slightly warmed by the lukewarm

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condensed milk which you have to pour in in large quantities. At breakfast you are confronted with oily sardines, slices of cold greasy sausage, no fruit, and stone cold clammy poached eggs or brick hard boiled ones equally frigid; strong cheese and heavy cake are the remaining delicacies. For tiffin is the riz-tafel usually. I have already given some idea of the great number of indistinguishable looking things that go to make this sodden mess. If you do not take this, several kinds of leather like meat with the ever present boiled potato fall to your lot. For dinner you have the same meat, the same potatoes, and soup which has oil half an inch thick on the top; your destroyed appetite revives a minute when the nice looking vegetables arrive, but sinks completely when you encounter the rancid oil and peculiar flavoring with which good vegetables are ruined. Now I am passionately fond of butter, have eaten jars of vaseline as a delicacy, and can take castor oil with a relish, but my stomach absolutely revolted at the grease, oil, and rancid fat in which Dutch food is steeped.

If it had not been for fruit it would have been intolerable. The bananas, which, strange to say, for the most part were coarse and tasteless, were our mainstay. Other fruits are the papaya, much like a melon, but mushy and tasteless; the durian, an evil smelling, large, prickly skinned fruit, about which opinions differ, but which we did not try; the huge bread fruit or jack fruit, which we did not try either, but which is of great economic value to the natives; the salak, or "forbidden fruit," with brown, snake like skin and meat more like a nut than a fruit; it does not have much flavor and I did not care particularly for it; the mango is a cucumber shaped fruit with smooth yellow green skin. The

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inside is somewhat melony and I did not think particularly good, though no doubt one grows to like the flavor; the "custard apple" looks like a huge green strawberry, each raised segment outside corresponding to a seed inside; it is mushy but rather good; the rambei are grape shaped with a thin leather like skin, the inside is in small white segments and has a taste similar to a grapefruit; the "duku" has much the same shape, but contains only one ball of white pulp enclosing a large seed; it is good but not quite as sweet as the rambutan which it resembles; the rambutan looks like a bright red chestnut burr, the soft spines are either pink-tinged or green. Inside is a ball of white pulp, looking like a small jellyfish to which the large stone gives firmness; it is delicious and very sweet. I liked it almost as well, if not as well, as the mangosteen; the mangosteen is supposed to be the queen of tropical fruits. It looks like a dark purple apple; the thick leather like fibery rind encloses a segmented ball of feathery white fruit bursting with delicious juice. It really melts in your mouth.

S. S. Van den Bosch, Java Sea.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15, 1911

I AROSE refreshed from a sleep on deck only to have my disposition ruined by a Dutch breakfast.

I do not know whether I have mentioned how much alike we found the days in Java. The early mornings were all clear and fresh, between nine and twelve it began to cloud over and invariably rained some or all of the time between one and six. Then it cleared and became the most beautiful part of the Javanese day or any day I have ever seen. Nothing can compare to the light between six and seven-thirty.

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The natives all seemed easy going and pleasant, the children were almost as cunning as the Japanese, but were like their fathers, continually begging. At each hotel peddlers came to your rooms with various wares. It was amusing to watch them select the worst sarong from the pack and hold it for your inspection, waving it about and jiggling it to prevent your looking too close. If you shook your head at this they would bring out another and try to explain its beauties, pointing out "buds" (birds) and other works of art, if you refused this they would search through the pile, and reluctantly draw forth another beating it with their hands and gasping at its beauty. If it were possible that even this did not please you they would repeat the performance with more exaggerated gasps of admiration. It was difficult to completely discourage them.

The hotels in Java are all built on much the same plan. The central building usually contains the dining and reading room as well as some bedrooms; about this are courtyards and other low broad verandahed buildings which contain more bedrooms. The veranda in front of each room is screened off or partially so and here the Dutch spend their day in all stages of undress.

Rich Chinese are much in evidence, some of them having princely uniforms. They are addicted to huge automobiles, fat cigars and jewelled rings. The Chinese men here, both rich and poor, shave their heads except for one little patch on the aft end of their heads, and therefrom hangs a tail consisting of about three parts of blue, red, or white string to one part of hair. The Javanese children rival the Japanese in their cunning looks. The small babies are carried astride the hip

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and are usually supported by a sling hung from the carrier's shoulder.

Raffles Hotel, Singapore.

MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1911

WE cast anchor off the quarantine station about eight o'clock, but by the time all the passengers had been inspected, the natives taken ashore for a three days' sojourn on the quarantine island, and the first and second class passengers pledged to appear before the Health Officer for the next three days it was well after eleven. In the afternoon I shopped and managed to get a few of the things I wanted.

Singapore has a splendid harbor full of shipping of all sorts. The grain steamers with their peculiar whale-back sides are an interesting sight. The buildings for the most part are large, the streets broad and beautifully made, lined with trees and interspersed with open parks. The life on the streets is a hodge podge of colored clothes, bodies, and races. The Chinese are to be seen everywhere, especially as workers; the only other workers seem to be the black, thin legged "Tamils," whose skin, which has little to cover its lustre, is like black lacquered walnut. Then there are black top-knotted Cingalese from Ceylon, Arabians, Turks, and all the Indian races, to say nothing of all the white races in the world. The Japanese, as usual in foreign ports, are represented chiefly and numerously by women of dubious character.

In the evening there was a firework celebration by the natives. We saw Mrs. and Nora Iasigi, who are staying in the hotel.

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Raffles Hotel, Singapore.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1911

WE took the nine-fifty train from Tank Road Station to Johore, along with Captain Foy, whom we met in Manila, and three friends of his. Johore is at the tip of the Malay Peninsula, and to get there it is necessary to take a little steamer across the narrow strait separating Singapore from the mainland. We took rickshas from the hotel near by the landing and made our way to the Sultan's palace. The Sultan lives in a bungalow several miles away, using the palace only for certain occasions. He is still a person of considerable importance, though, of course, in any but local affairs he must follow the counsels of his English advisers. It is only very recently that there has been an English judge there. The Sultan receives no salary from the English government, but has a large revenue of his own from taxes, inheritance, and a large rubber plantation. He has two diamond teeth, likes horses and big automobiles, and is an Anglophil. The palace is of fair size, contains all manner of treasures and junk, chiefly porcelain, and large vases, some of which are very fine and many of which are hideous and poor. The rooms are not at all oriental, and are inflicted with early Victorian furniture and large glass chandeliers. I liked some of the Chinese embroidered curtains. There are some fairly good marble statues which are in no way suitable to their surroundings. There are no objects of local art, I suppose because there is no local art, but Chinese, Japanese, and European craft, both good and bad, helped fill the rooms. However, very attractive gardens adjoin the palace, through which we strolled before going to the mosque. This is a large

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turreted affair mingling various architectures. Within it is bare of ornament, unless a fine marble floor be classed in that category. I spent some time watching a band of ten or fifteen worshipers performing their adoration before the latticed doors separating the corridor from the temple. They stood in line behind a leader or priest following his moves, which seemed to be: standing and muttering prayers, bowing twice with both hands on thighs, then kneeling, at the same time touching the head twice or thrice to the carpet, then arising, only to repeat the formula for many times with slight variations.

We lunched at the hotel owned by the Sultan and afterwards went to the much heralded "Gambling Farms" also owned by the Sultan. These were a great disappointment. They were as bare as a bathing pavilion without bathers, though I believe they are crowded by Chinese on Sundays. The chief games are Fan Tan and Po. The former is played with a handful of copper coins, the gamblers betting on one, two, three, or four, in which order the coins are counted. The latter is equally simple; here are also bets on one of the four corners marked one, two, three, or four and a die spun in a brass case indicates the winning corner.

We saw a most distressing sight both going and returning. A Chinese coolie with his trousers fallen to the ground was grasping a fence at one side of the road and swaying weakly, with his head thrown way back and his eyes rolled back until only the whites could be seen. Fellowes and I returned a half hour later and this time he was lying in the field feebly clutching the grass, his head still thrown way back. The others followed, perhaps an hour later, and found him in the same position, only apparently much weaker. Our

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coolies and the numerous passers-by paid not the least attention. And when we inquired if it would not be well to report the matter to the police, we were told that they would merely say, "Wait till he is dead and then we will look after him." Opium, beri-beri, and malaria were suggested as the cause, but the last seems the more likely, for persons afflicted with this often endeavor to remove their clothing.

To-night "Joe," the Beau Brummel of all hotel managers, took us to several music halls and to the "Tingle Tangle" Club, where very drunk Dutchmen dance with very ugly but light footed Dutch girls.

Raffles Hotel, Singapore.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1911

AT seven o'clock Mrs. Du Bois, the consul's wife, took us to the Economic Gardens, where they have an experimental rubber plantation. Unfortunately it was raining, as it seems to most of the time in Singapore, without having definite times of day for doing so, as in Java. After a certain amount of plodding about we came upon a native foreman who spoke good English. First he showed us the trees being tapped. Thin grooves are made running diagonally to a centre groove which empties the latex into small receptacles. The latex looks for all the world like good fresh milk, but is somewhat denser and has no particular odor. These little cups of it are poured into a pail. It is then strained, mixed with acetic acid, and put into small dishes, where it is left for the day to coagulate. The next day it is put through a press to squeeze out the water and bring it to the proper thickness, then dried in the sun for perhaps two days, and finally taken to the smoking room and left for a week until thoroughly

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dry. It is a simple process, requires few men, and the cost of carrying on a rubber plantation is very low. However, the various plagues and insects, some of which are very insidious, especially one which attacks the trees from the top, have to be constantly looked out for. The trees may be tapped at the end of three years, but it is found better to wait until the fifth year. The young trees are planted close together in nurseries and are, when slightly grown, transplanted to the plantation, where they are laid out in long lines. Frequently pineapples are planted between the rows, or before the trees are transplanted, and in this way the plantation is paid for until the young rubber trees are ready to be tapped. The period of tapping trees seems to vary from the thirty days twice a year of the Economic Gardens to the every day of some Chinese rubber planters.

We caught a glimpse of the Botanical Gardens and admired fan shaped Traveler or Pilgrim palms which lined the bank of the filter beds. All manner of vehicles passed us, among them bullock carts full of pineapples, which sell for \$2.50 gold a load. Pineapples are rather coarse and flavorless, but are about the only fruit supplied by the hotel.

After breakfast Elliot decided to leave this afternoon with Captain Foy for Port Swentenham and to meet our boat at Penang. Fellowes and I decided this was far too strenuous.

In the evening we took a pretty drive with the Du Bois'. We learned a few facts about the Methodist Mission here. They have been working for thirty years, have spent some three hundred thousand dollars, have one hundred and thirty-five missionaries, a countless number of people to work on and have

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about three hundred and fifty converts. The majority being "Rice Converts." Last year the 135 missionaries made 75 converts. The other day a missionary was robbed by one of his servants. He complained bitterly of the treacherous character of the outlaws who did it. When asked if his servants were Christians, he said, "No." When asked why not, he replied, "Because the Christians are much worse." The missionaries live in fine houses, but are constantly squabbling among themselves. In fact, one sympathizes with the feelings of the old man at home who put five cents in the plate and said, "This is for the heathen," and then put five dollars in the plate, saying, "and this is to get it to them."

S. S. Baharata, Straits of Malacca.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1911

WE had a splendid automobile trip to-day with Mrs. and Nora Iasigi. About three and one-half hours in all, over some of the best roads I have ever seen. They are wide and smooth and their reddish color prevents any glare, though to-day we had no glare to prevent, and in fact were lucky in not having any rain. First we went to the Sea View Hotel, through several miles of cocoanut groves, sheltering native houses. Surprising to say, one really has a view of the sea from the hotel, and it looks a very pleasant place. Then along the East Shore drive, where there is a fine sandy beach, and out through the famous Gap, where one has a fine view and sees a plantation in the preparatory stage.

A stop at a Chinese temple was well worth while. A cloister which led up to the main building had lines of pictures decorating the wall which graphically de-

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picted the forms of torture awaiting "No Good" men and women and incidentally showed the fertility of the Chinese mind in inventing forms of torture. The main building, an elaborate affair, had three main rooms and two main courts, besides numerous smaller rooms. No place was too small or out of the way to be ornamented in detail. There were numerous large gilt Buddhas and an indefinite number of smaller ones. On the whole it was attractive with its curved-up gable ends and fantastic design, though some minor details, such as plaster-painted to look like brick or grained wood, were not pleasing. Two highly and heavily decorated women from India whom we saw there were a picturesque sight. They wore colored scarfs over their heads, large jewelled buttons on one side of their noses, ponderous earrings, barbarous necklaces galore, bright colored jackets and trousers, bracelets up to their elbows and anklets about their ankles, all of which made them appear like walking jewelry stalls.

We amused ourselves by causing the sensitive plants to curl up by a touch of the finger, and then continued to the Botanical Gardens. These we found to be as fine if not finer, from a landscape point of view, than those at Buitenzorg, but with fewer specimens.

I discovered from an ex-Cook man that we had been done out of several pounds by taking the Spanish Mail. Without hope of recovery, but with his help, I indited a letter to recover money we had lost by taking their tickets to Java. Our boat left at five and we found almost the identical people who were on the Reael and Van den Bosch. We steamed slowly out of the narrows between Singapore and adjacent small islands preceded and followed by another boat. The food is poor but our stateroom cool.

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I forgot to mention that I tasted a "durian." It smells like long layed eggs with asafoetida sauce and tastes worse.

S. S. Bharata, Bay of Bengal.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1911

A PEACEFUL day with a smooth sea.

S. S. Bharata, Bay of Bengal.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1911

I WOKE to find that we were in the harbor of Penang with the sun appearing over the hills and a red-sailed fishing boat framed in my porthole. Went ashore after breakfast and tried to find Bacon and Foy; failing in this we made our way to a Chinese temple about five miles out by trolley. It is approached by a flight of stone steps and is itself built on the side of a hill. There are many courtyards, terraces, fountains, and temples. The first courtyard contains a fountain with many tortoises reposing in it. Then a series of flowered terraces lead up to the temple proper, which itself is in many sections built on different levels. It is beautifully situated and commands a view of the city and harbor across a sea of cocoanut trees. There are gilt images galore and profuse carving and detail work. It is unusual for a Chinese temple as it is kept in repair. Although Penang is a fair sized city and its harbor busy with shipping, this visit well-nigh exhausted its sights. Bacon and Foy turned up and the boat weighed anchor about four-thirty.

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S. S. Bharata, Bay of Bengal.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 22, 1911

I READ "New India or India in Transition," by Sir Henry Cotton. He puts forth a strong plea to give the Indians more self-government. The sunset to-night was peculiar in that there was not a cloud in the sky, the sea with a faint ripple was a deep blue, and the sky came down to meet it a deep orange fading into pale yellow, which in turn gave way to pale blue in which the brilliant evening star was set.

S. S. Bharata, Bay of Bengal.

MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1911

WE find that a brother of Mr. Levanson is on board and he has given us several hints in regard to Burma, where he has his abode. Our plans seem very indefinite, — "If you could only eat your cake and have it too."

"On the Road to Mandalay," Burma.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1911

THIS morning we were early in the mouth of the Irrawaddy and were soon in sight of the great Schwè Dagôn Pagoda, but it was not until many hours after that we finally tied up to the dock. The Hotel was full, but it made little difference, as we intended going to Mandalay in the evening. We learned from Cook that we could not see both Mandalay and Moulmein, or Mandalay and Bhamo, even though we had decided to wait over another two days for another boat. Cook is going to try to get us passage on a boat leaving the fourth of March from Bombay. We had no time for sightseeing as we had to buy bedding, towels, etc.



THE IRRAWADDY AND SAIGON HILLS



MARKET SCENES, MANDALAY

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I purchased a sleeping bag and a pillow. They say the evenings are very cold. The Burmans seem to be in the minority in Rangoon. It is infested with Tamils and other blackamoors from the Indian Provinces.

The compartments on the train hold four people and we had two adjoining compartments between four of us (Capt. Foy was with us), so we had plenty of elbow room. The railroad runs through the fertile Irrawaddy Valley, where the flat yellow (for it is the dry season) paddy fields stretch out on each side, reminding one of the vast wheat fields of Russia.

We took dinner at a little station, and nearly lost the train in doing so.

Salween House, Mandalay, Burma.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1911

WE woke up to find ourselves going through a sort of sage brush country. Dry parched plains dotted with scrubby bushes no higher than a Burman's head. Then there were some hills, and wherever there were hills there were also white pagodaed temples resting on their sides or perched on their top.

Arriving in Mandalay at midday I saw nothing of its poetic beauty, unconsciously looked forward to because of Kipling's delightful but deceiving song. It was not until later on when the sun was sinking and we had made our way by "ticca gary" to the foot of Mandalay Hill and from there had climbed the corrugated roofed stairs to the shrines on the top that we could see how beautiful the city was. When looking at it from above the parched grass and dust were no longer noticeable. We had a splendid view on three sides. It was all dead flat except to the westward, where a low range of hills seemingly held in the winding Irrawaddy and

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stood ready to welcome the fast sinking sun; a little to the north the flat rice fields, from which white pagodas seemed to grow like mushrooms, reached to the river. Turning the eye towards the south or southwest lay the town, thick with round topped green trees. In the center were the moat and high brick walls of Fort Dufferin and in the middle of this area one could see the palace with the spire of the "Center of the Universe" rising from its gateway. In the foreground were innumerable temples, pagodas, and monasteries, all white or gold. The most prominent of these was the Temple of the Four Hundred and Fifty Pagodas. A square with many rows of tamarind trees and small pagodas, in which were sheltered "All the Laws of the Prophet," while a much larger pagoda rose from the center. In an easterly direction were more rice fields and another range of hills. We stayed up here until the shadows of the evening had begun to fall, looking occasionally at the various hill temples, which, alas, were made or being made largely of steel framework and with corrugated iron roofs. They were not beautiful. A huge image of Guatama points to the center of the Universe.

Before we had climbed the hill we paid a visit to the Sultan's palace, situated as I have said within the walls of the fort. The entrance to the palace is guarded by huge cannon which were never intended to be fired, as they have no breech, but no doubt they served to impress on everyone except the English the power of King Thibaw. The palace was a peculiar affair of many buildings, from which the gilt, tinsel, and paint are fast disappearing, which gives them a bare barn-like look. There are many fine teak pillars painted or lacquered red or gold, while a few are inset with colored

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glass, which gives a splendid effect of costly gems if you only stay far enough away, but which, alas, like the cannon, are but an empty show. The spire of "The Center of the Universe" rises above the rest from a long colonnade of teak pillars, and the top is set with broken mirrors which flash forth the sun's rays. No doubt with fresh paint, rich hangings, carpets, and brilliantly attired attendants this palace would be like fairyland, but in its present state it is merely forlorn.

In the evening we went to a Pwê, a sort of dance drama, like the Nô of Japan. They begin at about nine-thirty and last until five in the morning. I stayed until twelve, the others leaving somewhat earlier. It was held in a large shed, no doubt built for the purpose. The floor space was taken up by the sprawling, smoking, squatting natives; mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, grandfathers, grandmothers, and little babies all were there. When I say smoking I mean it, especially the women, who are continually puffing on their "Whacking White Cheroots." Monstrous things they are, ten or twelve inches long and an inch or more in diameter.

Nobody watches through the whole performance. They sleep and then wake up when they think a good part is coming on. How they sleep regardless of the din made by the orchestra is a mystery. Their orchestra consisted of a drum, two shrill pipes sounding like bagpipes, two pieces of bamboo beaten together with tremendous effect, and two other musical instruments or rather pens within which the musicians sat, in one case beating numerous small drums and in the other cymbals. The *ensemble* was masterly to say the least, for the various musicians sedulously endeavored to outvie the other in volume of sound produced.

The dancing is done for the most part by women or

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girls, and is done largely with their hands and arms, for their dresses impede any active-movement of their legs. They are exceedingly graceful with their hands. In one dance (a Chin dance my guide told me) there was much more action. A man leaped about the stage brandishing a huge meat axe while two women accompanied him with tremendous activity. In this as well as the other dances when anyone felt tired for the moment, they stopped, no matter at what part of the dance, and resumed it again whenever their breath returned. In between the dances and probably connected with them was some sort of play in which the king, princes, and prime ministers played an important part, but everybody seemed unconcerned, and the prime ministers, when they were supposed to prostrate before their sovereign, realized they had many hours before them and comfortably smoked, chatted, and spat, while the audience did the same. I went behind the scenes, which consisted of one curtain, and found that most of the actors were sound asleep, awaiting their turn, while many of the audience were watching the performance from that point of vantage.

Salween House, Mandalay, Burma.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1911

ELLIOT and I left this dirty hotel about eight-thirty and with the guide made our way to the river bank, where a brightly dressed crowd were leisurely at work. After a little trouble we secured a long narrow gondola-like boat in which we paddled or rather rowed down the river. The bow oar began by rising each time from a sitting posture and then hurling himself back with the oar. However, this most difficult and peculiar method of rowing did not last long. Our



TWO NOVITIATES, MANDALAY



W. F. M., JR., AND BURMESE LADY, SMOKING
"WHACKING WHITE CHERROOTS," MANDALAY

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journey took some three hours. But they were well spent, for we had a fine view of the many pagodas on and about the Saigon Hills, while numerous small craft with pretty and picturesque passengers passed us on the way.

We landed at Ava on the Mandalay shore. This was a former capital. All that remains of the palace except a few mounds covered with bushes is a leaning bell tower made of brick and plaster.

Further along is a monastery, with attendant temples and pagodas, some new, others old and partially in ruins, but for the most part deserted. We found some small alabaster Buddhas which we coveted but did not like to take; however we searched about and found a monk who let us take them for three rupees each. As it was against rules for the monk to receive money the boatman who was with us tied it in a loose end of his robe. Only few tourists ever go to Ava.

The trees were full of bird life and squirrels. Such beautiful birds too—small green parrots and other varieties of many hues whose names I am ignorant of. When we came to the river again we saw that the steamer we were to take back had already left. It would take many hours to get back by our boat. We had pretty nearly decided to make our way to the other shore and get a boat further up, when we saw one of the river freight boats with a barge at its side come steaming around a bend. We waved our hands, but of course they could not stop even if they had desired to do so, for the current was swift and the channel narrow. However, we managed to get alongside, and as she was shooting by grabbed a rope which slipped through several hands before one fellow finally held on by the merest fraction. We then climbed on board

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the barge, though the guide needed some encouragement to enable him to attempt it. In this way we had a nice trip back to Mandalay, arriving soon after five. Navigation must be very hard, as the channel is narrow, twisting, and constantly changing.

On our way to the hotel we stopped at a curio shop, but bought nothing, though E. may get a silver bowl which was very pretty.

On train to Rangoon, Burma.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1911

E AND I made our way to the market about seven o'clock, only to find it closed, so we drove over to look at the Kyanh-Taw Monastery, which, like everything else of the sort in Burma, is attractive at a distance, but loses charm at the same rate as you approach it, until upon close inspection you find that nothing appears enduring, and immediately much of the charm disappears. The 450 pagodas were much more attractive as seen from the hill. The glass monastery opposite was largely destroyed by fire a few years ago, but a little monastery near it was covered with carving and gilt. A monk invited us inside. An image of Guatama and three large nursery clocks were all that greeted our eyes, except for some advertisement calendars which seem very popular at monasteries.

We drove back along the moat and the crenulated walls of the Fort, with its spire-like towers rising at regular intervals. The yellow robed monks were wandering from house to house with their begging bowls of black lacquer, which the people filled with food. The monks are supposed to eat only what they receive in this way and never to eat after twelve o'clock noon. They are greatly respected and are in no way

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priests. They take their vows for only short periods, though they often renew them. Their heads are shaved and they wear yellow or brown toga-like robes. Their right arms are usually bare. The nuns are much fewer; they also shave their heads, but their robes are of a much lighter color. "The Soul of a People," by Fielding Hall, tells in a delightful though rather a glorified way of these monks and the beliefs of the Burmese.

After breakfast we went again to the curio store, bargained long and uselessly for two silver bowls, and finally bought them. By this time the market had begun to fill up. It consists of five or six large concrete buildings, each with several lines of stalls. One pathway will be lined with stalls of the brightest of bright colored silks, tended by the brightest of bright eyed women, another will be lined with stalls full of cambrics, cottons, calicoes, etc. Then will come rows of slipper booths, brass booths, silver booths, fish booths, vegetable booths, and every sort of booth except General Booth. In, at, or about these, Burmese, Tamils, Parsees, Chans, Chins, Kachins, Wild Chinese, and many other people buy, sell, or look at wares. Outside was another little market which was less clean but equally active; unfortunately we could not stay long, for our train left at eleven-thirty, so we had to hurry to the station. Foy had left by boat for Prome last night, so we had a compartment between three of us.

Strand Hotel, Rangoon, Burma.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1911

"**M**ANY Happy Returns of the Day to myself on reaching the ripe old age of twenty-three."

Called on Cook and found that we could not get passage on March fourth, so we have only three weeks

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in India. I went to see the Suratti Bazaar, but it was not up to the Mandalay one, and I missed the clean smiling faces of the Burmese, for they are driven out by the Indian Baboos. I bought a few books and visited the Schwemawdaw Pagoda, which would look exceedingly well at a distance were it not for the bamboo framework which enshrouds it while it is being regilded. Took it easy after lunch.

Late in the afternoon we drove out to Mr. Levanson's, driving about the Victoria Lakes and listening to the military band on the way. Another man, Mr. Steward, was also at Levanson's for dinner. Afterwards they played bridge and I was left to look at the stars, which seem so much brighter and clearer here than at home, but which do not twinkle as much as they do further south.

We heard quite casually from Captain Foy on the twenty-sixth that "Hooks" Burr died of typhoid fever and to-day we saw it in the paper. I thought that he was surely well, for we had not heard for so long about him. It is very sad and a great shame, for no finer fellow ever lived. Everybody admired and liked him and he never disappointed any one of his admirers.

Strand Hotel, Rangoon, Burma.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1911

ELLIOT WALKED out at seven o'clock with Mr. Levanson to a little place called Thinganagyun and I followed by train later, Fellowes preferring bed. I walked across the fields from the station with some Burmese to the Temple, where I found the other two. Levanson, who is Deputy Commissioner, had some work to do, but a very nice Burmese gentleman showed us about the place. He himself had given an elaborate

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Rest House of concrete and carved gilt wood, a curious and ugly combination. On our way back we stopped at a little native house, which had a sign saying "No Admittance" on the gate. Here we had a cup of Burmese tea, which was very good, in cups which had "Forget-me-not" written on them, which were very ugly. We also ate some balls of brown sugar and slices of sugared pumpkin. The family as we saw it consisted of a mother, five daughters, a son-in-law, and a baby. There is no question that two of the daughters were very pretty and two others very cunning. But that is not surprising, for the Burmese are by far the best looking and pleasantest people we have yet seen. They were in trouble over their lease and were explaining about it to Levanson. Further on we came upon a funeral; the hearse consisted of a four post bed which was ready to be borne on the shoulders of the mourners; spirits were kept up and away by loud music. Further on a pleasant looking Burmese gardener gave us each a bunch of flowers when we went by his place, and at the invitation of one of the monks we stopped for a few minutes at a little monastery. Four modern prints were hanging on the piazza; two were exactly alike and represented "The Citation of Wyclif" and the others were two colored prints of the Derby. We breakfasted with Levanson about eleven-thirty. His house is dismal and bare; I do not see how he can live in such a place, though his grounds are pleasant; but then he was twelve years in the Shan States, so he probably does not mind being lonely.

Late in the afternoon we went to the Schwè Dagôn Pagoda, rightly the most famous in Burma. Two huge plaster beasts guard the entrance to a long flight of steps which by easy stages bring you to one pagoda.

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The stairs are lined with booths, where flowers, candles, tobacco, and many other offerings are for sale. On emerging from the covered stairway you involuntarily gasp, for you seem to have entered a city of gold and precious jewels. Later on you wonder whether it is that or Coney Island, but the first sight is dazzling. The huge pagoda rises from the center. It is covered with pure gold leaf, but unfortunately the bamboo framework covered most of it. The base of this is surrounded by small pagoda shaped shrines and four gorgeous temples. These shrines all contain an image or images of Buddha in bronze, wood, gold leaf, plaster, marble, or alabaster. The shrines themselves, like the big pagodas, have tinkling bells and are gilded or inlaid with colored glass or painted white. About them is a broad stone walk which is bordered by temples, shrines, and pagodas of every shape, size, and material full of countless images of Guatama. These, though of many materials and with faces of surprisingly different types, are, like all the other Buddhas I have seen in Burma, seated with right hand lowered and left hand in front of their body holding a lotus bud. (On coming to think of it there were one or two reclining Buddhas.) Among these gorgeous buildings of carved teak or gilded wood, some with dazzling pagodaed roofs, some with bejeweled columns and trimmings which you must not inspect too closely, are little stalls where some few articles may be obtained. At one we purchased some tracts, published by the Buddhistic Tract Society. They are in no way favorable to Christianity. It was rather refreshing to find them defining their own faith and fighting the missionaries with weapons borrowed from them. One of the monks here is an Irishman. There is another white monk whom the authorities



AN ELEPHANT "A PILIN' TEAK"



THE ENTRANCE TO
THE SCHWÈ DAGÔN



ON THE PLATFORM OF
THE SCHWÈ DAGÔN

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foolishly put in jail the other day because he spoke inadvisedly concerning the English Church. Many other Europeans are, I think, strongly affected by the philosophy of Buddha in this land where Buddhism still remains to a certain extent unadulterated.

S. S. Lama, Bay of Bengal.

MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1911

ELLIOT, Foy, who had just got back from Mandalay, and I went to the Bombay Burma lumber yard about seven o'clock, Fellowes again preferring bed. We had no permits, but had no difficulty in getting in. Unfortunately the "tusker" had fever, so we did not see "the elephants a pilin' teak," but we saw one pulling great logs to the water front, and that was worth seeing. They were hard to dislodge, and he would double up his mighty back, curl up his trunk in his mouth, and squeal with exertion until the log finally began to move. Then after pulling it across the others to the edge he would put down his head and shove it through the thick mud with his trunk into the position he wanted. I really never realized the tremendous power of these animals before, they look so flabby; nor their common sense, which is phenomenal. The saw mills were all closed, as the Chinese New Year began to-day, and all the Chinos were driving or walking about in their clothes, which were very fine. After breakfast I went with the Tiltens to the Schwè Dagôn again. Here the Chinos were out in goodly force, setting off their firecrackers and otherwise making merry in a quiet orderly way. The little children walked about under heavily embroidered and gayly colored coats, and headgear more splendid than comfortable. The brilliancy of the sun only enhanced the dazzling effect

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of the buildings and totem-like flag poles. From the pagoda grounds, for they cover the whole top of a hill, one can obtain a good view of the city, the Victoria Lakes, and country round about. At one time there was heavy fighting here, and in one corner, under the shade of a huge teak tree, three stone slabs mark where three British officers fell.

In one pagoda they have some carved tusks which, though very fine, do not compare with the ones that I saw in Hirst's curio store the other day. He had huge tusks carved in the most delicate lace-like pattern, and under the lacework carved figures could be seen standing out from the core. I saw a man at work on one, which made me marvel all the more at how it was possible to do it.

We did not see anything else, as our boat left the harbor at four o'clock, only to wait at the mouth of the river until ten that night.

S. S. Lama, Bay of Bengal.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1911

I HAD a splendid sleep last night. The boat is small, but fast and clean. "His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's armies in India," is on board. His cabin is opposite ours. Except for the Tilttons, the passengers are nearly all English.

I am sorry to leave Burma, and feel that in this damnable diary I have done scant justice to its attractions, chief of which are its people. They are rather light skinned for a brown race, with fascinating eyes and pleasant faces. The men are somewhat effeminate looking, but pleasant withal, and the women are charming. Both men and women wear the brightest colored silks I have ever seen, combinations of color which at

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home would fairly wail in their agony, but which here, with the bright sun and brown bodies, harmonize perfectly. In fact there seems no combination of colors however brilliant that does not look perfectly in place and keeping. The women almost without exception have good figures, and the tight fitting silk sarongs (or whatever they call them) do not hide their graceful curves. The children are a cunning looking lot and are made much of by their parents, but remain unspoiled notwithstanding. The mothers do not carry their babies a great deal; if they do they are held astride the hip.

The weather in Burma was bright and clear and cool in the morning and evening. We saw hardly a sign of a cloud, except on Sunday, when it sprinkled a few drops, an unusual occurrence for this time of the year.

S. S. Lama, Bay of Bengal.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1911

WE had several short sharp rain squalls to-day, one of them resulting in a water spout, which—worse luck—I did not see. The squalls came up in a flash and drove the rain through heavy double canvas as if it was netting. We picked up the pilot about 11:30 P.M., and after proceeding a little further will anchor, for the Hooghly is one of the most difficult of rivers to navigate.

Grand Hotel, Calcutta, India.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1911

IT was very cold this morning, and the wind blew a gale down the river. The pilot said he had not seen anything like it for twenty-three years. Calcutta was not very striking from the water front, though of

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course it looked very large. We docked about 3:30 and went immediately to the bank for mail, of which there was a goodly quantity. I was delighted to hear of the arrival of two new cousinettes, but very sorry to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. Lippitt.

On the way to Cook's I stopped at Ralli Bros. and looked up John Galatti. Our rooms are rather poor, being dirty and poorly lighted. We secured a servant. I hope he will turn out to be honest. I was very surprised to see Adrian Iselin in the hotel. He is going around the world the other way. I found from him, among other things, that Uncle Harry is in Manila now.

John came to dinner and afterwards we went to see a stock company give the "Chocolate Soldier." It was fairly well done.

It is really quite cool here to-night, almost too much so.

Grand Hotel, Calcutta, India.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1911

WE spent all morning in Cook's and seemingly accomplished nothing. It looks as if I would have to leave India February 25th, Bacon March 4th, and Morgan March 11th. I bought a number of books and left our cards on the Viceroy, together with two letters. While we were there we saw some of his body-guard, the finest looking men I have ever seen. Sikhs six feet four in their stocking feet at least and seven feet with their turbans.

The Crown Prince of Germany arrived in the afternoon. The streets were lined with red coats and native troops. By good luck I secured a position on a balcony and saw the whole thing, which was not a great deal.

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First an electric car, came by after the streets had been cleared, and spread sand over the tracks, then a few officials rode by to see if everything was O. K., and then came the mounted bodyguard with their fluttering lances and gorgeous uniforms preceding the carriage in which were Lord Hardinge and the Crown Prince, then more carriages followed, and that was all. I do not think Calcutta is particularly beautiful, though it has some fine buildings and innumerable banks and shops.

John came to dinner and we went to see "Our Miss Gibbs," which was not wonderfully done.

On Train to Darjeeling, India.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1911

I SPENT this morning packing and at Cook's. Foy and I lunched at the Club with a chap called Macnaughton whom we met on the steamer. It is a very large building, built on the site where Lord Macaulay's house formerly stood.

We took the five-thirty train for Damudkia. Here we boarded the ferry and had our dinner, while we shivered in our overcoats. If Darjeeling is much colder it will be fierce. After we had gone down the Ganges and crossed over we boarded another train at Sara Ghat. Four of us are in the same compartment.

Grand Hotel, Darjeeling, India.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1911

ARRIVED at Selligun about six-thirty. Here we had breakfast and after a wait of an hour or more boarded a little two foot gauge train with open cars. There were some native soldiers in the station who

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looked very much like Japs. They were Gurkas I believe. We soon began the ascent. It was a glorious day and for hours we wound up the side of mountains, shooting around sharp corners and zig-zagging up in switch back fashion. Some of the views were remarkably fine and all the scenery was beautiful. At times we would make a complete loop on our upward journey. The little engines were very stalwart, and notwithstanding the fact that the line follows the road, most of the way it is a splendid piece of engineering.

We made one stop of about half an hour and had our first glimpse of the natives. Of course the types vary, but for the most part they are strongly Mongolian, reminding one of the Siberian Mongols. A hardy, good looking, dirty lot they are. The women look not unlike American squaws. They are loaded down with jewelry (made in Germany probably) and are anxious to sell it.

We arrived at Darjeeling about one o'clock and made our way immediately to the hotel for tiffin. After tiffin we walked down to the market. Sunday is the big day and produce of various sorts is brought from many miles around. I have seldom seen more picturesque looking people in spite of their layers of dirt (it is no doubt too cold to wash). What the various people were I have no idea. However there were a number of Thibetans there, I know, and the others were for the most part closely related to them. At all events, except for an occasional beggar, they were hardy looking, outspoken individuals. Some of the women were quite fine looking and all were loaded down with rings, bracelets, armlets, necklaces, and earrings. Usually they did their utmost to sell their cheap looking finery at exorbitant prices. On their earrings, however, which



DARJEELING MARKET



THIBETAN TYPES IN DARJEELING

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were often very fine, they put a prohibitive price. Colored glass and other imitation jewels were in abundance. Sad to relate, the light was very poor for taking snapshots, and it was necessary to give the subjects liberal baksheesh to make them pose. The whole scene, in spite of the lack of sunshine, was brightened by the gay dress of both men and women, which as a rule consisted of high colored moccasins of felt like cloth, and colored blankets made into waists and shirts or merely wound about the body.

Darjeeling is a good sized place and is built on the side or sides of a mountain ridge if any place ever was. There are a number of curio shops, where they have things both good and bad, chiefly the latter, and at very stiff prices. In fact, the people are thoroughly spoilt by tourists.

Betel nut chewing prevails here as it does everywhere from China no doubt to Egypt. The people often have no other way of reckoning distance than by so many betel nut chews.

The hotel was bitter cold and only a little coal fireplace in each room to warm it. Bed was the only possible place.

Back to Calcutta, India.

· MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1911

UP shortly after three o'clock, and it did take strength of mind to rise from a nice warm bed to start on a six mile ride in the dark without breakfast. I managed it, however, as did a number of others from the hotel. E. and F. walked, Foy went in a chair (after two years and a half in Manila the cold affects him terribly), and I went on horseback. I was the last to leave the hotel and was glad of it, for as I left

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the gate there was not a sound; it was stiller than anything I have ever imagined; the stars overhead were fixed and bright; the atmosphere clear, cold, and still; the shapes of the tall deodars were just visible against the skyline, while the other trees and growth were an indistinguishable mass; only my horse's hoofs and the pattering feet of my coolie broke the silence; looking down I saw the lights of Darjeeling shining bright and still, showing up here and there the outlines of a tree or house. Beyond there was nothing; it seemed if you jumped you would just fall and fall and fall. The crow of a cock, shrill and clear, was the first suggestion of dawn, but it was not until some time later that the first light began to appear. Meanwhile I passed many of the others as they went along the trail by horse, foot, or chair. I shall not forget that ride soon, especially the lights of Darjeeling and the deodars.

After a ride of over an hour the trail became steeper, and covered with crisp, crunching snow. My horse's feet slipped and mine were cold, so I dismounted and walked the rest of the way. When I had finally gained the crest of Tiger Hill the sun was just beginning to appear. There seemed to be only clouds, but on closer inspection some of these turned out to be magnificent mountain peaks, which became clearer and clearer as the sun, a dim ball of red, rose gradually in the sky and lit up these snow-covered monsters. They were the peaks of Kichinjanga, forty-five miles distant (though they looked not more than fifteen) and 28,156 feet high. As the mist gradually cleared away and the sun became brighter, other peaks began to appear, among them the Thibetan Himalayas further to the west. Also we could see Darjeeling lying below us several miles distant and the tail like ridge dotted with

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houses, over which we had just come. All in all it was by far the most magnificent view I have ever seen, and no doubt it is the most magnificent in the world. It was not until nearly seven o'clock that Everest appeared, 29,002 feet high, but as it was 120 miles away it appeared lower than several other peaks in the same direction which were near. We stayed about two hours admiring this unsurpassable view, and then began our descent, which gave us some magnificent scenery. By the time we had returned, the mist had closed in and it was cold and raw, so much so that Foy and I decided to go back to Calcutta at three. And this we did, after wandering about the town and talking to the outspoken native women who wanted to unburden some of their jewelry on us. The ride down was cold and disagreeable, and we missed the views of the mountain sides covered with tea shrubs, which we had admired so on the way up. They say there is no finer tea than that of the Darjeeling plantations.

Grand Hotel, Calcutta, India.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1911

THE trip up the Ganges in the early morning was surpassingly beautiful. The muddy river, with its odd shaped craft, and the low flat sandy banks in the soft clear light seemed to give forth unexpected colors, which made a most beautiful picture. Our room at the hotel was a decided improvement this time, for it was clean and had a porcelain tub attached. In the afternoon we drove with Charlie and Mrs. Tilton to a Jain temple. This was a gorgeous affair of inlaid colored glass, and tapering spires. The glass-work was much more finished than the same sort of work we saw in Burma. The grounds were a peculiar mixture

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of the old and the new, the old in good, and the new in poor taste. On my return I found an invitation to lunch with Lord and Lady Hardinge to-morrow.

Tired and to bed early.

On the Train to Benares, India.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1911

SPENT a busy morning at Cook's, where I finally bought a first class ticket which cost a hundred rupees or so extra; at the bank, where I found no mail; at Macnaughton's, where I said good-bye and bought three tickets for the Calcutta sweepstakes and later made a short call on John Gallati. It was then about time to get ready for lunch. Fellowes and Elliot had already returned.

At the Government House we were ushered into a large hall where several people were standing and talking in low whispers. We were introduced to about two of them. In a little while Lord Hardinge came in with a lady who was, I think, either Lady Hardinge or a daughter, but as we were never introduced to her I am not at all sure which. We shook hands with him. A few more whispers (why everybody talked in that sepulchral manner I have no idea, but I felt every minute as if we would be asked to view the remains) and we went into dinner. The aides, etc., sat at one table and the rest of the party, about ten in number, at the other. Morgan was on the Viceroy's left. I was between a Col. Dick, to whom I was never introduced, and a Mr. Weekes. The meal was excellent and I had an interesting time listening and occasionally talking to the Earl of Harraway (or something of the sort). Everyone left a few minutes after lunch.

About four o'clock I went out to the Zoölogical

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Gardens, which were as interesting as any I have seen. The hippopotamus, a black leopard, and some very dignified old storks, who stalked about like needy tragedians, took my eye. They were much impressed with their own tremendous importance, but somehow seem to feel that others did not fully appreciate it. I forgot to say that in the morning I visited the museum, which was unusually interesting and instructive. I had to dash through it, and am very much disappointed that I did not go there sooner. There were some fine old carvings, Buddhistic, Hindu, and Mohammedan. The geological and zoölogical rooms were most instructive and well arranged, while the anthropological ones and the collections of weapons, curios, etc., were no less so.

John Galatti came to dinner, and afterwards we had to board the train for Benares.

Hotél de Paris, Benares, India.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1911

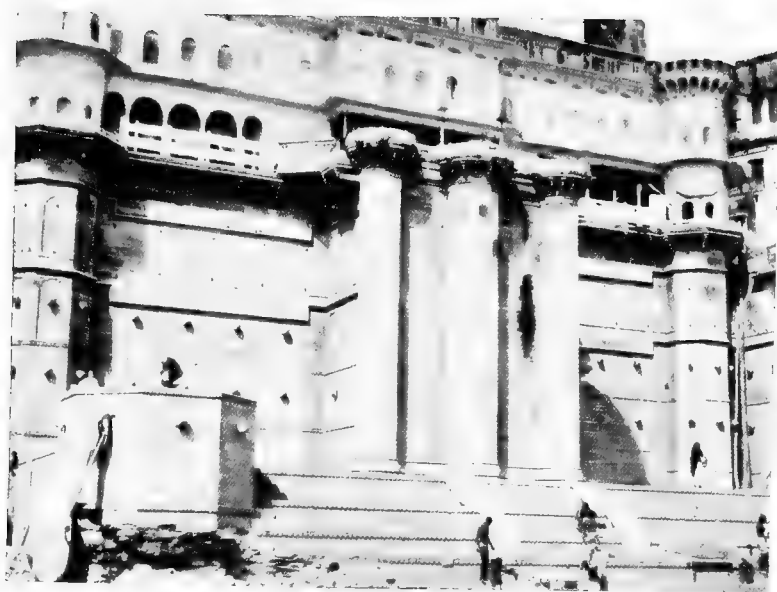
HAD a wait of a half hour or more at Mughal Sarai, where we changed trains. Just before reaching Benares we crossed the Ganges on a well built bridge and caught a glimpse of the water front, with many imposing temples clustered at its edge. On our arrival we started right off, in spite of the glaring sun, to drive through the parched looking town. I am sure that there is only one place that could be hotter than Benares must be in the summer, and that is not on this globe.

We boarded a boat of unknown type at one of the Ghats, (or flights of steps where the Hindus bathe) and went up and down the water front, which even in the fierce glare was attractive. All the finest buildings are Rajas' palaces, which in most cases seem in need of

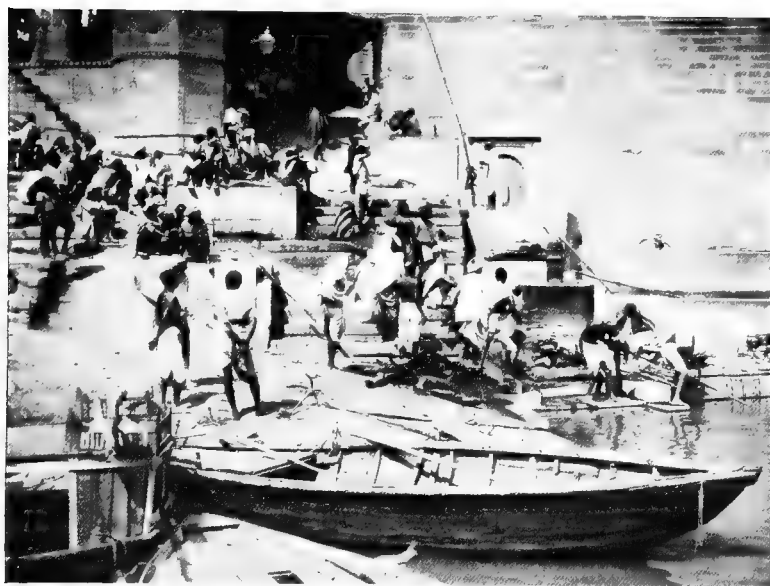
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repair. There are numerous large flights of steps or Ghats, with attendant temples, palaces, and shrines. We walked down one of the largest of these, the Dasaswamedh Ghat, and as I have just said, rowed down the river front, passing the beautiful Kedar Ghat, the Sindhia's Ghat, where huge masses of masonry have sunk into the sand, ruining what was to be the finest of the palaces, and the Smashan Ghat, where dead bodies are burned and their ashes thrown into the Ganges. If the dead person is a Brahman they do not need this purification, or if his family are very poor and cannot afford it they are thrown in without the burning ceremony. This does not deter people nearby from rinsing their mouths and cleansing their bodies with the holy Ganges water. We saw several bodies in various states of cremation or lying in shrouds ready to be placed on one of the small pyres. Above the Panchganga Ghat, beneath which five rivers are supposed to meet, rises the mosque of Aurangzeb, flanked by two slim minarets and commanding a view of the river. We stopped at the Mir Ghat on the way back and looked at the Nepalese Temple, which, were it not for the remarkable indecency of its carvings, would be most picturesque. Next we left the river and visited a group of temples, chief among which was the Golden Temple, to see the golden domes of which it was necessary to mount to the belfry of a temple opposite. The golden temple and the ones about it, in one of which is the so-called well of knowledge, were thronged with people bringing offerings of food, water, and flowers. Nearby also is a Mohammedan mosque, built by Aurangzeb on the site of a Hindu temple destroyed by him, part of which is still standing.

After lunch we were entertained by an Indian



PANCHGANGA GHAT, BENARES



JAL SAIN OR BURNING GHAT, BENARES
Notice swathed body near boat

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juggler. His excellence consisted entirely in his sleight of hand work, for nearly all his tricks were simple. We paid him extra to do the mango trick, but it had to be done under trying circumstances and was a complete fizzle. We spotted it at the very beginning. A fight between a mongoose and two snakes was also a failure, for the mongoose was tied and the snakes were small, harmless, and inactive. Next, one of the "Heroes of India," as he calls himself, entertained us with various contortionistic feats. He also lifted weights up by his hair, allowed everyone to pull his ear, and offered to take out his eye for ten rupees.

In the late afternoon we went to the Sultan's Palace, which contained nothing of note, and the "Monkey Temple," so called because of the many monkeys who live in or about it. The temple itself is attractive, but small and dirty.

I bought a few pieces of old brass in the bazaar and was very much stung, I think, though the man came down about two-thirds in his price.

The bazaars themselves are interesting, though as a whole the people are dirty and unattractive. Unlike many other Eastern people, they are not happy. Even the little children seem to realize that the world is full of sorrow, and the weight of it rests heavy on their shoulders and shows in their tired eyes and mirthless laugh. Very few women are to be seen on the streets. The houses are nearly all made of mud, low and long, with small arched doorways and no sign of windows. Dry manure, which the children collect and paste on the walls to dry, does as fuel. The men sit in their little booths, pulling on their long stemmed hookahs and smaller cocoanut pipes. In these the smoke is sucked without a stem through a hole in a cocoanut

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in which there is water. Their tobacco has to be kept lit with live coals.

Lauries Great Northern Hotel, Allahabad, India.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1911

BEFORE taking the seven fifty-five train for Allahabad, we went down to the Ghats again and watched the people at their morning ablutions and prayers. We saw several "yogis"; they are religious fanatics who cover their bodies and hair with dirt and ashes and wear as little clothes as the law allows. They were certainly most peculiar and seemed delighted to have their pictures taken. The river front was much more attractive in the early morning light than in the fierce glare of mid-day. We arrived at Allahabad about noon. Immediately after tiffin we took a train to the Exhibition Grounds about three miles out.

These were well laid out, and midway booths were conspicuous by their absence. Some of the exhibits were very good, notably the Fine Arts, where there were some marvelous gems, ivory work, jade, silks, etc. The pictures were also interesting, and there were some of considerable merit, both old and new. Then there were Economic, Hygienic, and other exhibits, all pretty good. After looking at all of these I went to the grandstand erected on one side of a large field. Here there were various sorts of military feats going on: rough riding, tent pegging, drilling, etc., by native troops and officers, who did some splendid work and delighted in the applause they received. There was also a military ride by English cavalry and a battery of four guns, and as a grand finale there was an attack on a fort. First the native chief came prancing out from the fort to reconnoitre. This took much time and



THE HERO OF INDIA, A FAKIR, BENARES



STREET DANCERS

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much shading of eyes. Then came the enemy; that is, the native army sent out scouts, who were duly killed and lay down until they thought it time to get out. Next the boom of artillery was heard, and shells burst over the fort in realistic fashion, skirmishers' lines gradually worked their way across the plain. Finally three sappers ran between two fires to the fort and a breach was made in the canvas walls, through which the attacking army dashed, killing right and left in spite of a flag of truce which waved from the ramparts.

We stayed at the exhibition and had a very delicious dinner, but we stopped patting ourselves on the back when we saw the bill. Our reason for stopping was to see some boxing, which turned out to be very good. It was all by English soldiers. Morgan and I stayed until the end, which was about twelve-thirty.

Civil and Military Hotel, Lucknow, India.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY II.

AFTER a good deal of puttering about we decided to go to the exhibition again and see the fort. Morgan and I walked to the old fort beyond the exhibition grounds and had to wait sometime for a guide which only gave us a few minutes to dash about. We saw Akbar's Column, a single pillar of red stone about fifty feet high, then walking along the high wall by the palace we saw people bathing in a particular holy place where the Ganges and Jumna join their waters. We had no time to see the underground temple, in which are the entrance to a tunnel to Benares and an ever-growing banyan tree (which is put in fresh every year). We dashed back by carriage to the station only to find the train was late. Just as we were starting I dis-

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covered that I did not have Foy's and my ticket. We left Nabi, our servant, to search for them. It looks as if I was out about 300 rupees, for I probably lost them at the exhibition. As a matter of fact no one ever asks for your tickets when you have them. But this certainly looks bad. On arriving at Cawnpore we decided to take a train for Lucknow, which we did, arriving about six-thirty.

Hotel Metropole, Agra, India.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

THIS has been about the most strenuous day I have ever spent. We saw Lucknow, Cawnpore, and most of Agra, to say nothing of travelling in between places. We made a fairly early start for the Residence at Lucknow, stopping on the way at the Old Sultan's palace grounds.

Besides being vitally interesting, the Residency, where the besieged held out so manfully and long, is a beautiful place with its partially ruined buildings and well kept grounds, fine trees and bushes. We drew up at the Bailey Guard Gate and the Treasury, both broken down and riddled with shot. A well informed guide took us around the line of fortifications and related the many thrilling incidents of the siege: Henry Lawrence's death, Havelock's relief, the Martinier boys, the shooting of Bob the Nailer, the desertion of native Christians, Jenny's dream, the counter-mining of Fulton, the great feat of Cavanaugh's in reaching Sir Colin Campbell and the relief. An old veteran showed us a model of the fortifications and the underground rooms where many women and children lived and died. It really was well worth coming to see and we obtained a very fair idea of the siege. From there



THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW



SATI CHAUNA OR BLOODY GHAT, CAWNPORE

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we drove to the Husainabad Imambra, a burial place for some chief; near to it is a good looking mosque, the Jama Masjid, and a fine many domed gateway.

The train for Cawnpore left about noon. We had a wretched lunch at the Civil and Military Hotel and then drove out to see the sights. First we went to Wheeler's entrenchment, where the besieged held out for a number of days against great odds. Our guide knew nothing; he was the most useless person I have ever seen. A soldier showed us about. A hedge marks the old line of fortifications, and small brick pillars show where the various buildings stood. A memorial church has been built nearby; Cawnpore has three famous wells. One is in the entrenchments where with great difficulty water was obtained, another nearby where the dead were buried, and the third some distance away, where the massacred women and children were thrown by Nana Sahib. After seeing the entrenchment and adjacent well we went to the site on the river bank (the Sati Chauna Ghat) where the garrison were shot down in their boats. As if to show the gruesomeness of the place, a dead body floated by with a crow perched upon it while we were standing there. There is plague in the town above. Lastly, we visited the memorial gardens, inside of which our guide was not allowed to go, but a Highlander showed us the memorial over the wall, which was an octagonal Gothic screen and a marble angel within. He explained the whole terrible affair in story book fashion with a wonderful burrr. By then it was time to take the four-thirty to Agra.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we were told to watch for the "Taj Mahal," but I did not see it from the train. However, just before we pulled into the

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station at ten-thirty, the huge walls of Akbar's fort loomed up. We drove part way around this gigantic structure of red sandstone, whose walls rise to the height of seventy feet, on the way to the Taj Mahal.

And what of the Taj! It should be sufficient to say, "I saw the Taj by moonlight," for it is useless to try to describe its beauty. But I cannot resist a word. I had been traveling and sightseeing since early morning, was dead tired, and had a slight sore throat, and yet when I stepped through the first arch of the gateway and saw the Taj framed in the other, I actually gasped and immediately forgot all aches and pains. I won't describe it, but really, as we saw it in the moonlight with a light mist around its base, it did not look earthly, it seemed "Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

Hotel Metropole, Agra, India.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

WE did not get started until nearly ten, consequently the sun was beating down with a fierce glare; but in spite of this we were charmed with all we saw. We went directly to the fort. Opposite the magnificent Delhi Gate, as it is called, is the Jama Masjid. It is a large mosque of red sandstone and its three huge domes have zig-zag bands of white marble. Our first stop was at the Pearl Mosque (the Moto Masjid). Here a brass-lunged guide attached himself to us, which detracted much from what we saw. The approach to this is peculiar, for you do not see anything of the mosque until you have ascended a flight of stairs and passed through a gateway; then you see nothing else. Truly it is a gem. All clear white marble. A court surrounded by a covered cloister with three



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA
This was taken through a doorway



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA

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gateways, a low many arched mosque surmounted by three pearly domes and several smaller ones. Almost no ornamentation except for an inscription running the whole length of the entablature. There are two beautifully carved screen doors inside at each end of the liwan or mosque proper.

From there we went to the palace. We entered a large square on one side of which is the Diwan-i-am or Public Audience Hall, which unfortunately (to my thinking) was whitewashed a few years ago, instead of being left the natural color of the red sandstone. The Anguri Bagh is a garden laid in curling plots of grass separated by red stone. It is surrounded by buildings, at one end is the Khas Mahal, a beautiful building of marble, with traces of coloring and gilding inside, and flanked by the so-called golden pavilions. The next places we saw were the apartments of Shah Jahan, decorated with frescoes, largely obliterated; beyond was the Jahangir Mahal, a fine palace of red sandstone, with many apartments, and one particularly beautiful court with richly carved pillars. It is Hindu architecture. As nearly all these buildings face the river we kept having glimpses of the Taj Mahal, which from a distance seems huge. Near to it does not seem at all gigantic. Retracing our steps and going to another part of the palace, we saw some even finer buildings and rooms: the "Gem Mosque," for the ladies' use, the Hall of Private Audience or Diwan-i-Khas, the famous throne of black marble; the Mina Masjid, supposed to be the smallest mosque in existence; the "Mirror Palace," two darkened rooms whose walls are covered with mirrors and colored glass, which flash like gems if a light is lighted; and the Jessamine Burj, perhaps the most beautiful of all because of the beautiful

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carved lattice-work it contains, which seems as if it must be delicately carved ivory.

After tiffin we drove out to Sikandarah, where the mausoleum of Akbar is. This is surrounded by a large wall broken by four gateways of red sandstone, traced with white marble. We entered through the finest of these. The mausoleum is of four stories of red sandstone. First there is a cloister with high vaulted arches. In the vestibule the walls and ceiling are covered with red and blue fresco work. The tomb lies in a vaulted chamber dimly lighted, where every noise echoes and reëchoes. Above come pretty terraces and rooms which in themselves would make a handsome building. The top story in itself is also beautiful, but in connection with the lower portion looks out of place. It is surrounded by carved marble screens, within which the cenotaph lies and through which the wind moans. The Kohinoor diamond used to rest on a pedestal at the head of the cenotaph.

Leaving Sikandarah, we arrived at the Taj Mahal shortly before the sun set. We watched it sink and the full moon rise from one of the four tall muezzin towers. The distance between the main gate and the Taj is as deceptive by daylight almost as by moonlight. The cenotaphs are surrounded by exquisitely carved marble screens; below them lie the tombs which are delicately inlaid with agate, representing flowers; in fact, the Taj itself is decorated by this inlaid work; but at first, in admiration for the building as a whole, one does not appreciate the detail. In the vault the most raucous note seems by constant reverberation to possess the soft tone of a church organ.



ANGURI BAGH, KHAS MAHAL, AND GOLDEN
PAVILION, AGRA FORT



A VIEW OF FATEHPUR SIKRI

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Gwalior House, Gwalior, India.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

OUR motor, a Dediectric of 1902 or 1903 vintage, arrived shortly after seven; it coughed and stuttered at starting, but once under way rattled along at over 20 miles an hour. The road was flat and straight or things might not have been so successful. As it was, there was always some uncertainty as to which way the buffaloes or bullocks would turn, for they had no reins to guide them. It took us about an hour to reach our destination. Fatehpur Sikri is a long deserted city built by Akbar and a place of exceeding interest and beauty. I shall not attempt to go much into detail, merely naming the various buildings in the order we saw them.

First, the mint, a quadrangular building with low domes and open courtyard; the Diwan-i-am (Public Audience Hall), in front of which is an open court and a screened place where the Emperor sat while the nobles stood about the cloisters; another large court contains Akbar's sleeping apartments, "Khwabgah," with swimming baths in front; nearby is the Turkish Queen's House, which is covered with delicate carving in every corner. All the buildings are of red sandstone, which seems to lend itself splendidly to carving. Then there are the Girls' Schools and the Diwan-i-Khas (Private Council Chamber). This is a peculiar building, for what appears from the outside to be the second story turns out to be a huge column from the carved capital of which four causeways radiate; the Ank Michauli is where the Emperor played hide-and-seek with his harem, if the story can be believed; the Panch Mahal is a five storied building in the center of the

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Khas Mahal; from there a covered passage leads to the place where the House of Miriam (traditionally a Portuguese Christian) stands; the inside was formerly painted and traces of it still remain; the Hindu Queen's house, some Turkish baths, and a ladies' mosque are nearby. A road leads to the Elephant Gate, which overlooks the caravanserai and the Hiran Minar, a tower studded with stone elephant's tusks. Jodh Bai's Palace surrounds a courtyard and consists of four beautifully decorated rooms connected by a covered cloister. Birbal's house, to which the words of Victor Hugo have been applied, "If it were not the most minute of palaces, it was the most gigantic of jewel-cases," stands in a corner near the stables. Finally we reached the Dangah Mosque. There is a huge quadrangular court surrounded by a covered colonnade and buildings; facing the gate we entered is the large mosque said to be an exact copy of the one at Mecca; on the right a small mosque, or tomb of Shaikh Salim Chishti, the saint who was the cause of Akbar's building Fatehpur Sikri. A recognized descendant of Chishti acted as our guide. The tomb is of white marble and the walls are delicately carved marble screens. Inside is a canopy of mother-of-pearl; it is one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. The "Gate of Victory," Burland Darwazah, said to be the finest approach to any mosque in the world, is on the left. We obtained an excellent view of it from the ruined village outside, where people still live. We then climbed to the top and obtained a splendid view of the ruins and the country round about.

We were back by one o'clock. In the afternoon I went to the fort again, but had to walk, as no vehicle was obtainable. The streets and bazaars are not as



BURLAND DARWAZAH OR "GATE OF VICTORY"
FATEHPUR SIKRI



THE TOMB OF SHAIKH SALIM CHISHTI
FATEHPUR SIKRI

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interesting as one would expect, and oh so dirty and solemn! I went to the Pearl Mosque again. The glare was gone and I sat staring at those white domes against the clear blue sky, where hawks soared and floated about; sometimes they circled down about the very domes, and indeed two stately ones perched one on each of the end domes. I went over the palace again, but did not see all that I wanted, for it was closed, at five-thirty. On leaving the fort I obtained a gharri and drove to the Taj, where I stayed for a few minutes, before driving to catch the seven o'clock train to Gwalior. The train was slow and did not arrive until ten-thirty. And it was not until then that we had dinner.

Hotel Metropole, Agra, India.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

I DON'T know exactly what induced us to come to Gwalior. I think it was because Murray said the Maharajah sent his elephant to take visitors up to the fort. At all events I am glad we went in spite of the fact that the manager said we could not get an elephant last night. This morning we looked out of our doors and saw the high red walls of the fort running along the edge of an isolated hill with palisade like sides. The hill was in itself a natural fort. We drove to the foot of this and found to our surprise a huge elephant waiting for us. We soon climbed on board. He was just like a boat, with the gang plank hanging on his side, and his swaying motion as he walked slowly up the hill. There are six gates on the way up and at the top a turreted building with a strip of blue and green tiles. First we visited the Man Singh Palace, or Chit Mandir. This has colored tiles on the walls outside

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and inside and some finely carved courts. Here something seemed to go wrong, but we could not understand the mahmout and he could not understand us, so we gave him some rupees. This helped a little, but he still seemed disturbed, so we gave him more. We stopped next at the Jain Temple, Sas Bahu, richly carved with many figures inside, all of which have been defaced; then at the Teli-Ka-Mandir, another temple, surrounded with fragments of sculpture which have been excavated near the fort. The mahmout still seemed miserable, so we set about finding an interpreter. Foy and I called on the commander of the fort. We found him a dirtily clad old fellow seated on a mat smoking a hookah. We told him, through his aide, that we had come to the fort with the express purpose of paying our respects to him, and then, after thanking him for his many kindnesses, we left. Meanwhile Fellowes and Elliot had had it revealed to them that we were using the military secretary's elephant, which was to have taken him and three friends up to see the fort. It was too late to do anything, as he had left, so we continued on and saw some large Jain figures carved into the side of the rock and returned to the hotel by the way we had come. While at lunch we learned that the plague was rampant in Gwalior.

Bacon and Foy went right on to Delhi, while Fellowes and I got off at Agra. We paid a visit to the Taj Mahal from six to seven and I went again after dinner to see it a last time by moonlight.



W. F. M., JR., E. C. B., AND CAPT. FOY ON THE
MILITARY SECRETARY'S ELEPHANT, GWALIOR



STONE ELEPHANTS, LAHORE GATE, DELHI FORT

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Maiden's Hotel, Delhi, India.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16

THIS morning we drove across the river and visited two buildings, the Tomb of I'timad-ud-daulah, a beautiful building of white marble, much of which is covered with inlay work of agate and colored stone, said to be the earliest inlay work known in India, and the Chirrika Roza, a large dome on an octagonal base of dark stone, decorated with glazed work which at one time must have been glorious.

I made my way on foot through some fields and orchids to view the Taj from across the river. As the river was very low the view was not as fine as it might have been. However, the fort as seen down the river stood out splendidly. After leaping a few creeks I reached a boat and was ferried across. Fellowes met me and we said good-bye to the Taj. In the afternoon we had time for only a brief glimpse of the palaces in the fort before leaving for Delhi, where we arrived at eight-thirty.

Maiden's Hotel, Delhi, India.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17

I WAS much surprised to find Harvey Bundy in the hotel when I went into dinner last night. He is going in the opposite direction from us with a fellow named Lowe.

To-day, under the guidance of Budree Das, 74 years of age, a veteran of the mutiny, and, if we are to believe him, the only guide in Delhi, and almost the only one in India worthy of the name. He certainly talked continuously, and seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of facts. Under his guidance we took a machine

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and visited places of interest in the neighborhood of Delhi. There are, I believe, no less than eight different sites of former Delhis, and I feel sure that we saw them all. In all directions the country is covered with ruins in varying states of dilapidation.

Our first stop was at the walls of Purana Kila, an old fortress or walled town, within whose ruins some people still insist on living. One of the buildings within is in good condition, the Shu Shan, and is a handsome mosque with one dome and pleasing lines, made of red sandstone and granite. It contains some good carving. Further on we came to the Tomb of Humayun. The plan of the Taj is supposed to have been taken from this building, but of course there is no comparison. This tomb is a queer mixture of red sandstone and marble in relief, which is supposed to be artistic, but I do not care for it much. There were several other buildings round about, some with the remains of handsome blue tiling. Next we came to the Dargah or Shrine of Nizam-ud-din Aulia. Numerous holy people have been buried in this enclosure, wherein are some handsome tombs, pretty little courtyards, connected with which are numerous fables. There is a tank there into which for a few coppers boys will jump from a considerable height.

From here we began to circle back towards Delhi, stopping at the Kutab Minar enclosure. The Kutab Minar itself is the finest tower I have ever seen and one of the finest structures. It has four stories. It is at present 283 ft. high. Except for the top, which is of marble, it is of red sandstone and is built in sort of perpendicular rolls instead of being smooth. At the rest house nearby, thanks to Budree Das, we had the best meal we have had since Manila. Afterwards we



JAMA MASJID, DELHI



DWIAN-I-KHAS, DELHI

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dragged ourselves around to look at the other buildings. First and foremost was the Kiuvat-ul Islam Mosque, which, though in ruins, is very beautiful, especially its carvings. The famous iron pillar stands within it. This is not much to see, but it has numerous fables woven about it. There are two or three other buildings and the beginnings of what was to be an immense tower. Proceeding from here, we stopped at the Fort of Tughlahabad, which has gigantic walls made without mortar; all around are other ruined walls and across the road is the Tomb of Targlak Shah. This is a solid structure which from a distance possesses considerable beauty. Our last stop was at the old observatory, which is being entirely made over with pink plaster by the Rajah of Jaipur.

Bacon and Foy left in the evening for Peshawar.

Maiden's Hotel, Delhi, India.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18

ONCE again Budree Das took us under his wing and talked harder than ever, blowing his own trumpet shrilly the while. We visited first the fort, with its many fine buildings and about which I should no doubt rave had I not been to Agra first. At all events the Diwan-i-Khas on which is written in Persian:

“If heaven can be on the face of the earth
It is this, oh! it is this, Oh! it is this!”

would merit mention in any group of buildings. One likes to imagine it in all its glory with the peacock throne in its place, but unfortunately the peacock throne has long since vanished, as have in more recent years many of the precious stones with which the building is inlaid. The Diwan-i-am is much more simple, but

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is nevertheless a beautiful building, and the royal private apartments, Moti Masjid, bathing apartments, etc., are most sumptuous, even in their deserted state. The Jama Masjid outside the walls is very imposing from a distance. Another interesting mosque is the Kalan Nasjid, or Black Mosque. It is old, solemn, and solid.

The afternoon we spent leisurely but expensively, for Fellowes bought a pearl scarf pin and I two small pearls. No doubt they were all three imitations, but at least they looked pretty. We are going shooting to-morrow with Bundy's friend Lowe.

On the Train to Peshawar, India.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19

OUR train left for Dadri about six, and we arrived there shortly after. The coolie we had sent ahead got on the wrong train, so we had to walk across the fields to a nearby village to get a bullock cart. Our arsenal consisted of three rifles and a shot-gun. We saw several peacocks, but as the village was Hindu there would have been trouble if we had shot one. As it was, however, Fellowes bagged several wild doves, which were plentiful and not very wild. We had not gone far before we sighted three black buck, but lost trace of them before getting a shot. We had breakfast beneath the shade of a tree, near the side of a small road, where picturesque bullock carts, or small pack trains of donkeys, passed occasionally to and fro. Nearby was a pond so thick with duck that Fellowes got nine in a half hour's time.

The shikarris had spotted a small herd of buck not far from where we were breakfasting. So off we went, Lowe in one direction, F. and I in another. They

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did not look large at about 250 yards, however I fired; one leapt way in the air, but all went bounding off almost before Fellowes could take a flying shot. The shikarri said I wounded one, but I do not think so myself. We then walked across several miles of fields, cultivated or partially so, with herds of cattle and sheep wandering about them. There were all sort of birds; the hoopoes and beautiful blue jays are familiar friends now, but some huge stork like birds of which we saw a number, standing nearly five ft. high, were less familiar. In the distance their gray backs showing above the growing mustard might almost be mistaken for cattle grazing. To fly they have to run along for fifteen yards or so to get up steam. And then they flap uncertainly in the air. Our shikarris went ahead to look for buck and signaled us to come. We had nearly reached the crest of a small rise when a herd appeared from the other side. I mistook Lowe's "Wait for the Others to Come" for "You take the first one," so I fired, missed, and frightened the whole herd, which proved a very large one.

We had lunch neath the same tree. After a snooze we started off again in the direction of the station; just before getting there we had a good shot at two buck. Lowe shot first, missed, and my attempt when they were on the run was also futile. We went back at four o'clock with only birds in our bag, but one of the coolies is going to stay behind to see if he can get those two we hit. As the jackals pull them down at night, — I don't think! Fellowes and I took the eight fifty-five for Peshawar.

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Flashman's Hotel, Peshawar, India.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20

HAD a long sleep last night and spent the whole day in the train. Read "Kim," which is delightful. The country up north seems rather bare and desolate. Much of it is cut into small chasms or worn as if it had once been the bed of a river. There are several big army posts. The people are a better looking lot than those about the other places we have been to. We found Foy and Bacon upon our arrival at eight-thirty.

On the Train to Lahore, India.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21

WE had secured permission to visit the Khyber Pass, so off we started in an open carriage. There seems to be martial spirit in the air, and necessarily so I expect, for from all accounts the Afridis are a lawless lot, who will shoot and rob whenever possible, and are especially keen to get guns. It is not to be wondered at, for the soil and barren hills do not look as if they would bear rich harvests. On the way to Jumrud we passed a large garrison and some rifle ranges, also several small squads manoeuvring in the plain, and two or three block houses. There is a large earthen fort at Jumrud. Here the caravans start and arrive every Tuesday and Friday, the only days the pass is open, and where we changed from our carriage into two tongas.

It was not long before we were in the midst of the outgoing caravan. What a sight! Hundreds of shaggy camels, stalking along loaded with huge bales and covering the winding road for at least a mile, alongside and mixed in with them donkeys, horses, and small hill

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cattle also heavily laden, while trudging by their side and sometimes urging them on were all sorts of picturesque, clear-eyed, weather-beaten people, black bearded and turbaned as a rule, but some were fair skinned and blue eyed, while others had dyed their beards, even as Dr. Gulliver, "a flaming red." A few of the brilliantly shawled women rode on the camels, but for the most part they too walked easily along. Unfortunately one of our tongas knocked down and ran over one poor old lady, but it seemed to do her little harm. After wriggling through this picturesque mass of men and beasts the road was clear, except for straggling bands of two or three. High up on the hill ridges were small block houses, where hawk eyed guards are stationed. The brigands must keep away on Tuesdays and Fridays, but good-bye to the unwary one who travels on other days or straggles from the path. After a drive of an hour or so along the finely metaled but circling road we came to Ali Maschid. We were allowed to go no further. Ali Maschid consists of a small fort high up on a hill and a tiny white mosque on the road. Here we stopped and had tiffin while waiting for the incoming caravan.

The advance guard of this arrived about one o'clock, then a crowd of men appeared, and behind them the camels came singly and by twos and threes. What a sight these camels are! Such dignity, such hauteur, such snobbishness as their looks express. They seem to say, "These low born brutes of men have enslaved us by treachery, but we will not give them satisfaction by complaints or entreaties, but merely show our utter contempt for them." Our driver struck one with his whip, the camel only arched his neck more proudly, curled his lip with scorn, and fluttered his eyelids with

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

injured pride. These northern camels are huge, shaggy beasts unlike others I have seen. Their thin legs seem to sink into their soft padded feet at every stride, like a man walking through six inches of Harbin mud. On our way back the drivers raced each other, swaying along the road at full gallop.

When in Peshawar again Fellowes and I went to the bazaar, which I must say is almost the most interesting I have ever seen. There are so many people and so many different types. Every little alley has its booths of different wares, a fruit alley, a vegetable alley, a small meat alley, and to show that civilization has none too firm a hold, a large cartridge belt alley. Then there are rows of slipper booths, coppersmiths dinning at their trade, and all manner of other wonderful sights. Bright colors and dark faces everywhere. Blind beggars, lame beggars, and healthy beggars. Here a crowd is gathered about a juggler who talks much and does little, then a small crowd collects about some holy man, or caravaners from afar seek advice from a wandering physician who has numberless phials and formulas. In the midst of the hubbub of the bazaars will stand a small white mosque from the tower of which you can hear the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. It is a marvelous sight and I wish we had had more time.

We all left on the 10:50 train.

On the Train to Delhi, India.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22

I HAD intended to spend a day at Lahore and Amritsar, but finally decided only to devote a few hours to each. We arrived at Lahore about one o'clock. Fellowes and I drove immediately to the museum. Nearby stands Zam Zammer, the gun astride which



KUTAB MINAR, DELHI



GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR

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Kim was sitting when the Lama first saw him. After spending a profitable hour in the museum we took the 3:05 train to Amritsar and immediately made our way to the golden temple.

This beautiful little building, with sides and domes of burnished gold, stands in the middle of a large artificial pond and is reached by a marble foot-bridge. Around the pond is a marble promenade where beggars rest, children play, and people sit, going down occasionally to the edge to bathe. The early morning is the great time for bathing. The lower part of the temple is of white marble inlaid with precious stones, flower designs, with here and there a figure of a man or animal. The inside is rich with gold and color, pigeons fly about while the long-robed worshippers walk round and round the center where the priests are sitting, and where one man plays lugubriously on a stringed instrument, occasionally lifting his voice to wail. It is decidedly one of the best things we have seen; both because of the beauty of the building itself, inside and out, and because of the life that is going on in and about it. All about are men with green, pink, yellow and red turbans, women with nun-like shawls or veils over their heads and gayly colored shirts showing beneath. Yes decidedly it is a sight well worth seeing and worth going to see many times, instead of one short time, as we have just done.

We went into several shops, but it was too dark to see the wares. So we set off in search of Bacon and Foy, but they were not to be found. Fellowes and I have just dined in the station and are waiting for them and the eleven o'clock train. Tomorrow Foy leaves us for a while and we hope to do some bird-shooting.

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Bungalow, Fareidabad, India.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1911

WE were met at Delhi by shikarris, coolies, guns, food, etc., and continued on the same train to Fareidabad. Here we alighted and started off, shot guns in hand. We blazed away at wild doves for some time, doing considerable execution. As our ammunition was running low, we called a halt, before starting after grouse, of which we found several and shot a few. Nor was this all the game, for we shot a large hare, gave chase to a fox, at which I missed two easy shots, and shortly after, we scared up about a dozen pea-fowls. Fellowes got a hen, Elliot a beautiful cock, and I got left. We found out afterwards that we should not have shot them, as they are sacred birds to the Hindus, and there was a Hindu village nearby.

While having tiffin in a haymow under a shady tree, we decided to spend the night and try for buck tomorrow and for panthers, hyenas, etc., tonight. We despatched Abdul, our servant, and Mohan, one of the shikarris, to Delhi for rifles, more ammunition, and supplies. During the afternoon we got some more grouse and saw several buck, a jackal, and some geese. We came across all this assortment of game without dogs, in the cultivated fields, within a circumference of two miles, and not more than thirty miles from Delhi. It was a fine day, and besides game, we saw all manner of birds, including hawks, vultures, parrots, cranes, bluejays, hoopoes, and numerous other beautiful or wonderful feathered fowl.

It was a long trudge to the little bungalow which is for the use of officials on business and a long wait before Abdul and food appeared, and it was after eleven before



A CAMEL CARAVAN, KHYBER PASS



A BULLOCK CART, DADRI

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we started off for the big game hunt in a lumbering bullock cart with our guns and two darling little goats to serve as bait. After two hours ride and almost an encounter with a wandering bull, we arrived at the scene of action or inaction. There were only two rifles, but I had a repeating shot gun loaded with buck shot. I took the first tree and climbed into the branches, where the shikarri, after anchoring the goat, soon followed. As there was no moon, it was dark as pitch. The poor little goat bleated pathetically and unmistakably called for his "ma." I was so touched that I was about to give it up, when the shikarri said he saw a panther. My sympathy immediately gave place to excitement. I saw at least twenty things that might be a panther, but not one that seemed more likely than another. After a little while the shikarri became very excited and pointed out where he was; still I could see nothing. After a good deal of questioning, which was answered by the word "Yes," until I was ready to shoot the shikarri, I gathered that the panther was a little way beyond the goat; so taking care to miss the bait, I fired. Nothing happened, but the shikarri excitedly pointed out another spot where he said the panther had stopped; so I fired again, with the same result. Of course, the shikarri said I had wounded him.

After that nothing more happened, as the goat, though uninjured, refused to bleat, in spite of our tying him in uncomfortable and unaccustomed positions, for by that time I had lost all sense of pity. By the time we returned to the little village, they had stopped chanting and beating drums to keep off the plague, which is rampant in their midst. We got to bed at five.

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Bungalow, Fareidabad.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24

WE were up at 6:45, starting off soon after breakfast in the opposite direction from yesterday. The grouse were much more plentiful and we left the wild dove alone. We had several rather long shots at black buck. In the evening we tried again for big game, but were utterly unsuccessful. It was thirsty and tiring work, tramping all day with guns on our shoulders, but withal it was delightful. And the pleasure of lying full length under a shady tree, with open country about, made up for the disappointment of many missed shots.

Maiden's Hotel, Delhi, India.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25

ANOTHER good day at shooting. The grouse were plentiful, but we had only a few glimpses of buck. There were several villages near where we were. The houses are all of mud and seemingly without windows. The streets are narrow and tortuous, and the whole gives one the impression of a ruined fort. Pariah dogs, goats, and cattle move about indiscriminately with the people. We arrived at Delhi about six. I was anxious to press on to Jaipur as we have a letter there to the Maharajah, but the others wanted another day's shooting at Dadri. At last I have heard from Caleb by wire; we will probably meet in Jaipur.

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Hotel Cecile, Delhi, India.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26

WE took the early morning train to Dadri, and immediately on alighting, headed for the pond where Fellowes got so many duck last time. This time they were few. However, we had some good snipe shooting. A hunt for buck resulted in our getting two or three unsuccessful shots.

We had intended leaving for Jaipur, but the train was packed. Maiden's Hotel was full, Woodland's Hotel was dirty, so after much driving about we arrived at the Cecile, which is very comfortable.

Jaipur Hotel, Jaipur, India.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27

THE train left at 7:15 and arrived in Jaipur about five. Here we were met by the secretary of the Maharajah, and were driven off in his carriage to the hotel. After leaving our bags, we drove to the public park where a band was playing, while the native élite drove, rode, or strolled about. It is all quite different from other places we have been. The museum, situated in the gardens, is one of the best looking modern buildings I have seen in India.

The streets of Jaipur are broad and wide; huge elephants and lanky camels are almost as common as bullock carts; and the people, thank heaven, are all in native dress.

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Jaipur Hotel, Jaipur, India.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28

WE drove out to Amber, the former capital, and there found a huge elephant waiting to take us up to the palace (it was meant for us this time). Amber like Gwalior is situated on a hill, but though fine, it cannot compare with the latter. The palace is a large, picturesque looking building and above it the fort stands, where no one is allowed to go. Had one not seen the palaces at Agra and Delhi, this one would seem luxurious and beautiful in the extreme. There is a small temple where formerly human sacrifices were made to Kali, and where goats are still sacrificed daily. There is a small and poor population in the ruined village, whose principal occupation is the universal one of India, picking up dung from the streets to dry for fuel. On our way back we called on the Resident, who was away. His assistant said the Maharajah was also away, and we soon discovered that our letter was to his cousin, Thackuran Devi Singh. We were hardly back in the hotel before Caleb and Bob Tilney came driving up. I was never more delighted to see anyone. Soon after, the Thakuran appeared with his two small sons and a nephew. He was young, pleasant and spoke excellent English. I introduced Cale and Bob and he asked us all to have tea with him this afternoon.

After lunch we visited the Maharajah's palace, which did not impress me greatly. Plaster predominated over marble. Here, as everywhere in Jaipur, there were hundreds of beautiful peacocks. In the early morning one does not appreciate their beauty. Like little children, peacocks should be seen and not



THAKURAN DEVI SINGH AND FAMILY, JAIPUR



THAKURAN DEVI SINGH IN HIS MOTOR, JAIPUR

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heard. In the palace lake were some alligators and huge tortoises which we enticed ashore with raw meat. It was also a remarkable sight to see the kites swoop down and unerringly catch in their claws any food that was tossed in the air. We glanced at the royal stables and then went to tea.

The Thakuran was not there when we came, but his sons greeted us, and soon his brother came, whom, at first, we mistook for him. When the Thakuran came, we had tea. They, of course, touched nothing, but we had delicious cakes, whisky, and cigarettes. The conversation did not lag. We took his picture and he showed us his horses, boar spears, etc. When we left he gave us each a signed photograph of himself. Then he hung a double necklace of white and pink roses over our head, gave us a boutonnière and a bunch of flowers, and besides placed some Indian perfume on our handkerchiefs (unfortunately my valet had not laid out a clean one that morning). Arrayed in this fashion, we drove up to the hotel, and lo and behold, there were the Wendells, Professor, Mrs. and Edith. It did seem strange that we should all meet here.

Jaipur Hotel, Jaipur, India.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1

CALE, Tilney, and the Wendells went to Amber. We went to see the elephant stables, some tigers, the museum, which was good, and a temple called Gulta. This nestles down in a little pocket between two or three hills, fitting its surroundings admirably. It is infested with monkeys, who are most amusing to watch. I have not felt very well today. The Thackuran sent us a native meal last night, and this may account for it. There were a number of dishes, including curried

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chicken, goat's flesh, several kinds of wheaten cakes, mince cakes, rice sweetened and overlaid with silver, and one or two vegetables. Before lunch our host drove up in a 1900 de Dion (the only machine in Jaipur) to say good-bye. He said he was going out to his estate, but I think he was afraid we would call again. It rained in the afternoon, for the first time since we arrived in India. I was very sorry to have the Wendells leave, as we caught only a glimpse of them.

Some of the other guests had arranged for a Nautch dance in one of the shops and asked us to go. It was a great disappointment. The dancers were two Mohammedan prostitutes, who knew really nothing about dancing, and a little girl. They chewed betel nut and were as sloppy and unattractive as possible. Moreover, they lacked grace. Their hands were large and clumsy and so were their feet. It was a great pity; for well done, the Nautch must be fascinating, though, of course, there is probably not the movement or grace that Ruth St. Denis imparts to it.

The stores in Jaipur were disappointing. I saw one bit of old brass I wanted to get, but they asked an outrageous price. Watching little boys of six or seven make carpets, however, was a sight worth seeing. The rapidity with which they worked was incredible.

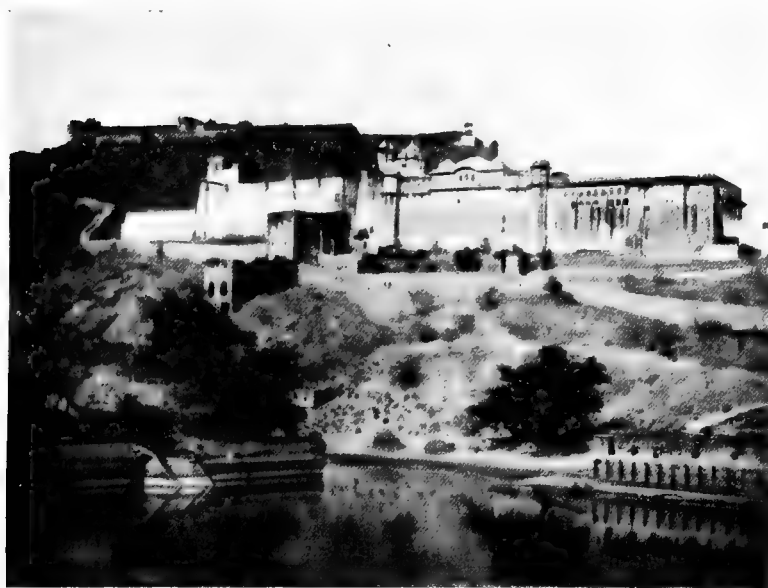
Caleb and Bob left tonight at ten, and I certainly hated to have them go. We leave tomorrow morning at four.

On Train To Bombay, India. THURSDAY, MARCH 2

UP long before dawn to catch our train. Luckily, there was a through car, so we were able to go to bed again. A native gent shared my compartment. The country we passed through was as desolate as any



G. P. G., JR., AND E. C. B., ON ELEPHANT BACK, AMBER



FORT AND PALACE OF AMBER, NEAR JAIPUR

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I have seen in India, not a sign of a crop for a greater part of the way. We had dinner at Ahmedabad and then boarded another train. There were no first class places so I had to go second. Ell and Fellowes made a good move in getting second class tickets. They were about half the price and there was nearly always more room in the second class compartments than in the first class.

Apollo Hotel, Bombay, India. FRIDAY, MARCH 3

WE arrived at eight o'clock and drove to the Taj Mahal Hotel, but there was no room, so we came here. It is rather a poor joint and Abdul did not appear with our baggage for hours. We spent the morning at Cook's, the bank, shopping, getting hair cuts, etc. I received letters and an unusual amount of interesting news from home. Bombay seems to me a better looking city than Calcutta by a good deal, surrounded as it is by water. In the evening the others went to see Nicola, and I to see Arms and the Man given by amateurs. It was about the best done amateur performance I have ever seen.

S. S. Malwa, Arabian Sea. SATURDAY, MARCH 4

WE went out to the Towers of Silence. This is where the Parsees bury or rather leave unburied their dead. The bodies are placed in these towers exposed to the sun, which dries the bones after the vultures have torn off the flesh. There is nothing to see there either beautiful or revolting, unless it be the bodies being carried to the Towers and the vultures hovering near.

We arrived at the pier shortly after twelve, but it was well after two before I even got on the launch, for

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there was a huge mob waiting to be examined by the health officer. The examination was a pure farce. On board, the jam is fearful. The boat is as crowded as a native ekka. Most of the people are Australians.

Bacon, Foy, and I are in a stateroom about two by four. The boat is a good sized one, but although the sea is smooth, she has a most peculiar lurch or waggle amidships.

S. S. Malwa, Arabian Sea. SUNDAY, MARCH 5

SMOOTH sea and light breeze. I read and slept.

S. S. Malwa, Arabian Sea. MONDAY, MARCH 6

THE good weather continues. I have met practically no people. A young officer named Platt and a German are my table companions, and both seem very pleasant. The latter has a splendid voice.

I cannot say that I feel the same regret at leaving India that I did at leaving China, the Philippines, Japan, or even Burma. At this time of year the country has a desolate looking appearance (that is, of course, the small strip we came through) surpassing anything we saw in Siberia or China. The people are for the most part unattractive looking and their dirt is more squalid than that of the Chinese. Moreover, they lack the cheeriness and interesting manners of other people. Some of the children are very cunning. Women are seldom seen and very seldom show traces of beauty, though no doubt there are many who possess it, and perhaps one may get accustomed to their nose rings. The men (I speak of the man on the street) seem sore laden and their look is too often that of dumb animals. But, of course, that is just my own general opinions of a certain class. The fat, umbrella bearing,

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English-talking Baboo is utterly different, as is the straight backed, bewhiskered Rajput.

Betel nut chewing is more universal than anywhere else.

I have already spoken of the almost windowless mud houses, of the universal fuel (dried dung cakes) and the universal industry, its collection.

I enjoyed India immensely, and perhaps would have enjoyed it even more had it been my first glimpse of the East. It is a tremendous problem, of intense interest to the Englishman, and its beauties are many. Nevertheless, I doubt if the call of the East, if it comes to me in future years, will spell India.

S. S. Malwa, Arabian Sea. TUESDAY, MARCH 7

USUAL routine, reading, writing, sleeping, eating.
Marred only by a poor concert.

S. S. Malwa, Red Sea. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8

GOOD weather still and not too hot. They had deck sports, but I slept through them. About five o'clock the cliffs of Aden hove in sight. As we steamed by in the late afternoon, the lights and shades on those bleak, sun-burned walls of rock were very beautiful, and the blue-green of the water and a small native boat with latteen sail in no way detracted from the picture. Nor did the fact that it was land spoil it in my eyes, for this voyage is tedious. We anchored off the little settlement and coaled until eleven o'clock or so. We will be in the Red Sea to-night, and if old travelers are to be relied on, it will be very hot.

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S. S. Malwa, Red Sea.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9

OLD travelers are sometimes wrong. For so fresh a breeze sprang up that our port for a time had to be closed. To-day there has been a fresh head wind. I took part in the deck sports, which were rather poor, and also a dance; but I only danced once, for there was not enough attraction and it was too hard work. I have a stateroom to myself now, as some postal men got off at Aden.

S. S. Malwa, Red Sea.

FRIDAY, MARCH 10

LIFE on board continues much the same as usual and the weather is cool. Major and Mrs. St. Hill are very nice, and our table companions, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. Vogler, Platt and Lt. Col. and Mrs. MacTaggart, are all pleasant. They had an auction pool on the run, but I kept out as the prices were ridiculously high. However, the sporting padres joined in, selling and buying numbers with the best. They are a funny lot. They look like good hard-drinking Irish laborers, and certainly they talk like them. However, they are much better than they look, and why shouldn't they have a good time, if their money is their own?

S. S. Malwa, Red Sea.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11

I MIGHT just as well put ditto marks under yesterday, except that a fancy dress ball replaced the auction pool. I could not get my trunk up so did not masquerade and only very few people did. Miss Heyward looked cunning as a Japanese girl, winning first prize.

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S. S. Malwa, Suez Canal.

SUNDAY, MARCH 12

WE arrived in the morning at the port of Suez. It was a charming picture, reminding one of some of Whistler's nocturnes. The water was an unusually delicate blue. The bare sandy hills were colored every shade of violet, and the sky a clear blue. At the head of the harbor was the town of Suez, lying white and bare, exposed to the sun. In the harbor were two British warships.

On account of three submarines, we did not enter the canal until afternoon. It was just a narrow line of water, with seas of sand stretching for miles on either side, except where the small fresh water canal supported a narrow belt of green vegetation — such a bright green it seemed too after parched India. Here and there a thin line of camels plodded across the stretch of desert, or a lone tent rose from the yellow sand.

We were forced by law to go at a snail's pace for fear of washing away the banks and filling the already narrow channel. Now and again it was necessary to tie up to the bank to allow another boat to pass. We did not arrive at the salt lakes until after dark.

This evening some jolly bachelors had a champagne supper and afterwards bellowed so-called popular songs, ably led by one of the padres.

Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, Egypt.

MONDAY, MARCH 13

WE tied up at Port Said about 7:30, but it was not until several hours later that we finally got ashore. As we neared Port Said we passed a number of steamers moored stern first to the bank. The city springs directly from the canal. I had a good deal of

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trouble about my luggage and could not find a box containing two tiles I bought in India.

The dragoman I wrote to met us, and it cost me two pounds to get rid of him. I was cheered up by finding my trunk, with the contents in apparently good shape, so Charles Takenouchi is all right. We had several hours before our train left, so we sat in one of the cafés. What a place Port Said is! A regular Vanity Fair. Strolling singers, jugglers, dancers, hawkers, acrobats and mountebanks of every description. Soldiers, tourists, merchants, thieves, swindlers, all walking up and down the streets. Costumes of many sorts, and for nearly every costume an entirely different type of face. It certainly seemed as if roustabouts from every corner of the globe were collected here.

Everything seems frightfully expensive, even the train, on which the food was fearful.

We arrived at Shepherd's Hotel and found it crowded with Clark's tourists; they gave us a private dining room to sleep in. It took them hours and hours to prepare it.

At Cook's I received a splendid lot of letters. We tried (E. and I) to give up our trip up the Nile, but could not do so without forfeiting twenty-five pounds each, so we are going to stay here a few days and catch the boat at Assiût.

The country we passed through to-day seemed very fertile and green, except when we were near the Suez Canal, where it was nothing but sand. Occasionally one saw a lone Bedouin seated on his slow moving camel. The fertile land was irrigated by numerous small canals and ditches. The people, both black-veiled women and men, to say nothing of the donkeys, cattle and camels, working shoulder to shoulder, or

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lying down to rest, always made an attractive picture.

To-night we wandered about the streets for a while. I also telephoned Uncle Waldo.

Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, Egypt.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14

WE could not get ready in time to take the steamer so are going to join it at Assiût on Friday.

We managed to have our rooms changed, but the new ones are small and the price large. The service is wretched, and the hotel people are most unobliging.

What was my surprise to run into Frank Paul, and MacNider who left college at mid-years. They had plenty of what was to us fresh news.

We lunched at Peter Jay's. He is the diplomatic agent here. Both he and his wife are most attractive. Uncle Waldo came to tea. He looked very well, and what is more, he had no complaints to make as to his health, except that he was very nervous. It was splendid seeing him again, and I am looking forward to doing some sight seeing with him tomorrow. I went to bed early, though there was some sort of a fête in the hotel.

Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, Egypt.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15

I WENT to the museum in the morning and spent three hours in the lower part. Even then I did not half see it. The statues and bas reliefs were splendid and absorbingly interesting.

Uncle Waldo came to lunch and went sight seeing with Fellowes and myself. First we drove through the bazaars, which, after those of India and China,

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seemed somewhat tame. However, some of the narrow streets with their white walls and the black veiled women and red tabouched men were most picturesque. Our first stop was at the Gamia-el-Azhar, which has been a University for hundreds of years. There is a large court surrounded by a pillared cloister. All about this were small boys and men swaying backwards and forwards, reciting the Koran, or reclining at their ease. Inside is a large hall of many pillars covered with matting, where tutors were having their pupils recite.

From there we went to the Gamia Sultan Hasan, a much more recently built mosque, but of grand proportions. The court was particularly good.

On the citadel was the Gamia Mohammed Ali, which stands out splendidly from a distance, with its large dome and tall, graceful minarets. The inside is not remarkable, but from nearby there is a most marvelous view of the city. One can see the river winding through the low white houses of the city, and lofty minarets standing out clear from the many mosques. In the near distance the Great Pyramids are easily seen, and beyond them the desert.

Sight seeing being over, we took a luxuriously appointed train to Heliopolis, not without a vigorous dispute with our driver, which I thought would shatter Uncle Waldo's nerves. The hotel there is the finest looking hotel I have ever seen. And in spite of its gigantic size, it possesses much beauty. The inside is luxurious in the extreme without the least suggestion of gaudiness. The prices were according.

Uncle Waldo went home and after dinner Foy, Bake, Fellowes, and I went out to the pyramids. Unfortunately, there was a large party of tourists, but the moon was splendid and the air clear and bracing;

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moreover, the tourists drew off the donkey boys, who are most annoying.

From a distance the pyramids do not look particularly high, and their slope seems gradual. They look as if a giant had taken a trowell and cut a hill to the required proportions.

Close to, the effect is entirely different; the sides seem to rise almost sheer and the peak to be touching the vault of the sky. A star, resting on the top as it seemed, strengthened this effect. Looking closely, the sides seemed hardly more than a pile of masonry. I looked at this with all the solemnity I could muster. But it was difficult to offset the raucous laughter and shrill voices of Clark's charges which sounded in my ears, and it was no easy task to shut out the effect of such remarks as "Ain't it just grand?" or "We ain't seeing anything, we're just doing," as one fat lady on a donkey said between bounces. I then made my way to the Sphinx.

What shall I say of this? Let me make it short. The side view was disappointing; from in front it was not. I could not see the smile, or that is, only occasionally. The prevailing expression seemed to me rather a stern one. Once in a while, however, there seemed for an instant to be a suspicion of a smile, but before I was sure it would be gone. The Sphinx surely sees something or someone in the distance, far beyond the desert. Whatever or whoever it is that the Sphinx sees, there are no more mysteries. If anyone could see it or even know what it is, they would know no more sorrow, no, nor no more gladness, for they would know all. Sometime I must see the Sphinx again by moonlight, but there must be nobody else there. Then, perhaps, the Sphinx will tell me what it is.

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Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, Egypt.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16

A GAIN I spent the whole morning in the museum. This time it was the pottery, jewelry, and mummies, etc., which kept me interested for four hours.

In the afternoon, after having my trunk packed with curios, clothes, and trash to send home, E., Foy, and I went out to see a military meeting. It was much like the one we saw at Allahabad, but rather better. We had a splendid glimpse of the Khedive and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. The Khedive looks able and rather pleasant. The Crown Prince has small, rather ratty eyes, which are continually moving from side to side when he talks. The Crown Princess is pretty and very nice looking indeed. She looks more like an American than a German.

Foy and Fellowes left by train for Luxor. We were delighted to see the Tiltons and find that they are going on the boat also.

S. S. Rameses the Great, the Nile.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17

ELLIOT and I just barely caught our train after paying a bill of over 1700 piastres for four days of discomfort in a small box, and of wretched, not to say disagreeable, treatment. May unutterable misfortune befall the place!

Once under way, the scenery was charming. Green fields, dotted with clusters of tall palms; beyond, the river just showing, with the white sails of dhows showing above the banks. At the Assiût station we were carried off our feet by a crowd of howling cabbies, coolies, and other contemptible cusses. We kept our

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dignity as well as possible, and under the guidance of a dragoman drove to the boat, where we found that our room was on the lowest deck in the very stern. At that, there was no room whatever for clothes.

We took a short drive through the town with the Tiltons, which was moderately interesting, but the flies are fearful. On returning to the boat, the shawl vendors crowded howling about us. They cannot be intimidated without actual violence and are exceedingly ill-mannered. After considerable bargaining and pretence at knowledge, I purchased two shawls for two pounds and a half. Probably I was done, but no one else got such good ones at anywhere near the price.

The boat is nearly full, but at first glance the passengers do not appear over-exciting.

S. S. Rameses the Great, Nile, Egypt.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18

I SPENT the greater part of the day writing letters, but this did not prevent my observing from time to time the beauties of the scenery. The coloring at all times is fine, but near sundown it cannot be equalled by any I have seen except in Java. The river is shallow and muddy, but in the late afternoon the deep blue of the sky gives even it color and brightness. The course is winding, and the width fairly uniform except occasionally when it broadens out into a small bay. There are always one or more dhows or dhabeas in sight. The latter are usually flying the stars and stripes. The thin, peaked, slanting sails of these boats add vastly to the picturesqueness of the scenery. The banks are low and the vivid green crops usually come down to their very edge.

At short intervals the fellaheen labor hard at

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“shadufs” set one above the other on the bank. There are usually four men working at different levels. They pour the water into small reservoirs by means of poles with buckets at one end and weights at the other, until the precious water finds its way by means of little ditches to the remotest part of the fields. At other times a yoke of oxen, a camel, or even a diminutive donkey will walk around and around unceasingly while turning a “sakysh,” a large wheel fitted with clay pots in an endless chain, which dip into a well and rise again to pour their contents into a wooden trough before beginning their downward descent.

Small villages of low mud houses cluster under a grove of shade-giving palms, or the desert stretches endlessly from the water’s edge, or yet again high palisade-like hills of sandstone and bare sand rise majestically in all their variety of color.

At sunset the beauty of all these objects becomes even greater.

By way of excitement, there was a small dance on the deck in the evening.

S. S. Rameses the Great, Dendera, Nile, Egypt.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19

TO-DAY, the air was clearer, for the wind was less strong and sand no longer filled the air. There was service in the morning. The rest of the day I spent writing. The scenery continues charming.

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S. S. Rameses, Luxor, Egypt.

MONDAY, MARCH 20

TO-DAY we had our first taste of sight seeing and it was by no means disagreeable.

We tied up at Dendera last night and this morning left on donkeys for the Temple two miles or so away. We started off before the crowd with the Tiltons and Miss Nichols, a very attractive young girl. She is the daughter of the Bishop of California.

The temple was in good repair. The pronaos, with its twenty-four huge Hathor-headed columns, was especially imposing. The whole Temple, both inside and out, was covered with interesting reliefs. A large one on the outside depicts Cleopatra and her son Caesarion. There are a number of subterranean crypts, covered with reliefs on some of which the color is well preserved. These reliefs represent sacrificial scenes such as the ancient kings appearing before various gods, Thout, Isis, Hathor, and others. I enjoyed exploring a number of these crypts alone. We kept successfully away from the main party. From the roof we had a fine view and it was curious to see how abruptly the green of the cultivated fields ends and the yellow of the desert begins. There is no gradation at all.

I shall not attempt to go into details about any of the temples for it would take far too long. Suffice it to say that if this one is a harbinger of what is to come, the outlook is unexpectedly pleasing.

We arrived at Luxor about five, catching a glimpse of the Karnak Temple and tying up to the bank not far from the Luxor Temple. The beautiful colonnade of this temple is greatly marred by a huge Hamburg-American sign in the street. I took a walk through the

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native quarter of the town before dinner. It was a relief to find that they did not harass one with cries of "Backsheesh," "Take my donkey, sir?" "Good morning," "I say, very old scarab," etc., as their brethren of the water front do. The little children are unusually dirty and their eyes and mouth are hidden by clusters of the pestilential flies.

S. S. Rameses the Great, Luxor, Egypt.

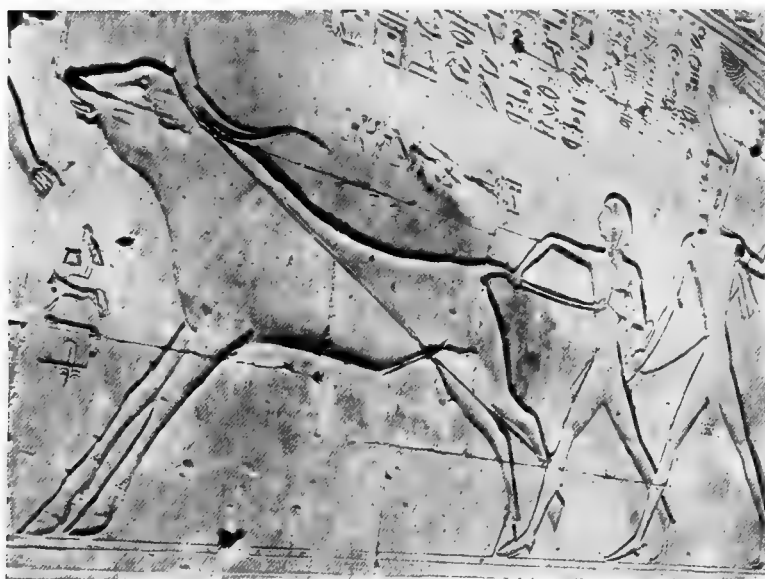
TUESDAY, MARCH 21

TO-DAY we visited the Mecca of all Egyptian tourists, the Great Temple of Karnak. Once again we avoided the main party by taking a dragoman of our own. A good scheme, but the dragoman was not a complete success. However, my Baedeker gave me ample information, and anything was better than the dust-raising, question-asking main body and the sing-song tones of Mahomet with his "Laadees and Gentlemen." Alexander the Great, my donkey, bounced me about considerably, but he had plenty of speed.

We entered the main gate by the remains of an avenue of sphinxes and immediately climbed to the top of the pylon for a general view of these massive ruins and in order to get the various parts straightened out in our minds. The small Temple of Rameses III, adjoining the Great Court, was attractive with its large figures and graceful columns showing through the gateways. The tremendous Hypostyle Hall has beautiful proportions, and its enormous papyrus columns with calyx capitals, and its hardly less gigantic columns with bud capitals make it one of the finest things I have ever seen; to be placed in the same category as the Daibutsu, Boro-Boedor, and the Taj Mahal. Other parts of



GREAT TEMPLE OF AMMON, KARNAK



SETHOS I SHOWING HIS SON RAMESES II HOW
TO ROPE A BULL, TEMPLE OF SETHOS I
ABYDOS

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especial interest are some reliefs on the outside, one of which represents Sethos I conquering the Semites. Their large noses are in evidence. The huge obelisk of Queen Hatshepsowet and the Great Festival Hall of Thutmosis III, which is a long low building supported with columns of a peculiar shape, are also of interest.

We also visited the little Temple of Ptah, small but graceful, the Temple of Mut, which is almost without walls, but contains some black marble figures, and the Temple of Khons, approached by an unusually fine gateway which the temple in no way belies.

In the afternoon we visited the market, which was very dirty and only moderately interesting. After a short ride through the country, we visited the Temple of Luxor. Here are several colossal figures of Rameses II. His court, the colonnade and the court of Amenophis III are all most effective. The play of light and shade on the columns is particularly fine.

By the time we were through, we had had a hearty meal of sight seeing.

In the evening we went to a dance at the Hotel. Charlie Tilton went in a white flannel dinner coat and was told at the door that people in night dress were not allowed in the ballroom.

S. S. Rameses the Great, Luxor, Egypt.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22

TO-DAY we (the Tiltons, Miss Nichols, E., and I) got up early and started off at 7:15, about an hour before the others were due to start. After crossing the river, we mounted our donkeys and headed for the Tombs of the Kings. We had previously procured a new dragoman and he proved a great improvement. We passed the Temple of Sethos I, but did not stop.

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It was a long ride before we arrived at the bare valley where sunken shafts lead to the sanctuaries below.

The first we visited, and to me the most impressive, was No. 35, the tomb of Amenophis II. What infinite pains he took in order that his mummy should never be disturbed; yet there he lies in his glass covered sarcophagus, with an electric light showing full upon him, the prey to every curious eye, no matter how disrespectful. His precautions consisted in sinking one shaft and painting only part of it, so that any one discovering it would naturally think it unfinished and abandoned. Much further along was the real shaft, and here he had hewn the sarcophagus out of solid rock, so that it might not be removed. In a little room adjoining lie the ghastly mummies of three of his servants. The walls of the vault are covered with paintings, the coloring of which appears quite fresh.

This is true of all the tombs we saw, but of none more so than No. 17, that of Sethos I, which is without doubt the finest in the valley. The pictures here are unusually good and, unlike any of the others, are in low relief. The figures, however, are in the peculiar attitude characteristic of all Egyptian figures, especially in paintings and wall reliefs. Their head is in profile, the shoulders square, and full front. The statues of women, many of which are undeniably graceful in spite of the anatomical impossibility of their portrayal, also have their shoulders square to the front, but curiously enough only one of their breasts is portrayed, and this is in profile. Moreover, they are the right breasts that show when the figures face right, and the left ones when they face left. The slight swell of the abdomen and the curve of the hip are shown as if in profile, which

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adds further to their incongruity. The men are in the same position, but, of course, it is not so noticeable.

Other tombs we saw were No. 11, that of Rameses III, No. 9, that of Rameses VI, and No. 8, that of Merenptah; these all varied in one way or another, but were alike in having colored wall paintings depicting sacrificial and votary ceremonies, various gods, the king in different positions, scenes from the Book of the Dead, the history and titles of the king, etc.

From there we rode around the hill and made for the Temple of Deir-el-Bahri. This has a wonderful position, snuggling as it does at the base of the high, sheer sides of sandstone palisades. At present little remains of the old temple. What little is seen is mostly restoration. Formerly it must have been very beautiful. It was built by Queen Hatshypsowet, who had herself portrayed with inscribed apron, and false beard like any king, in consequence of which after her death, her brother destroyed all such figures. Her tomb has never been found and it is supposed that a rich treasure awaits the finder. Some very fine reliefs remain on the walls. Figures of animals, people, and treasures are shown.

Cook has a rest house nearby, and here we lunched. The glare of the sun on the light sand is fierce and even my amber colored glasses do not entirely relieve my eyes. After lunch and a short rest we made our way back to the boat, stopping only at two small tombs, Nakht and Mennē. Both were covered with interesting pictures. We were in nowise loath to reach the cool and comfort of the boat.

Late in the afternoon I went with Charlie and Ell to the Luxor museum, in reality it is a curio store owned by Abdul-Megid, who apparently is a well-

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known character. He has many interesting things, pottery, scarabs, broken reliefs, statuettes, jewelry, etc., all guaranteed to be old and costing accordingly. We bought nothing, but looked with rather longing eyes at some scarabs.

S. S. Rameses the Great, Luxor, Egypt.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23

AGAIN we were off early, ahead of the main party, across the river and our first stop was at the Colossi of Memnon, two huge seated figures; formerly they served as an approach to a temple, but now, much mutilated, they stand alone. One, the vocal Memnon, used to produce noises soon after sunrise, for which phenomenon there are many reasons advanced. These figures from a distance are imposing, and near to one marvels that they should have been carved from single pieces of granite.

Medinet Habu was our next stop. It possesses several fine courts with colonnades and ornamented pillars. The wall reliefs are particularly good. In the inner part are the remains of what must have been a beautiful hypostyle hall, but now the pillars are broken off short, near the base.

At the Tombs of the Queens we stopped only at that of Nefret-eri-Mi-en-Mut, the wife of Rameses II, which contains many fine wall paintings on stucco reliefs. Even in these archaic pictures, Nefret-eri-Mi-en-Mut appears very beautiful.

Next, a short ride took us to Deir el Medîneh. This pretty little temple is surrounded by a high wall of mud bricks. Its chief features, besides a good looking little court and pronaos, are three chapels with exceptionally good sculptured relief on their walls. "Men,"

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the god of agriculture, seems to play a prominent part. Before we reached the Ramesseum, we stopped at the tomb of Sennofer, a prince of the time of Amenophis II. This is chiefly famous for its ceiling painted to represent a grapevine.

The Rameseum is entered from the back, in the front is a large pylon and ruined court in which lies the colossal fallen and broken image of Rameses II. Then there is another court with colonnades of papyrus-bud columns and a vestibule in good preservation, and on which the reliefs are clear and distinct.

Leaving this we made for the boat, pestered all the way by our donkey boys for backsheesh and slippers which we were to buy them in Assuan. I was squelching mine beautifully, and said "We will go in a carriage and that settles it," when my donkey leaned down to pluck a blade of grass. I poised gracefully for a moment and then slid off, landing ahead of him on my fingers and toes. At all events, the argument stopped.

In the afternoon we attended the gymkhana, which included donkey, camel, and horse races on a small scale, but was on the whole amusing. Our friends the priests on the Malwa were there *en evidence* and none of them had shaved since arriving in Egypt. We stopped at the antiquity shop again and purchased some scarabs. I got one of Amenophis II, paying two pounds for it.

S. S. Rameses the Great, Nile, Egypt.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24

ABOUT four o'clock in the morning the boat started up the river again, though at the time I was not aware of the fact. After breakfast we passed through the lock near Esna; a long bridge which also

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acts as a dam crosses the river here. At one end is the lock, in which we fitted with only inches to spare. We tied up a few hundred feet beyond and all hands went ashore to visit the nearby Temple of Khnum. This temple consists solely of one fair sized hypostyle hall, supported by inscription and picture covered pillars with flower capitals of varied sorts. The walls are also covered with reliefs and bear the cartouches and figures of some of the Roman Emperors, Augustus among them. These portraits are, of course, in no sense likenesses.

About four o'clock we reached Edfu, but it was too hot to go ashore until five. A short ride brought us to the Temple of Horus, which is in a splendid state of preservation and is to my mind one of the most interesting we have seen, both because it is beautiful and because it is typical.

Outside is a large court, then a tall pylon with two towers with their grooves for flagstaves. The gate between is slightly lower. Beyond is another court with flagstone pavement and colonnade of flower capitals on the two sides. This pylon has large figures of the king and gods on each side. The pronaos is graceful and imposing and also has large pillars with palm and flower capitals. The relief covered walls are in excellent preservation, except where the faces have been scratched off by the Christians. The hypostyle hall is smaller and darker. Beyond this are other chambers, including the sanctuary and a room containing a large throne or altar of one piece of black marble and a small kiosque. Surrounding the temple proper is a passageway and retaining wall. Here are some excellent and interesting reliefs which also, alas, have been defaced by the religious fanaticism of the



A GROUP OF ARAB CHILDREN



SHADUFFS ON THE NILE

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Christians. A small lower band running around the temple shows a procession of men and women carrying offerings. The figures of men were peculiar, for they were depicted with the breast of a woman hanging down from under their arm, whereas the women were portrayed in the usual manner, with one breast as if in profile.

Before leaving, I ascended to the top of the tall pylon and obtained from there a fine view of the plateau of the desert on one side (the sand hills I have spoken of before are, I have since learned, merely the beginning of the desert plateau), and on the other the village and the winding Nile. A large factory chimney on the further bank was somewhat of an eyesore, but could not affect the coloring of the river, fields, and sand.

S. S. Rameses the Great, Assuan, Egypt.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25

THIS morning the boat climbed two or three mud banks and dug through several sand bars, but notwithstanding we arrived at Kom-Ombo about 11 o'clock. The Great Temple of Sobek (the Alligator God) and Haroeris stands on a prominent cliff here. Because of its position the plan is rather peculiar. In a small adjoining chapel near the pylon are the mummies of seven alligators or crocodiles (I never know the difference.) The temple is not in a very excellent state of preservation, but the columns remaining are good specimens, and the wall reliefs, both sunken and low relief, are fine.

Continuing up the river, which seems much clearer now, with only an occasional scrape, we arrived at Assuan about 4:30, but were forced to tie up below the town as the river is low. We immediately got into a

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small sail boat (Mohammed, the dragoman, who has "dragged" for forty years, along with us), and made for Elephantine Island. On the way we lured him into conversation, which is not a difficult task, for he delights in telling stories. His repertoire consists of about three. He gets fearfully excited, shouts, squeaks, shoves his turban back, then forward again, and whenever anyone laughs, which is quite frequently, he begins the story again. One of the stories was about a man who said, "He came up the Nile for change and rest, but Cook's took the *change* and Mohammed took the *rest*." He told this twelve times on the way down and nine times in the evening. Another is an experience he had at the World's Fair in Chicago. He became completely exhausted by answering to the questions, "What nationality?" and "How you like America?" so he finally shouted at some poor timid man that he was "Cannibal." In telling this to us, Mohammed surpassed all records by repeating it no less than 27 times at one sitting.

Then there is another about Assuan being the biggest "Damn" in the world, and still another about his telling an old lady that Cook's had nothing to do with the "Dam business." I lost count of these two after they had got into the fifties.

Every night Mohammed comes into the dining room and makes a speech in regard to the sights to be seen on the morrow. His turban is in a constant state of unrest, he begins with a long and high "Ladees and Gentlemen" and invariably ends with "sight seeing until all there is to be seen should be seen. Then we will ride slowly back. Temple tickets very much wanted. Tip to donkey boy four piastre."

Well, to continue, we landed at Elephantine, where

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there is a famous old nilometer, registering the height of the river, still in use, and a heap of ruins from the top of which one has a splendid view up the river. There one can see the many dark, rocky islands, sometimes capped with vegetation, sometimes bare, and the high banks on either side, to the east brown, to the west gold.

We raced back to the steamer in two of the little sail boats. Some of the native boys have tiny boats made principally of Standard Oil tins, which they paddle and even sail about in.

S. S. Rameses the Great, Assuan, Egypt.

SUNDAY, MARCH 26

A BRISK breeze blowing today with a certain number of clouds overhead, so it was really cool. The Tiltens, E., and I chartered a small craft and skipped along with the wind for the Barrage or Great Dam. We were able to go through some small rapids and landed not far from the dam. We walked along the locks, which looked very small. The dam itself is over a mile long, but is not very high or perhaps does not seem so because of its length. They are adding to it now, and as the water is only running through the sluices at one end the effect is not as impressive as one would hope or expect. We ate a cold lunch at the rest house and came slowly back, surrounded by backsheeshers until we were under way. The wind had become even more brisk, so we danced along merrily on the way back. Tonight Mohammed again regaled us with his stories.

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S. S. Rameses the Great, Assuan, Egypt.

MONDAY, MARCH 27

THE Tiltens, Miss Nichols, and I went by train (Bacon preferring donkey back) to the station near Philae. A boat, rowed by twelve or more men and a few boys, took us from there to the island. They sang on the way over and ended up with this cheer, "Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray! Thank you! Thank you! Very good, very nice!" (Colleges looking for new yells take notice.) This, of course, was merely a preliminary to demanding backsheesh.

The temple or temples on the island are partially submerged owing to the dam, but in my opinion this only adds to their charm. The hypostyle hall in the Temple of Isis has a number of Coptic crosses cut in the columns, as well as some Greek inscriptions on the walls. The colors are well preserved and give one a good suggestion of what its magnificence must have been when it was new.

I took a little skiff and paddled about looking at the clear-cut reliefs, and drifted through the colonnades. The two pylons are still standing and enclose a cloistered lake. The nearby kiosque, with its floral columns, is itself a gem. After spending a profitable and delightful two hours here, we rowed "slowly back," as Mohammed would say. The main party went to see the dam.

We lunched heartily on board the Rameses the Great, and after a short nap we went ashore at Assuan. The shops have lots to sell, but nothing worth buying. The bazaars are interesting, but not remarkably so. We raced back in two small boats, going aground every other hitch. The crew I had were the original "Dum-



PHARAOH SLAYING HIS
ENEMIES, PHILÆ



SETHOS I AND RAMESES II
TEMPLE OF SETHOS I
ABYDOS



FALCON-HEADED HORUS,
TEMPLE OF SETHOS I
ABYDOS



IBIS-HEADED THOUT,
TEMPLE OF SETHOS I
ABYDOS

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head Trio." Therefore I took delight in not giving them backsheesh. I was surprised that they did not complain, but thought that perhaps for once they were conscious of their glaring stupidity. I learned later that Charlie had also paid them a fare, as he did not see me do it. So instead of no backsheesh, these champion numskulls got double fare.

I have forgotten to speak of an important part of our day. We arose at 5:30 and at 6 crossed the river and climbed up a steep and sandy bank to see some rock-cut tombs. These are probably the oldest ones we have seen, dating from the sixth dynasty. The sun just rising afforded ample light to inspect them. They varied in size from one hardly larger than a box to others supported by rough hewn columns. Many of the reliefs were in good condition and were particularly interesting because of their early date. The style was more archaic, the eyes being even larger than usual, the waist slimmer, the legs and feet heavier. There was practically no attempt to portray the musculature of any part of the body.

Even had the tombs not been there, it would have been worth while getting up to see the effect of the early light on the river and surrounding hills.

In the evening, hawkers crowded about the boat, eager to make the best of their last chance. I foolishly bought a Soudanese belt (I should say dress) of beads for two shillings. Bacon bought an ostrich feather fan. He matched to see if he would pay five or fifteen shillings and lost.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

S. S. Rameses the Great, Luxor, Egypt.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28

THE boat left slightly before the screech of dawn, and while not yet thoroughly awake, I was dimly conscious of the boat bumping and wriggling along over sand bars. However, we went over or through them without being hung up.

The light to-day seemed even more beautiful and varied than ever. Violets, purples, gold, pinks, blues, and an infinite number of browns played hide and seek on the hills.

We arrived at Luxor about 6:30 and there, I am sorry to say, Miss Nichols and her family left. She is charming and very good fun. Our little party will miss her badly.

Before dinner I strolled about and then slyly dropped over the wall into the Luxor temple, as I had left my pass on board. There was little light, but that only made the broken statues seem perfect and the tall columns of the colonnade and court more gigantic. It is an infinitely better time to see the temple than in the glare of the noonday sun. So much so that I went again after dinner. The stars and flickering street lamps were the only light. This time I had my ticket, but the gate was locked, so once more I dropped over the wall.

In this light or lack of light, everything loomed up to at least twice its natural size, and I seemed to shrink to a quarter of mine. The colossal statues in the court of Rameses II showed up white and ghostly from the pitch black background. I know they were only waiting for a magic touch to release them and allow them to stride off their pedestal, perhaps to crunch me under

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their feet, as I would an ant. Once the seated colossus turned his head to look at me; it was uncanny, but not entirely unnatural, for he had been stared at all day by tourists and no doubt was heartily sick of it and somewhat surprised at my intrusion at that late hour. It was not an angry look, only a slow, half solemn, half pensive one. The arc lights on the street flickered again and he turned his head back, somewhat ashamed at unbending even for that brief moment. Yes, by all means, those temples must be seen at night to feel their true spell.

S. S. Rameses the Great, the Nile, Egypt.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29

MY middle name is Strenuous. I got up at 6:30, had breakfast, and then donkey backed out to the Great Temple at Karnak. Here I had two hours of uninterrupted enjoyment of this grandest of all ruins. Nor did they lose anything by the more subdued light of the early morning. Work is still going on here and, no doubt, will be for some years to come. I watched the workmen digging and dragging out fragments of fallen cornices or columns, bending to the ropes with perhaps the same "Ho, Gee, Hollo," as their many times great grandfathers did when the temple was being built.

It's not an effort for me to tell the truth (if no harm comes of it), so it is no effort for me to say that I enjoyed Karnak vastly more than the first time, and that is high tribute.

We left Luxor at 11 o'clock with several additional passengers and much additional luggage.

The rest of the day I passed in peaceful enjoyment of the river and Cromer's "Egypt."

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

S. S. Rameses the Great, the Nile, Egypt.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30

SHORTLY after breakfast we reached Baliana. Here all hands went ashore and for a good fifteen minutes there was one seething, shouting, braying mass of tourists, policemen, donkey boys, and donkeys. I emerged with a donkey that made up in ranginess what he lacked in beauty. He was half camel, I think. Poor Mrs. Tilton secured a large black rat on which a side saddle had been placed to deceive people into thinking it was a donkey. Staying with Charlie and her, I soon found myself several miles in the dust-laden rear, but my animal became so restless that I let him out and he loped through the long procession of tourists and brought me well into the lead of all to the Temple of Sethos I at Abydos.

The temple proper is in fairly good repair and the reliefs and coloring are perhaps the best we have seen anywhere. Square pillars decorated with colored reliefs stand in a double line at the entrance, then a hypostyle hall with colored sunken reliefs. This is the hall of Rameses II; beyond is another hall, that of Sethos I; it is of lighter texture and there is less coloring. The reliefs are low and uncolored. They are the best I have seen and much more refined than the cruder ones in the first hall. Opening off this hall are seven sanctuaries, also covered with reliefs; beyond them other rooms and chapels, all of which have splendid reliefs, either colored or uncolored. The famous gallery of the Kings leads from the main hall. Here is a list of the Kings of Egypt, their cartouches splendidly carved on the walls. Portraits of Sethos and the youthful Rameses are in a nearby chamber. A most inter-

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esting relief depicts Sethos showing Rameses how to lasso a bull.

I went over for a few minutes to the very much ruined Temple of Rameses. It must have been glorious in its time. But now the chief interest is the very brilliant coloring of some of the reliefs.

All in all, this Temple of Sethos I is one of the most interesting we have seen and well worth the long, hot, tiring ride there and back. We had lunch in the Hypostyle Hall of Rameses the Great. Forgive us, O Shades of Pharaoh!

S. S. Rameses the Great, the Nile, Egypt.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31

LITTLE of excitement happened to-day. We stopped at Assiût for a few hours and were pestered by flies and shawl vendors. I fell into conversation with an attractive English girl who joined the boat at Luxor, but do not know her name. They say she is the daughter of Lord Somebody or other. The river was still beautiful, but, perhaps, a little less so than above Assiût. Each evening the sunset seems more beautiful than the last, but to-night I think the acme was reached. (Tomorrow I may think otherwise.)

The sail of a felucca stood out white on the deep blue water, a flaming cloud gradually paled to orange and disappeared, leaving a cloudless sky of surpassing beauty. The bank of the river rose black in the fading light. On this, and clearly silhouetted against the still bright colored sky, passed a line of bobbing camels and their riders, heading for their night's resting place, a small village beneath a long line of palms, which also showed clear-cut against the sky. In the shadow,

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further to the right, rose steep cliffs at the river's edge, melancholy but majestic.

S. S. Rameses the Great, the Nile, Egypt.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1911

AT seven-thirty all hands, or those of the hands who were not too lazy, arose to inspect the painted pavement at Tel-el-Amarna. This city, of which practically nothing now remains, was built by Amenophet IV, who moved from Thebes after abjuring the gods of his ancestors and taking up the worship of the sun itself. It is said that his mother, Queen Tai, was largely responsible for this change or modification of faith. At his death the city was destroyed by the priests of Thebes. The pavement belonged to the palace, which gives it added interest; for it is the only vestige I have seen of a personal dwelling of these mighty Pharaohs.

As for the pavement itself, little now remains. However, fishes, birds, frisking calves, marsh flowers, etc., can be clearly distinguished. The artist evidently tried to break away from the traditional stiffness and endeavored to follow nature more closely. Nor was he entirely unsuccessful in the attempt. A few fragments show the king worshiping the disc and rays of the sun.

The rest of the day was enlivened by scraping over sandbanks and running down an occasional dhow. The helmsmen of these boats seem to delight in obstructing the steamer's path, not unlike the farmers in their hay wagons at home, when they block the way to automobiles. At one narrow bend in the river there were six or seven dhows, some of them anchored absolutely blocking the channel. Our captain, a native, was equal to the occasion. He had given us an inkling of his resourcefulness on other occasions. This time



A NILE VILLAGE



EIGHT SAIL ON THE NILE

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he dropped the wheel and let the boat drift, then started immediately to hurl at the heads of the obstructionists the most picturesque and diversified tirade of abuse that it has ever been my good fortune to hear. I have no doubt that he defined the exact status of each and every one of their ancestors for centuries back. Not content with this volley as it were of grape shot, he backed it up with the more substantial if less picturesque field artillery of old bottles and chunks of coal, which proved effective without doing any damage, and sure enough, we got safely by.

I had a pleasant conversation with my English friend. Her name, I find, is Miss Fellowes, and that of her father, Lord de Ramsey.

Some people dressed up two dummies very cleverly, one looking like Mohammed, and put them in a lady's stateroom. Other less clever April Fool jests were perpetrated.

Savoy Hotel, Cairo, Egypt.

SUNDAY, APRIL 2

THE day seemed rather long, though we arrived punctually at four-thirty. I spent some of the time talking to Miss Fellowes, which was very pleasant, but I smoked altogether too many cigarettes trying to keep pace with her.

Elliot and I went to the Savoy, engaged rooms, and then took a short drive, calling at the Jay's, only to find them not at home. Before dinner we called at Shephard's, found Miss Nichols gone, but ran into Bertie Hoffman. His family were not there. He, together with Lowrie, H. '04, and Bellrose, Jay's Secretary, dined with us at the Savoy. We went afterwards to a theatre which was closed, and a dance hall which was stupid.

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Savoy Hotel, Cairo, Egypt.

MONDAY, APRIL 3

I WENT with Mr. Grinnell, an American, staying at the Savoy, to the Bazaars. These were most interesting, and not at all the places I drove through with Uncle Waldo. Of course, there was a fearful amount of trash, as they are entirely for the benefit of tourists. However, Mr. Grinnell knew all the people down there and we saw some few fine things. A mirror case and a pen case in Persian lacquered papier mâché were particularly fine. In fact, the former was exquisite, but beyond my present purchasing powers. After lunch Mr. Grinnell, who is interested in works of art, took us to the house of a late multi-millionaire, whose goods are going to be sold at auction in a few days. Some lovely and very fine old Chinese porcelain and two beautiful Gobelin tapestries stood out among a number of other precious things. We spent a good two hours there and then visited the Bazaars again, making a few minor purchases and drinking a delicious cup of Caravan tea at Mr. Mustapha's.

I left them there in order to dress and catch the train to Helowan in time to dine with Uncle Waldo. Helowan is a health resort, where invalids pass the winter. A hearse met me at the station and drove me some two hundred and fifty yards to the Hotel. Uncle Waldo was in his room and I sat there chatting until he was dressed. The room was decorated with a fine array of bottles and pill boxes. At a quarter past seven Uncle Waldo took a white pill from a green bottle, at seven-thirty a long swig from a brown bottle, and then we went out to watch the cripples and invalids file slowly by to their meal. Among other things on the menu were deodorized barley soup, fish caught in distilled

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water, plasmon bread, filet of canary au Herpicide, broiled leg of mutton, sauce sanatogen; the whole washed down with some special invalid whisky guaranteed twenty years old, and pretty sure to keel you over if you took more than one drink.

(This is poetic license.)

At all events, it was a pleasant though quiet evening.

Savoy Hotel, Cairo, Egypt.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5

AFTER making a farewell visit to Cook's and learning at a book store that the book on Greek sculpture I ordered had not arrived, which greatly disgusted me, I met Uncle Waldo at the station and we boarded a train for old Cairo. An excellent dragoman providentially met us as we alighted from the car, and under his guidance we made our way directly to the Gamia 'Amribu-el-Âs', or mosque of Amr. This is supposed to be an exceedingly old mosque, the oldest in Cairo. Its exterior is more suggestive of a walled fortress than a place of worship, while the broad red and white stripes with which it is painted give it a somewhat frivolous aspect. Inside is a large court with many of the 366 columns, with which the whole was at one time adorned, still standing. I was able to squeeze through the two columns which insure your immediate welcome into heaven, but I doubted the dragoman when he said that the Khedive was able to accomplish the same feat. The mosque proper is without decoration. However, its proportions and the great number of columns give it an imposing appearance. The miraculous pillar that flew from Mecca to determine the site of the building was in no way different from the others, except for an iron railing to prevent visitors, who wish to let posterity know of their visit,

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from recording their names on the pillar. I was sorry to see that the natives had learned this pernicious practice from European tourists.

From there we made our way through a low doorway to the Coptic quarter, with its narrow streets, old houses, and heavy old doors. A flight of steps brought us into one of the Coptic Churches. It was dark, very old looking and smelt of incense. A service was going on. The congregation consisted of one woman. The priest read from a book, but apparently understood nothing of what he read. A younger man seated on the floor chanted forth occasionally, while a small boy in a surplice had a delightful time running about in front of the altar. The priest saw us, stopped and asked us up, went on reading, then called to the woman to show us about, which she did talking loudly through her nose all unmindful of the service. There were carved ebony screens inlaid with ivory which were very fine, and some pictures of no particular merit. We went down to see the crypt, where the Holy Family were supposed to have concealed themselves for some time.

Another church looked newer and was less interesting, but had some ivory and ebony doors as did the monastery which we next came to. This was considerably larger and contained some old and interesting pictures. St. George seems to have been a great favorite.

Next, we went over to the Island of Rhoda and saw the nilometer and the place where Moses was supposed to have been found in the bulrushes. The bulrushes must have been thirty feet high if the Nile was the same height then as it is now.

I said good-bye to Uncle Waldo and then went to

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lunch at the Jay's with Elliot. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Livingston of New York were there. They have been up the Nile for sometime and seemed to know a good deal about temples and excavations.

We stayed after lunch for a while and after finishing up the few remaining things we had to do, drove out to the Sport's Club to play tennis with Miss Fellowes. It took some time to get the tennis under way and when finally started, it was pitiful. In the first set, Elliot returned one ball and I returned three. In the second, the ratio remained the same, and the percentage rose only slightly. However, it was good fun, though. I regret not having seen the museum again.

A very beautiful Danish lady, the Countess of Feazy, or some such place, is staying at the hotel, but there seems no hope of meeting her.

We have found the Savoy comfortable and pleasant. It is as different from Shepheard's as possible. The guests are fewer and more respectable, the prices are lower, the food better, and the service infinitely superior. Moreover, you are treated civilly, and not rudely:

S. S. Ismaila, Mediterranean Sea.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5

AS usual we had a hectic time getting off and only just caught the train. The journey to Alexandria was uninteresting, Alexandria even more so. We took an arabea to the Savoy, but the driver at the instigation of a portier, thought he knew better and took us to a wretched place called the Winsor Hotel. After telling the driver and the portier what we thought of them, as well as we could with Mrs. Tilton there, we redirected the driver to the Savoy, where we arrived safely and had lunch. The boat was due to leave at

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four-thirty, but did not do so until six. It was cold and gloomy, but once off our spirits revived slightly and we had a good view of Alexandria as we steamed out, the best view possible (that has a double meaning). There were a number of sailing vessels in the harbor as well as small steamers.

Our cabin would do excellently for a squirrel cage, but for three people—we have a roommate and a goodly number of trunks and bags—it is utterly unfitted.

The Cromwells, whom we met on the Nile, are on board and we have a side table with them and the Tiltons.

S. S. Ismaila, Mediterranean Sea.

THURSDAY, APRIL 6

PASSED an uneventful and uninteresting day on the boat. The weather was neither fine nor disagreeable.

S. S. Ismaila, Gulf of Aegina.

FRIDAY, APRIL 7

TO-DAY we arrived at Pyraeus about 11 o'clock, but will be held in quarantine until tomorrow. I passed the time pleasantly reading "Greek Sculpture" by Von Mach, and "Ravenshoe" by H. Kingsley, deriving much information from the former and shedding bitter tears and laughing over the latter. My eyes were sore, but what a sight for sore eyes the bay is, especially at sunset, when the clear water becomes bluer, and the many hills continuously change color in an endeavor to keep pace with the sky, nor are any two of them at any time alike.

I looked back with a vast deal of pleasure on our Egyptian jaunt. I should not care to do it again,

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perhaps, unless I had a winter to bask away and was able to have my own dahabea with congenial friends. The people of Egypt seems a nice quiet people, if you wander away from the landing stages, hotel fronts, and streets of Cairo. In those places they are as obnoxious, persistent and ill-mannered as any people I have seen. But then that is the fault of the tourist, who by his stupidity, ill manners or misplaced good fellowship has made them so. The tourist is the rightful prey of every dragoman, driver, donkey boy, shop keeper, peddler and beggar in Egypt, and there are countless numbers of each of these species. It makes you gasp to think how some people must be taken in. You know that you are being swindled yourself, but how anybody can be taken in by some of their dodges is incredible.

It is hard to tell whether the women are good looking or not because their faces are covered. As a rule I should say not. Those who are of the better class and have any pretensions to beauty wear a very filmy white veil. The children, of whom they say ninety per cent die when they are babies, are for the most part cunning. It is hard though to get over the feeling of pity and disgust, which naturally arises at the sight of their eyes, hidden by persistent flies. However, after being in Egypt even a short time one can understand their becoming resigned to this state of affairs.

The country looks rich and is rich. No one, they say, dies for want of food. The narrow strip furnishes more than enough to supply a large population. We saw more wheat than any other crop.

The temples, tombs and monuments are, of course, delightful. But like every other good thing, there is such a thing as too much. That is, after seeing several

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things in one morning, you soon reach a state of satiation. And whatever else you see after this, seems like an unpleasant duty and leaves no impression. I found this to be the case when visiting the Necropolis of Thebes.

The temples which I liked best, or at any rate those that left the most vivid impression in my memory are Dendera, Edfu, Karnak and Abydos closely followed if not equalled by Philae and the tomb of Amenophet II.

Hotel Grand Bretagne, Athens, Greece.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8

WE made our way into the little land locked harbor of Piræus shortly after nine. Though tied up to the land, we found it necessary to take one of the small boats that swarmed about our steamer. The customs were a mere formality. Under the guidance of the hotel courier we took an electric train to Athens arriving at the hotel about eleven. The Hotel seems very nice and is situated in the main square; nearby the Palace, which looks more like a barracks than a palace. There was only time to visit Cook's and linger for a moment to hear the band, playing in front of the Palace before lunch. Yesterday was the Greek Independence Day, and I am sorry we were not on shore to see whatever festivities there were.

We took a most respectable looking gentleman for a guide in the afternoon. First, he took us to the octagonal temple of the Winds, which at various times has been a mosque, Christian church and water clock. Nearby is the old Greek market place recently unearthed and just beyond is the Roman market place. Here, there is a tablet set up by Hadrian with a list of all goods and their taxes. On the way to the old burial

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ground, we passed Hadrian's library. In the graveyard are a number of funereal monuments, some of them in a remarkably good state of preservation. Excavations are still being carried on and old walls, drains, steles and other objects of interest are found from time to time. Among the best steles are a vigorous bull with lowered head; two women, one of whom is seated, the other standing and holding a jewel casket; and another on which parents are bidding farewell to their son.

From there we drove to the National Museum and stayed until it was closed without seeing anywhere near all there was to see. In the first room were archaic and archaistic figures. An early winged figure without wings and feet but with knee bent; a small head; two slabs with figures in relief, one a warrior, the other an old man; and several Apollos, were the best things. The second room was perhaps best of all. It contained a Roman and a Greek copy of Athena Parthenos, the former detailed, the latter unfinished, but far more artistic; several fine heads, one in particular, I remember, of a young man with hands clasped above his head; and also an unusually fine stele. The third room had a delightful statue of a small boy, which immediately put one in a good humor; a delicately carved fragment of a robe; and a statue of an athlete. These rooms were perhaps the best we saw. Other rooms contained portrait heads, some of them could not have been complimentary; an athlete starting, which shows they used much the same crouching start then as we do now; a sleeping woman, beautifully finished; a mosaic floor; several athletes and innumerable steles and urns. Another room contained various objects found on a sunken Roman ship, a few years ago. First and foremost was a bronze statue of an athlete; his weight

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resting on his left leg which is slightly advanced, his right slightly bent, his left arm at his side and his right extended a little to the side and his fingers in a position to hold a ball. His head is turned slightly, in the direction that his right arm points. Then, there were some splendid statuettes, two good heads, amusing looking little figures of men, bulls and other animals. More surprising were fishhooks, doctors' instruments, safety pins, axes, pickaxes, nails and many other modern looking implements besides some fragments of the boat itself.

Hotel Grand Bretagne, Athens, Greece.

SUNDAY, APRIL 9

WE started at nine o'clock with our guide and made our way directly to the Acropolis, the first glimpse of which I had from the boat before reaching Pyraeus. What a marvelous thing it must have been! What a marvelous thing it is now! From the beautiful Propylea with its Doric and Ionic columns so skillfully brought together and its marble walls desecrated and marred by shots, we had a magnificent view, Pyraeus, the bay of Salamis, the plain and the hills still retaining traces of snow. But the little temple of Wingless Victory drew our attention, a square cella with a portico and pillars front and back. The best carvings are gone and yet it is still a gem. Passing through the Propylea, we were face to face with the most beautiful of all buildings, "The Parthenon." It is impossible to realize its size and beauty at first, but it grows on you imperceptibly. Alas! in the center it is smashed past recognition, the figures from the pediment are gone, the metopes and all but a few slabs of the frieze are no longer in place, smashed to dust or scattered in the great museums of the world.



THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS



THE PORCH OF THE CARYATIDS, ERECHTHEUM
ATHENS

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I confess the Parthenon did not cast the same spell over me as the Taj Mahal but that is because my imagination is not sufficient to reconstruct it in the glory of its perfection. Nevertheless, I will not soon forget the beauty of those huge yet graceful, simple yet beautiful, columns.

I have always looked forward to seeing the Porch of the Caryatids on the Erechtheum and my expectations were fully realized; moreover, I was delightfully surprised at the delicate ornamentation of the rest of the building and more particularly with that on the graceful Ionic columns.

Leaving the Acropolis with no eagerness, we headed for the Theseum passing on our way some recent excavations which have revealed some house foundations and mosaic pavements. Nor did we forget to view the Theater of Dionysus which lies at the foot of the Acropolis. The Theseum is very perfectly preserved and possesses all the beauty of pure Grecian architecture.

A young Hungarian, to whom Grinnell gave us a letter, lunched at our table, and in the afternoon, a young Greek, Bikélas, called, who, unfortunately for me, spoke only French, for he seemed very pleasant. We took carriages and drove out along the seashore, stopping for tea at the Aktaion Hotel. This seemed quite the thing to do, for one of the princes and a party of friends did likewise. A great crowd was gathered on the beach to witness an aero flight. This was carried out in spite of the strong wind, though the aeronaut looked far from at his ease. On the way back, we passed the tall Corinthian columns which mark the site of the Temple of Zeus, glanced at the statue of Byron and stopped at the Stadium. This is made of beautiful white marble and rests in the bowl of two hills;

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young fir trees raising their heads above the top add to its beauty. The track is narrow and the corners very sharp but the length is probably over a quarter of a mile altogether, for the stretches look 220 yards, at least. The seats on the side are built on a slight curve which is of great advantage to spectators, I should imagine.

In the evening we all went out to see a poor Musical Hall performance and stopped a minute at two very dull cafes.

S. S. Romania, Aegean Sea.

MONDAY, APRIL 10

I OVERSLEPT this morning, consequently did not get off until quarter of ten. I went immediately to the Acropolis museum, which proved of interest. Here, I first saw figures of snakes, dragons and other monsters and the famous three headed snake-bodied Typhon on which the color in places is still distinct; then many small statues of women some of which were very good, but the man carrying a calf, two equestrian statues and a statue of a youth, the finish of which was nothing short of marvelous, were the ones I liked best. Two rooms were given up to draped female figures of more or less archaic type. The hair was in formal curls or ringlets, the robes in somewhat stiff, formal folds, the figures for the most part full breasted. Color could be clearly seen on many, green, blue and red. The garments were often painted in delicate designs, and the pupils of the eye, if any color remained, were usually red, which seems to show that nature was not closely followed so far as coloring was concerned. Another room had fragments of the Parthenon Frieze, notably, some sacrificial rams, a bolting bull, and three

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seated Gods, Poseidon, Dionysus and Demeter. Still another was the Mourning Athena slab and last but not least, one I am truly fond of, the Victory binding on a sandal, from the Balustrade of the little temple of Wingless Victory.

After seeing this museum in far too short time, I dashed to the National Museum again, to see the rooms I had not time for before. One contained the wonderful jewels, etc., found at Mycenae, the Vaphio cups, and some inlaid daggers. Other rooms were full of Greek vases in black and clay colored red, to say nothing of still others full of terra cotta figures all of which were interesting. I finished off by visiting my favorites.

We were supposed to leave the hotel by twelve to catch the boat at Pyraeus, but Bikélas came to say good-bye, so we did not get off until 12.20. However, though late for lunch, the boat was still there, and did not steam out the narrow entrance which bronze lions formerly guarded, until after two.

We have a large stateroom on the top deck of all, for which we had to pay extra.

Ours was a short stay in Greece, but I hope to come some day again and see other parts besides Athens. The country looks and no doubt is, poor enough. The population is correspondingly small and seems to be made up, in Athens at least, principally of rather unkempt looking soldiers, though the army is only 16,000 strong. It surprised me to see a number of red-haired Greeks. We saw no handsome women, though many of the children and not a few of the men are handsome.

I forgot to speak of the superb view we had of the Acropolis at sunset last night, when the Parthenon seemed enveloped in a pink cloud of surpassing beauty.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

American Embassy, Constantinople, Turkey.

TUESDAY, APRIL 11

WE awoke at 5.30 in order to see the Dardanelles. I put on several sweaters, thick socks, an overcoat, and a cap before going out to see the view. There was no one on deck, but the Captain saw me from the bridge, and rather disagreeably told me that I was insufficiently clad and so I was so far as warmth was concerned, but I do not think that Anthony Comstock himself would think it immodest, as not more than two inches of pyjamas were apparent between the knee and ankle.

Last evening, I fell into conversation with a very nice lady, Miss Hodgman and found that we had many acquaintances in common. We renewed our conversation to-day.

Shortly after lunch, we came in sight of Constantinople. It was beautiful. With a blue sky overhead, it rose out of an even bluer sea, with a background of white clouds. Gradually, this city of seven hills became more distinct and the minarets rose tall and slim above the domes of many mosques. It was not long before we were abreast of this picturesque city and were able to see plainly the great mosque of Ahmadiéh with its six minarets. A moment more and we were gazing down the Golden Horn and slowing down amidst the many small steamers clustered about the water front. We made one of the cleverest landings I have ever seen, squeezing without fuss into a space which looked far too small. Fellowes was not there to meet us, but a Kavass from the Embassy soon appeared. After a little puttering about, we collected our luggage, went through the customs, a mere formality, and made

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for the Embassy. They were all playing tennis on an adjacent asphalt court, where we soon joined them.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter are both charming, and very young looking. The house is large, most attractive and comfortable. They went out to dinner, but Morris and Chesborough, two student interpreters, came in to dine with us. It was a great joy to sit down at a home table again and the food tasted fit for kings. After dinner, we played pool and then saw a miserable vaudeville show in which Willy, an American coon without talent was the stellar attraction. His act consisted in his being decidedly intoxicated, smoking a large cigar and flourishing a cane while the orchestra played coon songs. Willy, seeing some fellow-countrymen in the audience, came down afterwards and endeavored to float a loan, but we did not rise.

Just a word here about Captain R. C. Foy, who we had hoped to find waiting for us here, but who had been lured home by the trouble on the Mexican border, for although on leave, he did not want to miss any active service if there was to be any fighting. He joined us at Singapore and stayed with us until we reached Cairo. Then as I have said Elliot and I left him and Fellowes to go up the Nile. I can not imagine a nicer person to travel with and as he was somewhat older it must have been a particularly difficult position for him. Whenever he wanted to do a thing or did not agree with our plans, he did not hesitate to say so, but he always did it in such a way that we could not possibly feel the least uncomfortable. It will always be a very real pleasure to look back on our companionship and friendship with him.

CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

American Embassy, Constantinople, Turkey.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12

IT was a disagreeable morning and we spent the time in the house looking at Punch and the Tatler.

In the afternoon, it cleared up, so after we had exhibited our photographs and some of our purchases to the Carters, we were able to get in a little tennis.

The evening was a quiet but delightful one at home.

American Embassy, Constantinople, Turkey.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13

THIS morning we did a little sight seeing. Taking a guide, we drove across the rickety but fascinating (because of the people) Galateâ bridge and found ourselves in Stamboul. Fezes are everywhere, some with green cloth about them, which means according to some authorities that the person underneath is a descendant of the prophet, and according to others that he has been to Mecca and is an Hadji. Those with white cloth show that the owner is a scholar, those with other colors merely show that the owner is a swell dresser.

About every third person on the street is a soldier and not a bad looking one either. The women for the most part have their faces effectually hidden, and those who do not, one usually wishes had. Their robes are nearly always of black, but some few are far less sombre, being of a green, purple, brown or blue.

The streets are filthy, narrow and tortuous, the paving bad and the hills many, but nearly all of these structural defects add to their picturesqueness. The sidewalks, when there are any, are nearly wide enough to permit one person to walk along without knocking

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himself off. Arabeas are numerous, horse cars occasional, and automobiles almost non-existent. Pack horses, pack donkeys and pack men (Hamils) are plentiful. These latter carry huge burdens on saddles attached to their backs. In this, they equal if they do not surpass in ability the Koreans. Dogs one sees occasionally, but they no longer usurp the streets in great numbers. They became such a pest that nearly all of them were taken to an island and allowed to starve, for it was against the Mussulman religion to kill them. The few survivors are now multiplying rapidly and no doubt in a few years they will again overrun Constantinople.

Our first stop was at St. Sophia. It is a great disappointment externally, when compared to some of the Indian mosques. The inside was more impressive, but I confess to being disappointed. Most of the mosaics are gone and many of the rest have been painted out and their places taken by huge circular boards on which are inscribed the names of the prophets. The carpets are set askew so as to face Mecca which mars the symmetry, and the low hanging lamps detract from its beauty. Even so, and especially when one remembers that it was a Christian Church built in the time of Vespasian, it is a remarkable structure, with noble proportions. Its beauty is enhanced by some splendid old pillars of purplish red porphyry and verde antique, and also some fine mosaics. But it is the huge dome and many smaller semi domes and the magnificent proportions which make its true grandeur. We were shown the mark made by the hand of Mohammed, the Conqueror, and the great slice in one of the pillars made with his sword. Both were some twenty feet from the ground.

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The mosque of Ahmadiéh built by Ahmed with its six minarets is nearby. It is the only one in the world which has as many minarets except Mecca. A gréat outcry was raised when Ahmed built this and he found it necessary to build a seventh minaret at Mecca to atone for his sin of arrogance.

Inside it is on something the same plan as St. Sophia. It has several gigantic columns and part of the walls are adorned with old Persian tiles. The ceiling of the Sultan's prayer stand is of carved and colored rose wood.

Nearby this mosque are two obelisks, the remains of some famous bronze snakes and a drinking fountain, built by the German Emperor, which is surrounded by a board fence to prevent its being hacked down by the people. The museum of Janissery costumes is also nearby and proved of a good deal of interest. The old turbans and headdresses they wore were of enormous size and weight. The regular museum is a fine building and the contents is for the most part good and in some few cases superb. I liked among other things, a marble statue of a young shepherd, but, of course, the two great sarcophagi are beautiful beyond words. The Weepers and that of Alexander the Great. The former is beautiful in its simplicity. Sorrowing maidens stand between the Ionic columns of a Greek temple. The latter is magnificent. The preservation is well nigh perfect. It may well be classed among the very finest works of art in the world. Battle and hunting scenes take up both sides and the two ends. These are full of life and retain much of the original color. It was only the cold that drove us away from it.

After lunch, we went to the bazaars. These are roofed in by many arches. I have never seen so much junk for sale, every conceivable thing, with old watches

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and clocks predominating. They were picturesque but a distinct disappointment so far as attractive articles for sale. Before going back to play tennis, we stopped at one of the large merchants. He showed us some magnificent rugs, but I did not feel irresistibly attracted towards any of his other goods, and the rugs were far beyond me.

We dined quietly at home. Storer, H. '07 was there. In the evening it was most interesting, hearing from Mr. Carter the methods of the Turkish Government, the tortuous history of the Armstrong and Palmer controversy, the behavior of some of the former ambassadors in years now long past as told by the dragoman, and the rescue of Miss Peck by the same person.

One incumbent of the Embassy here had the indelicate habit of chewing tobacco which led to the still more obnoxious one of frequent expectoration. It took all the oriental diplomacy of the Sultan to reprove him, when the incumbent showed his unerring accuracy during a box party at the theatre one evening. The Sultan offered him a cigarette. The Texan asked him why he did not smoke also. The Sultan said, "I smoke only in my garden (a lie), because smoking makes me spit and, of course, I could not do that indoors." This same ranchman, when attending a diplomatic dinner at the palace where everything is formal in the extreme and where no one dares speak above a whisper, did not hesitate to partake of the Sultan's wine. In consequence, his already genial nature expanded even more, until he felt so kindly disposed that he arose to his feet, proposed a health to the Sultan, called him a jolly good fellow, and followed this up with a stirring speech which could be heard up in the Harem. He ended by

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sincerely hoping "That if Turkey had to be partitioned, it would not be in his (the Sultan's) reign."

American Embassy, Constantinople, Turkey.

FRIDAY, APRIL 14

FRIDAY is the Turkish Sunday. We drove with the Carters to see the selamlik at the Validi Mosque of the Dolmabaghtché. Soldiers line the streets and crowds wait to see the Sultan go to prayer. Being in the Diplomatic Corps, we had positions at the very door of the mosque among the generals and other high officials. There was a long wait but it was interesting watching the high officials with their courteous manners. Several celebrities were pointed out among them, the Minister of War, Mahmoud Shefket, and the Sheikh ul Islam. Finally the Sultan was heard approaching, the soldiers came to attention, the band played a few bars and a handsome carriage drove up, drawn by two magnificent horses. Out of this stepped a fat, querulous looking, grey-bearded old gentleman in uniform, looking for all the world like a surprised turtle. He waddled up the steps and the show was over.

After stopping at the Embassy to pick up Mr. Phillip, the first secretary, we went to the place where the dervishes have their home. Another long wait ensued, but this time the picturesque courtyard with a vine covered tree in the center and filled with people of many types took our attention. When a sufficient crowd had gathered we went into the rather dilapidated looking house and secured seats in the gallery. The Dervishes, dressed in long robes of black, brown or green and with very tall brown headdresses, sat cross-legged around a polished wooden floor. They looked for all the world like the nodding China figures, erro-



A STREET OF STEPS
CONSTANTINOPL



A WELL-LOADED HAMIL, GALATEA
BRIDGE, CONSTANTINOPL

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neously called mandarins. There they sat for some time, while the orchestra, consisting of a primitive reed instrument, played. At a given signal they arose and walked in solemn measure around the room, stopping to bow to each other when opposite the Mecca niche. This was done three times, then another signal was given and they began whirling one by one, until the floor was covered by whirling green skirts. Their heads were slightly turned, their eyes half closed and their hands outstretched, the left palm down and the right palm upwards. Some went very slowly but the majority spun speedily yet smoothly around. It was all done so earnestly and in such a dignified manner that it did not strike one as at all humorous. The music stopped and so did the dancers, only to repeat the same thing twice more.

The afternoon was bright and clear, but it was too late to go up the Bosphorus so we played tennis instead.

American Embassy, Constantinople, Turkey.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15

NOT a particularly pleasant and a decidedly chilly day. However, we set off sight seeing. We drove across the old bridge, passing through the Greek and Jewish quarters, stopping after a fairly long drive at Ayub. This mosque ranks next to Mecca and Medina in sanctity. Formerly no unbelievers were ever allowed to approach it. There is an outer and an inner courtyard. Both are made unusually attractive by huge trees. Into the mosque itself, we could not go.

Nearby is a large burying ground. The stones all have a fez or turban on top if the remains beneath were formerly men. This is hideous enough in itself, but

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is made even more so by their usually being painted red or green. We had a splendid view of the Golden Horn from there. Next, we drove by a fiendish road along the famous old walls of Vespasian. At the gate where we entered, we climbed the wall and looked along it and over the city. The old double moat could easily be distinguished. Not far from this gate is the Karie or Mosaic Mosque. This was formerly a church and must have been a jewel of the first water. There are two vestibules, in which the fine mosaics, which decorate the walls, and ceilings are still intact. They depict various Biblical scenes. One can easily imagine what the main room must have been like in its prime, for though its domed and semi-domed ceiling is now white-washed, the little room is still unusually attractive. The proportions, though on a small scale, are superb. The walls are covered with greyish and colored marble which gives an impression of warmth. An adjoining room has some frescoes intact.

It was a long rough drive from this place to the Suliman Mosque where we stopped next. In approaching this we drove through the huge enclosures of the Ministry of War, where new recruits were being drilled. The Suliman Mosque has an imposing exterior, (We have an excellent view of it from our windows in the Embassy), nor does the interior fall below it. In fact, to me it compares not unfavorably with St. Sophia and has more the appearance of a place of worship.

On our way back to lunch, we stopped at a little courtyard. Here was a flight of steps leading down to an underground cistern. By lighting some straw soaked in kerosene, we were able to see many arches supported by several rows of well carved Corinthian columns. They say all that part of the town is sup-

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ported in this manner, but apparently only one man has attempted to explore it and he has never been seen again.

In the afternoon it cleared, but it was too late to take a trip up the Bosphorus, so we played tennis instead.

Elliot went out to dinner but Fellowes and I played Kelly pool with Morris and Chesborough, the student interpreters, and Storer, and later looked at the "Combat de Boxe" pictures of Jeffries and Johnson.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 16

THIS morning we went with Mr. Carter to the Treasury. We were met by the Director who entertained us with cigarettes and coffee. To enter it was necessary to open several locks and break a seal, while the guard lined up on either side. The first object to meet our eyes was the most gorgeous Persian throne and footstool, of beautifully enameled wood, encrusted with pearls, rubies and emeralds. It would be useless trying to give a description of the Treasures. They were crowded in cases without any semblance of order, priceless works of art side by side with mere rubbish, gifts from every part of the world, clocks, porcelains, vases, swords, diamonds, shawls, cloths of gold embroidered with pearls, and every conceivable object. The state robes of the old Sultans were most magnificent and interesting. There was an uncut emerald, the size of a small orange. It was hard to distinguish the good from the bad, so poorly were the things arranged. After leaving this mass of treasures, we stopped at the library which amounted to very little, and then went to the old church of St. Irene, built by the Empress

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Irene, and now used as a treasury of arms and armor. It contained a large collection of arms, both ancient and modern, beautifully arranged.

The Treasury is situated on Seraglio Point. This is where the Sultans lived for many years. It commands a superb view of the Bosphorus and would even now, if spruced up a bit, be a lovely place. There are fine courtyards, trees and many handsome kiosks.

There was no church in the afternoon so we resorted to tennis. We were going on somebody's yacht to the island of Prinkipo, but the weather was too disagreeable in the morning. In fact, it was the coldest Easter I have ever experienced and the wind blew furiously. Only in the afternoon did it warm up a bit. Bacon left by the Orient Express for Paris this evening. He is going to be Ambassador Reid's private secretary in London. This makes it really seem as if our travels were at an end and it is very sad to think of.

I also called on Mr. and Mrs. Tilton who are staying at the Pera Palace Hotel.

Yesterday, I omitted to mention that we went to see the lower chamber of the Turkish Parliament. The room was small and most of the desks were occupied. The procedure seemed orderly and a fair amount of attention was paid to the speakers, who seemed to deliver their speeches fluently and earnestly. By watching this parliament at such a session, one would believe that the old order had given place to the new, that Turkey had become advanced, Europeanized and thoroughly reformed. Such, however, seems far from the truth. The outward form of the government may have changed, but the old methods remain in full force. The fact that the Sultan is now a benevolent vegetable instead of an active autocrat makes no

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difference. The same tortuous, cunctative, oriental methods are still in favor.

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MONDAY, APRIL 17

AFTER a short visit to Cook's, Fellowes and I went again to the bazaars; stopping on the way to take pictures of some of the numerous interesting types which constantly cross Galatea bridge, the most cosmopolitan of all bridges. The bazaars seemed more interesting, though no nice things to buy repaid our casual glances. It was highly instructive to watch them make hand-made embroideries on sewing machines at an astounding rate.

We also entered St. Sophia again and this time it seemed vastly more interesting and impressive than on my first visit. Perhaps it was because the mid-day prayers were going on; perhaps it was because this grand building can not help but grow on one; perhaps, and more probably, it was because of both these reasons.

After the prayers were over, a mullah mounted one of the pulpits and sat there cross-legged and white-turbaned with a most dignified and impressive mien. A few of those who had come to pray sat at the foot of his platform and listened to his reading or teaching from the Koran with seemingly attentive ears. It was indeed a picture. At the further end, another mullah, a green-turbaned Hadji, was reading in earnest tones to a much larger gathering. There was nothing to scoff or laugh at. It seemed most sincere and dignified. Consequently, it annoyed us to see two European women (Turkish women would not be allowed on the floor of a mosque) walk up to the very edge of the circle and stand there staring and talking. What

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a shock it must have been to those men, and is it any wonder that Christians are occasionally killed by religious fanatics.

The afternoon was beautiful and we had a long session of tennis, with Miss Simonds, Mlle de Villebois Crois and the student Dragomen.

Charlie and Mrs. Tilton came to dinner. Mr. Carter went to an official dinner at the Dolmabatchy Palace, but came back in time to tell us about it.

On train to Budapest.

TUESDAY, APRIL 18

WE had intended to go way up the Bosphorus in the morning but we puttered about and packed instead. We lunched early on account of a big baseball game we have on, Morris, Chesborough, Eidemann, Storer, Smith, and several others against Robert College or rather the teachers there. Robert College has been founded for a good many years. At first it was largely religious but the educational side soon became predominant and it has done some splendid work. It is at Rumeli Hissar, some way down the Bosphorus so we all took one of the small steamers that constantly ply up and down this charming waterway. It was a lovely day, which made the Bosphorus appear in all its beauty, and it is, indeed, surpassingly beautiful. At frequent intervals along the bank, are huge palaces which make the other houses seem even meaner than they are naturally. But it is the steep, grass-covered, tree-dotted hills contrasting with the deep blue of the water that give the Bosphorus its chief charm.

Robert College has a commanding position but the grim walls and mansard roofs of its buildings are far

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from worthy of its position. Nearby is one of the round watch towers built by Mohammed the Conqueror before he took Constantinople.

The game was slow in starting and Fellowes and I had to leave soon after five, so we played only five innings. However, there was enough wretched playing for several games. Thank heavens, Fellowes and I acquitted ourselves without any bad blunders. Needless to say, our team went down to defeat.

We drove home along the waterfront. After an early dinner, we said good-bye with regret to Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and then with the aid of Abdullah and another Kavass boarded the train.

On train to Budapest.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19

TO-DAY was pleasant and the country we passed through had a distinct look of Spring. The hills were brown with leafless trees and shrubs, but the valley was green and the fruit trees were in full blossom. At one stop, a picturesque group of peasants stood near the train; they wore brown, short jackets and brown baggy trousers, tight-fitting fuzzy caps on their heads, white felt leggings tied about with thongs and foot gear of the same material, while their whole costume was enlivened by broad sashes of brilliant red. This was just as we were leaving the snow peaked Balkans behind. The two places I remember stopping at were Phillipopoli and Sophia. The latter to my surprise was no more than a large village.

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Hotel Hungaria, Budapest, Hungary.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20

WE arrived about noon at Budapest after traveling for some time through broad, flat, newly planted fields. We went directly to the Hungaria and after lunch started off to sight see. All the regular guides were engaged, but we secured a dilapidated looking porter who spoke a little English and was hugely delighted to act as a guide.

We drove across the fine new bridge to Budapest, (the old city, the modern part is really called Pest.) Here on the top of the high bank of the Danube there are some splendid large buildings mostly palaces. Once up there, you have a good view of Pest. A large church and the Houses of Parliament stand out among many other fine buildings. After seeing the outside of the Palace, we went in. It was much like other palaces, very magnificent and very uncomfortable looking. The beautiful, yellow marble pillars and walls which it contained were its chief distinction. Leaving the palace, we drove across the other bridge to the Houses of Parliament and went through them with several Hindu gentlemen and an eloquent guide.

We saw no more interiors but drove through the beautiful park where there are some magnificent buildings to say nothing of little lakes, statues, trees, etc. We caught a glimpse of a statue of George Washington.

Altogether, Budapest is a beautiful city, Modern, but in good taste; broad, clean streets, good architecture (nothing shoddy) many monuments and statues, in fact in every way a model city to the eye.

In the evening, we were both tired and I had a sore throat so we did not go to any restaurants.

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Hotel Metropole, Vienna, Austria.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21

THIS morning we procured a more expert guide and went out again to the park. First, we dashed through the Agricultural Museum, which was worth a far longer visit. Then we took some pictures of a castle in the park, modeled after the famous Hunyadi Janos castle, (what a pity one no longer associates famous old castles and families with the name Hunyadi Janos!) and of a statue opposite, in memory of the anonymous author of the best history of Hungary; and, finally, before returning for lunch, we saw a little of the Museum of Fine Arts, which also deserved a far more protracted inspection.

After lunch, we went to the station. Just before getting there the driver demanded something. He was so persistent that Fellowes went in search of an interpreter while I was left with our luggage, a porter and the cabby. Minutes rolled by and no one appeared. The porter and cabman became more and more persistent and kept saying something about police. I tried to go out on the platform to find Fellowes but as he had both tickets, I was jumped upon and frustrated by several guards and my attempts to explain were useless. I told them in my best sign language that I only wanted to look for a friend. The cabman began to swear and weep alternately, so I paid him a huge sum to be gone. Fellowes appeared at last but there was no interpreter and we had only a few minutes in which to catch the train. Our luggage was distributed in various places but somehow we managed to get on board.

I omitted to mention the large enclosed market in

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Budapest we visited in the morning. How spotlessly clean it was after the markets of the east! Immaculate butcher shops with such fat juicy looking slices and joints hanging up; fish booths with fresh fish ready for the house-wife to buy, indeed she could catch her own choice with a dip net from the tanks. I like the smell of fresh fish, but the wholesome and earthy smell of fresh vegetables I like even better. There were piles and rows of these, all neat and wholesome looking. But the smell of fresh spring flowers, hyacinths, jonquils, tulips, violets and all the rest, I like best of all and there were plenty of these too.

The ride to Vienna was uneventful. Green fields stretched on either side of the tracks in all the freshness and smoothness of spring. It was after six when we arrived in the rather dingy small station in Vienna. There were no hotel portiers, no guides, no interpreters to meet us. It is harder travelling than in the far East in this respect. After some fuss, we put our luggage on a carriage and drove off. First we went to the Bristol, that was full; then to the Grand Hotel, then to half a dozen more but they were all full until we drove somewhat out of the way and came to the Metropole. Here we secured a large double room for a moderate price. Although I felt rather poorly, we decided to go out for dinner as the hotel was rather dismal looking. We went to a combined restaurant and theatre. We had not been there long when I saw Frank Paul and MacNider. This was great luck and we joined them. After a while, we went to another cafe but my throat was so sore I went home. Paul and MacNider were with a very nice man named Conklin, a graduate of Cornell about '01 or so.

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Hotel Metropole, Vienna, Austria.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22

MY throat feels little if any better. Conklin called for me and we went to see the Art Gallery. It is a large and a very remarkable one. Although we were there for two hours or more we only saw a small number of the rooms.

Leaving there, we tried to get into the Royal Treasury, but the guard and a guide outside put up a squeeze game on us, whereby we could not get in without the guide. This annoyed us so we gave up going rather than take the guide. We joined the others at the Golden Eagle and had lunch but I ate little and refrained from the delicious dark beer they all had.

In the afternoon, we all went to the Palace which was rather the least imposing and interesting of the many palaces I have seen. We caught a glimpse of some of the royal family in a carriage this morning.

We had tea in the Park and then went out to a large outdoor restaurant by taxi and had dinner. The band played and it was rather amusing, but it was foolish on my part, as I did not feel at all warm and we had a hard time getting back.

Hotel Metropole, Vienna, Austria.

SUNDAY, APRIL 23

I FEEL rather worse, but doctors seem to take a day off here on Sunday. I went with the others to see the National Art Gallery again. It was fine. Also, we spent a little time looking at the Eastern things in the National History Museum.

We lunched at a very nice rathskeller and went by taxi afterwards to a large restaurant outside Vienna.

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It is situated on a high hill and commands a splendid view of Vienna and the Danube. Thousands of people walk out here or take the funicular railroad. It was a delicious spring day, with the smell of spring in the air and the country at its best. What a nice, quiet, orderly Sunday crowd those people made! They seemed to be perfectly happy and content, sitting at the tables sipping their beer and munching rye bread and cheese. No rowdiness whatever.

We descended by the railroad but the cars were so crowded that we did not get back to the rathskeller for dinner until after nine. I felt poorly and went to bed.

Hotel Metropole, Vienna, Austria.

MONDAY, APRIL 24

CONKLIN and I drove about for a while, stopping at Cook's and doing errands. I then saw a doctor who said that I had the grippe but that the worst of it was already over. However, I felt so poorly after lunch that I went to bed and it certainly felt comfortable.

Hotel Metropole, Vienna, Austria.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25

WE were going to Paris to-day, but I thought it better to stay in bed.

It is most annoying to be laid up in Vienna for it is a delightful city. There is plenty to see and plenty to do. I really think it is the most beautiful large city I have ever seen. It combines so well the charm of an ancient city with the conveniences and airiness of an up-to-date modern city, large squares, parks, beautiful buildings, fine monuments, everything that makes a city beautiful. If Constantinople seems all slums, Vienna really seems

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without slums. I look forward to returning there some day.

On train to Paris.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26

THIS morning I was feeling better so we left in the morning for Paris. It was old world scenery we passed through without mistake; sturdy peasants, healthy crops, and blossom laden fruit-trees. Now and again a hillside or field would show a gloriously vivid patch of yellow where the mustard was in full bloom.

We arrived in Strassburg in the afternoon. It was raining hard by then but the train stopped for an hour, so we walked in the street and looked at the splendid old castle with its grim walls and high turrets, beautifully situated on a nearby hill.

We reached Munich about seven and having two hours to spare we went to the famous Hofbrau beer hall in company with a traveling salesman we chanced to meet, and then had delicious beer and wholesome food.

American Embassy, 5 Rue François I, Paris.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27

WE crossed the frontier about eight and arrived in Paris in time for lunch. We were met by the Bacon's motor so had no trouble about customs. To our great regret, Elliot had already gone to London to be Mr. Reid's private secretary, and so beyond a doubt, the travels of "Les Trois Mousquetaires" are over. What remains may be pleasant but it can not be other than an anti-climax, and here this diary ends; which is, I confess somewhat of a relief.

Our trip surpassed even my rosiest expectations and

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my expectations were, indeed, rosy. I never hope to have a better time. It was glorious. Everything went smoothly. We had fine weather, good health, and found kind people wherever we went. Elliot and Fellowes were perfect traveling companions and it was that more than anything else which made my whole trip so very, very delightful.

Postscript

ALTHOUGH it was disappointing to find that Elliot had already left for London, it was gratifying to find Bob there, and it was delightful to see Mr. and Mrs. Bacon and Martha again.

Margaret Bradley and Josephine Osborne were also staying at the Bacons. There were many people in Paris, Jack Thayer and his wife, the Munns, and Carrie and Reggie Boardman among them.

Fellowes and I did considerable sight seeing. The two Salons were discouraging, the pictures were nearly all horrible; impossible colors, dot and dash pictures, naked not nude figures, and other horrors.

But the Salons were heavens of bliss and beauty compared with the Independent Exhibition which we went to with Freda Paine. Words are of no avail in an attempt to describe it. If all the lunatics in Paris were to be let loose in a paint shop they might be able to produce a result equally terrifying, but I doubt it.

We saw two plays. One of them, called "Papa" was splendid. I have never seen better acting and every part was equally well done.

After a most delightful week, I left for London to join my mother who had been waiting there some time for me. Unfortunately, I could not induce Fellowes to come with me, and he insisted on sailing a few days later for home.

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London was delightful and it was a joy seeing my mother again. We stayed at the Cavendish Hotel where we were overwhelmed by the attentions of Mrs. Lewis, the proprietress.

I did a lot of shopping, and a certain amount of sight seeing, chiefly galleries. The Royal Academy was dull. I occasionally played tennis at Queen's, and frequently went to the theatre.

Oscar Asche in *Kismet*, an Eastern play, was splendid. The other plays I saw were more pleasing than remarkable.

We made two delightful visits to Pyports. The Cripps were as nice as ever and dear old Ted was his charming old self and is much stronger. He works on the stock exchange every day. We also passed a week end at Pickhurst which was very pleasant and I nearly died laughing at Cousin John. I also spent one day at Mr. Astor's place, Cliveden with Bobbie and Priscilla Grant and Frank Paul. It is a beautiful place and we had a delightful time, although the day was a scorching hot one.

As to social events, I went to two dances, one at Harriet Lady Cooper's and one at the Reid's. The last was good fun, Nora Iasigi, Lady Atchinson (Mildred Carter), the Wiborgs, Miss Fellowes, and other charming girls were present to say nothing of Indian potentates bedecked with jewels and many-medalled English warriors, dukes earls, etc. The other dance was, to put it mildly, disappointing, but withal an experience. I entered to find numerous long, rather scrawny necked women, their heads bent forward under the weight of large but unlovely jewelry, leaning their backs ungracefully against the wall. Sap-headed men and dowdily dressed young girls wandered about or tried

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unsuccessfully to dance. I immediately asked Miss Fellowes to dance. Unfortunately they played a two step, which put a decided crimp in any attempt at style on my part. She introduced me to another young lady who promised me the next dance, but when I came up to take advantage of her amiability, she decided to dance with someone else. Looking about for someone I had met, I discovered the Baroness Pap-somethingheim, whose mother was an American. I asked her if I might presume to dance the next dance with her. Apparently, she was booked well ahead, for she said that I might "miss four and then have one." I missed four (not much, I admit) and then approached her to claim my dance; she saw me coming but never blinked, she must have been looking at somebody behind me, but it was necessary to disregard my presence entirely to accomplish this. She succeeded admirably. However, I ventured to remind her of her gracious promise. She was so sorry, but she had forgotten. Wouldn't I miss two and have the next. I urged her impressively not to forget this time, and then without further ceremony left the dance. It was the only satisfactory thing I did all evening.

Elliot, Leland Harrison, Major Slocum and I went to the Derby. We paid a sovereign at each gate and there was one every few feet. It was terribly hot and so crowded, it was hard to move. I backed King William on a hot tip and he finished nowhere. As for the race, we could only see about fifty yards of it. We all left in disgust. The crowd was the only interesting feature.

I saw a good deal of Elliot, Leland Harrison, Ted, Chuck Hanford and Russel Grace. The last two had a valet who mixed delicious cocktails and we would

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gather in their rooms at the Piccadilly Hotel before dinner with a good deal of regularity. Rose Grosvenor was also in London some of the time with her mother and younger sister. We went to several plays and visited various galleries together which was most enjoyable.

The only celebrities we saw were Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore whom we saw on several occasions, and Lord Ribblesdale, whom curiously enough we met through Mrs. Lewis. Mrs. Lewis, by the way, is enormously intimate with all the nobility, to say nothing of the German Emperor for whom she cooks when he is in England. Speaking of the Emperor, we saw him and the King at a military tournament held at Olympia. There was great excitement in London during his stay and no little enthusiasm.

Although the time passed most pleasantly, I was anxious to get home for John Chapin's wedding and other festivities. Moreover, London was getting more crowded day by day, so on June 10 we sailed for home on the good ship *Lusitania*. The voyage was uneventful and pleasantly brief.

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CHIEFLY THE ORIENT

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